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ART. I. — *Some Memorials of John Hampden, his Party, and his Times.* By LORD NUGENT. 2 volumes. 8vo. London: 1831.

WE have read this book with great pleasure, though not exactly with that kind of pleasure which we had expected. We had hoped that Lord Nugent would have been able to collect, from family papers and local traditions, much new and interesting information respecting the life and character of the renowned leader of the Long Parliament,—the first of those great English commoners whose plain addition of Mister has, to our ears, a more majestic sound than the proudest of the feudal titles. In this hope we have been disappointed; but assuredly not from any want of zeal or diligence on the part of the noble biographer. Even at Hampden, there are, it seems, no important papers relative to the most illustrious proprietor of that ancient domain. The most valuable memorials of him which still exist, belong to the family of his friend, Sir John Eliot. Lord Eliot has furnished the portrait which is engraved for this work, together with some very interesting letters. The portrait is undoubtedly an original, and probably the only original now in existence. The intellectual forehead, the mild penetration of the eye, and the inflexible resolution expressed by the lines of the mouth, sufficiently guarantee the likeness. We shall probably make some extracts from the letters. They contain almost all the new information that Lord Nugent has been able to procure respecting the private pursuits of the great man whose memory he worships with an enthusiastic, but not an extravagant, veneration.

The public life of Hampden is surrounded by no obscurity. His history, more particularly from the beginning of the year 1640 to his death, is the history of England. These Memoirs

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must be considered as Memoirs of the history of England; and, as such, they well deserve to be attentively perused. They contain some curious facts, which, to us at least, are new, — much spirited narrative, many judicious remarks, and much eloquent declamation.

We are not sure that even the want of information respecting the private character of Hampden is not in itself a circumstance as strikingly characteristic as any which the most minute chronicler — O'Meara, Las Cases, Mrs. Thrale, or Boswell himself — ever recorded concerning their heroes. The celebrated Puritan leader is an almost solitary instance of a great man who neither sought nor shunned greatness, — who found glory only because glory lay in the plain path of duty. During more than forty years, he was known to his country neighbours as a gentleman of cultivated mind, of high principles, of polished address, happy in his family, and active in the discharge of local duties; — to political men, as an honest, industrious, and sensible member of Parliament, not eager to display his talents, stanch to his party, and attentive to the interests of his constituents. A great and terrible crisis came. A direct attack was made, by an arbitrary government, on a sacred right of Englishmen, — on a right which was the chief security for all their other rights. The nation looked round for a defender. Calmly and unostentatiously the plain Buckinghamshire Esquire placed himself at the head of his countrymen, and right before the face, and across the path, of tyranny. The times grew darker and more troubled. Public service, perilous, arduous, delicate, was required; and to every service, the intellect and the courage of this wonderful man were found fully equal. He became a debater of the first order, a most dexterous manager of the House of Commons, a negotiator, a soldier. He governed a fierce and turbulent assembly, abounding in able men, as easily as he had governed his family. He showed himself as competent to direct a campaign as to conduct the business of the petty sessions. We can scarcely express the admiration which we feel for a mind so great, and, at the same time, so healthful and so well proportioned, — so willingly contracting itself to the humblest duties — so easily expanding itself to the highest, — so contented in repose — so powerful in action. Almost every part of this virtuous and blameless life, which is not hidden from us in modest privacy, is a precious and splendid portion of our national history. Had the private conduct of Hampden afforded the slightest pretence for censure, he would have been assailed by the same blind malevolence which, in defiance of the clearest proofs, still continues to call Sir John Eliot an assassin. Had



there been even any weak part in the character of Hampden, had his manners been in any respect open to ridicule, we may be sure that no mercy would have been shown to him by the writers of Charles's faction. Those writers have carefully preserved every little circumstance which could tend to make their opponents odious or contemptible. They have told us that Pym broke down in a speech, that Ireton had his nose pulled by Hollis, that the Earl of Northumberland cudgelled Henry Martin, that St. John's manners were sullen, that Vane had an ugly face, that Cromwell had a red nose. They have made themselves merry with the canting phrases of injudicious zealots. But neither the artful Clarendon, nor the scurrilous Denham, could venture to throw the slightest imputation on the morals or the manners of Hampden. What was the opinion entertained respecting him by the best men of his time, we learn from Baxter. That eminent person — eminent not only for his piety and his fervid devotional eloquence, but for his moderation, his knowledge of political affairs, and his skill in judging of characters — declared in the *Saints' Rest*, that one of the pleasures which he hoped to enjoy in Heaven was the society of Hampden. In the editions printed after the Restoration, the name of Hampden was omitted. "But I must tell 'the reader,'" says Baxter, "that I did blot it out, not as changing 'my opinion of the person. . . . Mr. John Hampden was one 'that friends and enemies acknowledged to be most eminent for 'prudence, piety, and peaceable counsels, having the most universal praise of any gentleman that I remember of that age. I 'remember a moderate, prudent, aged, gentleman, far from him, 'but acquainted with him, whom I have heard saying, that if he 'might choose what person he would be then in the world, he 'would be John Hampden.'" We cannot but regret that we have not fuller memorials of a man, who, after passing through the most severe temptations by which human virtue can be tried, — after acting a most conspicuous part in a revolution and a civil war, could yet deserve such praise as this from such authority. Yet the want of memorials is surely the best proof, that hatred itself could find no blemish on his memory.

The story of his early life is soon told. He was the head of a family which had been settled in Buckinghamshire before the Conquest. Part of the estate which he inherited had been bestowed by Edward the Confessor on Baldwyn de Hampden, whose name seems to indicate that he was one of the Norman favorites of the last Saxon king. During the contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, the Hampdens adhered to the party of the Red Rose, and were, consequently, persecuted

by Edward the Fourth, and favored by Henry the Seventh. Under the Tudors, the family was great and flourishing. Griffith Hampden, high sheriff of Buckinghamshire, entertained Elizabeth with great magnificence at his seat. His son, William Hampden, sate in the Parliament which that queen summoned in the year 1593. William married Elizabeth Cromwell, aunt of the celebrated man who afterwards governed the British islands with more than regal power; and from this marriage sprang John Hampden.

He was born in 1594. In 1597 his father died, and left him heir to a very large estate. After passing some years at the grammar school of Thame, young Hampden was sent, at fifteen, to Magdalene College, in the University of Oxford. At nineteen, he was admitted a student of the Inner Temple, where he made himself master of the principles of the English law. In 1619, he married Elizabeth Symeon, a lady to whom he appears to have been fondly attached. In the following year, he was returned to parliament by a borough which has in our time obtained a miserable celebrity, the borough of Grampound.

Of his private life during his early years, little is known beyond what Clarendon has told us. "In his entrance into the world," says that great historian, "he indulged himself in all the license in sports, and exercises, and company, which were used by men of the most jolly conversation." A remarkable change, however, passed in his character. "On a sudden," says Clarendon, "from a life of great pleasure and license, he retired to extraordinary sobriety and strictness — to a more reserved and melancholy society." It is probable that this change took place when Hampden was about twenty-five years old. At that age he was united to a woman whom he loved and esteemed. At that age he entered into political life. A mind so happily constituted as his would naturally, under such circumstances, relinquish the pleasures of dissipation for domestic enjoyments and public duties.

His enemies have allowed that he was a man in whom virtue showed itself in its mildest and least austere form. With the morals of a Puritan, he had the manners of an accomplished courtier. Even after the change in his habits, "he preserved," says Clarendon, "his own natural cheerfulness and vivacity, and, above all, a flowing courtesy to all men." These qualities distinguished him from most of the members of his sect and his party; and, in the great crisis in which he afterwards took a principal part, were of scarcely less service to the country than his keen sagacity and his dauntless courage.

On the 30th of January, 1621, Hampden took his seat in the

House of Commons. His mother was exceedingly desirous that her son should obtain a peerage. His family, his possessions, and his personal accomplishments, were such as would, in any age, have justified him in pretending to that honor. But, in the reign of James the First, there was one short cut to the House of Lords. It was but to ask, to pay, and to have. The sale of titles was carried on as openly as the sale of boroughs in our times. Hampden turned away with contempt from the degrading honors with which his family desired to see him invested, and attached himself to the party which was in opposition to the court.

It was about this time, as Lord Nugent has justly remarked, that parliamentary opposition began to take a regular form. From a very early age, the English had enjoyed a far larger share of liberty than had fallen to the lot of any neighbouring people. How it chanced that a country conquered and enslaved by invaders, — a country of which the soil had been portioned out among foreign adventurers, and of which the laws were written in a foreign tongue, — a country given over to that worst tyranny, the tyranny of caste over caste, — should have become the seat of civil liberty, the object of the admiration and envy of surrounding states, is one of the most obscure problems in the philosophy of history. But the fact is certain. Within a century and a half after the Norman Conquest, the Great Charter was conceded. Within two centuries after the Conquest, the first House of Commons met. Froissart tells us, what indeed his whole narrative sufficiently proves, that of all the nations of the 14th century, the English were the least disposed to endure oppression. "*C'est le plus perilleux peuple qui soit au monde, et plus outrageux et orgueilleux.*" The good Canon probably did not perceive, that all the prosperity and internal peace which this dangerous people enjoyed, were the fruits of the spirit which he designates as proud and outrageous. He has, however, borne ample testimony to the effect, though he was not sagacious enough to trace it to its cause. "*En le royaume d'Angleterre,*" says he, "*toutes gens, laboureurs et marchands, ont appris de vivre en pays, et à mener leurs marchandises paisiblement, et les laboureurs labourer.*" In the 15th century, though England was convulsed by the struggle between the two branches of the royal family, the physical and moral condition of the people continued to improve. Villanage almost wholly disappeared. The calamities of war were little felt, except by those who bore arms. The oppressions of the government were little felt, except by the aristocracy. The institutions of the country, when compared with the institutions of the neighbouring kingdoms, seem

to have been not undeserving of the praises of Fortescue. The government of Edward the Fourth, though we call it cruel and arbitrary, was humane and liberal, when compared with that of Louis the Eleventh, or that of Charles the Bold. Comines, who had lived amidst the wealthy cities of Flanders, and who had visited Florence and Venice, had never seen a people so well governed as the English. "Or selon mon advis," says he, "entre toutes les seigneuries du monde, dont j'ay connoissance, ou la chose publique est mieux traitée, et ou regne moins de violence sur le peuple, et ou il n'y a nuls édifices abbatus n'y demolis pour guerre, c'est Angleterre; et tombe le sort et le malheur sur ceux qui font la guerre."

About the close of the 15th, and the commencement of the 16th century, a great portion of the influence which the aristocracy had possessed passed to the crown. No English King has ever enjoyed such absolute power as Henry the Eighth. But while the royal prerogatives were acquiring strength at the expense of the nobility, two great revolutions took place, destined to be the parents of many revolutions,—the discovery of Printing, and the reformation of the Church.

The immediate effect of the Reformation in England was by no means favorable to political liberty. The authority which had been exercised by the Popes, was transferred almost entire to the King. Two formidable powers which had often served to check each other, were united in a single despot. If the system on which the founders of the Church of England acted could have been permanent, the Reformation would have been, in a political sense, the greatest curse that ever fell on our country. But that system carried within it the seeds of its own death. It was possible to transfer the name of Head of the Church from Clement to Henry; but it was impossible to transfer to the new establishment the veneration which the old establishment had inspired. Mankind had not broken one yoke in pieces only in order to put on another. The supremacy of the Bishop of Rome had been for ages considered as a fundamental principle of Christianity. It had for it every thing that could make a prejudice deep and strong,—venerable antiquity, high authority, general consent. It had been taught in the first lessons of the nurse. It was taken for granted in all the exhortations of the priest. To remove it was to break innumerable associations, and to give a great and perilous shock to the mind. Yet this prejudice, strong as it was, could not stand in the great day of the deliverance of the human reason. And it was not to be expected that the public mind, just after freeing itself, by an unexampled effort, from a bondage which it had endured for ages, would patiently

submit to a tyranny which could plead no ancient title. Rome had at least prescription on its side. But Protestant intolerance, — despotism in an upstart sect, — infallibility claimed by guides who acknowledged that they had passed the greater part of their lives in error, — restraints imposed on the liberty of private judgment by rulers who could vindicate their own proceedings only by asserting the liberty of private judgment, — these things could not long be borne. Those who had pulled down the crucifix could not long continue to persecute for the surplice. It required no great sagacity to perceive the inconsistency and dishonesty of men who, dissenting from almost all Christendom, would suffer none to dissent from themselves; who demanded freedom of conscience, yet refused to grant it, — who execrated persecution, yet persecuted, — who urged reason against the authority of one opponent, and authority against the reasons of another. Bonner at least acted in accordance with his own principles. Cranmer could vindicate himself from the charge of being a heretic, only by arguments which made him out to be a murderer.

Thus the system on which the English Princes acted with respect to ecclesiastical affairs for some time after the Reformation, was a system too obviously unreasonable to be lasting. The public mind moved while the government moved; but would not stop where the government stopped. The same impulse which had carried millions away from the Church of Rome, continued to carry them forward in the same direction. As Catholics had become Protestants, Protestants became Puritans; and the Tudors and Stuarts were as unable to avert the latter change, as the Popes had been to avert the former. The dissenting party increased, and became strong under every kind of discouragement and oppression. They were a sect. The government persecuted them, and they became an opposition. The old constitution of England furnished to them the means of resisting the sovereign without breaking the laws. They were the majority of the House of Commons. They had the power of giving or withholding supplies; and, by a judicious exercise of this power, they might hope to take from the Church its usurped authority over the consciences of men; and from the Crown some part of the vast prerogative which it had recently acquired at the expense of the nobles and of the Pope.

The faint beginnings of this memorable contest may be discerned early in the reign of Elizabeth. The conduct of her last Parliament made it clear that one of those great revolutions which policy may guide but cannot stop, was in progress. It was on the question of monopolies that the House of Commons

gained its first great victory over the Throne. The conduct of the extraordinary woman who then governed England, is an admirable study for politicians who live in unquiet times. It shows how thoroughly she understood the people whom she ruled, and the crisis in which she was called to act. What she held, she held firmly. What she gave, she gave graciously. She saw that it was necessary to make a concession to the nation; and she made it, not grudgingly, not tardily, not as a matter of bargain and sale, not, in a word, as Charles the First would have made it, but promptly and cordially. Before a bill could be framed or an address presented, she applied a remedy to the evil of which the nation complained. She expressed in the warmest terms her gratitude to her faithful Commons for detecting abuses which interested persons had concealed from her. If her successors had inherited her wisdom with her crown, Charles the First might have died of old age, and James the Second would never have seen St. Germain's.

She died; and the kingdom passed to one who was, in his own opinion, the greatest master of king-craft that ever lived — who was, in truth, one of those kings whom God seems to send for the express purpose of hastening revolutions. Of all the enemies of liberty whom Britain has produced, he was at once the most harmless and the most provoking. His office resembled that of the man who, in a Spanish bull-fight, goads the torpid savage to fury, by shaking a red rag in the air, and now and then throwing a dart, sharp enough to sting, but too small to injure. The policy of wise tyrants has always been to cover their violent acts with popular forms. James was always obtruding his despotic theories on his subjects without the slightest necessity. His foolish talk exasperated them infinitely more than forced loans or benevolences would have done. Yet, in practice, no king ever held his prerogatives less tenaciously. He neither gave way gracefully to the advancing spirit of liberty, nor took vigorous measures to stop it, but retreated before it with ludicrous haste, blustering and insulting as he retreated. The English people had been governed for nearly a hundred and fifty years by princes who, whatever might be their frailties or their vices, had all possessed great force of character, and who, whether beloved or hated, had always been feared. Now, at length, for the first time since the day when the sceptre of Henry the Fourth dropped from the hand of his lethargic grandson, England had a king whom she despised.

The follies and vices of the man increased the contempt which was produced by the feeble policy of the sovereign. The indecorous gallantries of the Court, — the habits of gross intoxi-



cation in which even the ladies indulged, — were alone sufficient to disgust a people whose manners were beginning to be strongly tinctured with austerity. But these were trifles. Crimes of the most frightful kind had been discovered; others were suspected. The strange story of the Gowries was not forgotten. The ignominious fondness of the king for his minions, — the perjuries, the sorceries, the poisonings, which his chief favorites had planned within the walls of his palace, — the pardon which, in direct violation of his duty, and of his word, he had granted to the mysterious threats of a murderer, made him an object of loathing to many of his subjects. What opinion grave and moral persons residing at a distance from the Court entertained respecting him, we learn from Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs. England was no place, — the seventeenth century no time, — for *Sporus* and *Locusta*.

This was not all. The most ridiculous weaknesses seemed to meet in the wretched Solomon of Whitehall; pedantry, buffoonery, garrulity, low curiosity, the most contemptible personal cowardice. Nature and education had done their best to produce a finished specimen of all that a king ought not to be. His awkward figure, his rolling eye, his rickety walk, his nervous tremblings, his slobbering mouth, his broad Scotch accent, were imperfections which might have been found in the best and greatest man. Their effect, however, was to make James and his office objects of contempt; and to dissolve those associations which had been created by the noble bearing of preceding monarchs, and which were in themselves no inconsiderable fence to royalty.

The sovereign whom James most resembled was, we think, *Claudius Cæsar*. Both had the same feeble and vacillating temper, the same childishness, the same coarseness, the same poltroonery. Both were men of learning; both wrote and spoke — not, indeed, well — but still in a manner in which it seems almost incredible that men so foolish should have written or spoken. The follies and indecencies of James are well described in the words which *Suetonius* uses respecting *Claudius*: — “*Multa talia, etiam privatis deformia, necdum principi, neque infancundo, neque indocto, immo etiam pertinaciter liberalibus studiis dedito.*” The description given by *Suetonius* of the manner in which the Roman prince transacted business, exactly suits the Briton. “*In cognoscendo ac decernendo mirâ varietate animi fuit, modo circumspexus et sagax, modo inconsultus ac præceps, nonnunquam frivolus amentique similis.*” *Claudius* was ruled successively by two bad women; James successively by two bad men. Even the description of the person of *Claudius*, which we

find in the ancient memoirs, might, in many points, serve for that of James. "*Ceterum et ingredientem destituebant poplites minus firmi, et remisse quid vel serio agentem multa dehonestabant, risus indecens, ira turpior, spumante rictu, — præterea linguæ titubantia.*"

The Parliament which James had called soon after his accession had been refractory. His second Parliament, called in the spring of 1614, had been more refractory still. It had been dissolved after a session of two months; and during six years the king had governed without having recourse to the legislature. During those six years, melancholy and disgraceful events, at home and abroad, had followed one another in rapid succession; — the divorce of Lady Essex, the murder of Overbury, the elevation of Villiers, the pardon of Somerset, the disgrace of Coke, the execution of Raleigh, the battle of Prague, the invasion of the Palatinate by Spinola, the ignominious flight of the son-in-law of the English king, the depression of the Protestant interest all over the Continent. All the extraordinary modes by which James could venture to raise money had been tried. His necessities were greater than ever; and he was compelled to summon the Parliament in which Hampden made his first appearance as a public man.

This parliament lasted about twelve months. During that time it visited with deserved punishment several of those who, during the preceding six years, had enriched themselves by speculation and monopoly. Michell, one of those grasping patentees, who had purchased of the favorite the power of robbing the nation, was fined and imprisoned for life. Mompesson, the original, it is said, of Massinger's "*Overreach*," was outlawed and deprived of his ill-gotten wealth. Even Sir Edward Villiers, the brother of Buckingham, found it convenient to leave England. A greater name is to be added to the ignominious list. By this Parliament was brought to justice that illustrious philosopher, whose memory genius has half redeemed from the infamy due to servility, to ingratitude, and to corruption.

After redressing internal grievances, the Commons proceeded to take into consideration the state of Europe. The King flew into a rage with them for meddling with such matters, and, with characteristic judgment, drew them into a controversy about the origin of their House and of its privileges. When he found that he could not convince them, he dissolved them in a passion, and sent some of the leaders of the Opposition to ruminate on his logic in prison.

During the time which elapsed between this dissolution and the meeting of the next Parliament, took place the celebrated

negotiation respecting the Infanta. The would-be despot was unmercifully brow-beaten. The would-be Solomon was ridiculously overreached. "Steenie," in spite of the begging and sobbing of his dear "dad and gossip," carried off "baby Charles" in triumph to Madrid. The sweet lads, as James called them, came back safe, but without their errand. The great master of king-craft, in looking for a Spanish match, found a Spanish war. In February, 1624, a Parliament met, during the whole sitting of which James was a mere puppet in the hands of his "baby," and of his "poor slave and dog." The Commons were disposed to support the king in the vigorous policy which his son and his favorite urged him to adopt. But they were not disposed to place any confidence in their feeble sovereign and his dissolute courtiers, or to relax in their efforts to remove public grievances. They therefore lodged the money which they voted for the war in the hands of Parliamentary Commissioners. They impeached the treasurer, Lord Middlesex, for corruption, and they passed a bill by which patents of monopoly were declared illegal.

Hampden did not, during the reign of James, take any prominent part in public affairs. It is certain, however, that he paid great attention to the details of Parliamentary business, and to the local interests of his own county. It was in a great measure owing to his exertions, that Wendover and some other boroughs, on which the popular party could depend, recovered the elective franchise, in spite of the opposition of the Court.

The health of the king had for some time been declining. On the 27th of March, 1625, he expired. Under his weak rule, the spirit of liberty had grown strong, and had become equal to a great contest. The contest was brought on by the policy of his successor. Charles bore no resemblance to his father. He was not a driveller, or a pedant, or a buffoon, or a coward. It would be absurd to deny that he was a scholar and a gentleman, a man of exquisite taste in the fine arts, a man of strict morals in private life. His talents for business were respectable; his demeanour was kingly. But he was false, imperious, obstinate, narrow-minded, ignorant of the temper of his people, unobservant of the signs of his times. The whole principle of his government was resistance to public opinion; nor did he make any real concession to that opinion till it mattered not whether he resisted or conceded, — till the nation, which had long ceased to love him or to trust him, had at last ceased to fear him.

His first Parliament met in June, 1625. Hampden sat in it as burgess for Wendover. The king wished for money. The Commons wished for the redress of grievances. The war, however, could not be carried on without funds. The plan of the

Opposition was, it should seem, to dole out supplies by small sums in order to prevent a speedy dissolution. They gave the king two subsidies only, and proceeded to complain that his ships had been employed against the Huguenots in France, and to petition in behalf of the Puritans who were persecuted in England. The king dissolved them, and raised money by Letters under his Privy Seal. The supply fell far short of what he needed; and, in the spring of 1626, he called together another Parliament. In this Parliament, Hampden again sat for Wendover.

The Commons resolved to grant a very liberal supply, but to defer the final passing of the act for that purpose till the grievances of the nation should be redressed. The struggle which followed, far exceeded in violence any that had yet taken place. The Commons impeached Buckingham. The king threw the managers of the impeachment into prison. The Commons denied the right of the king to levy tonnage and poundage without their consent. The king dissolved them. They put forth a remonstrance. The king circulated a declaration vindicating his measures, and committed some of the most distinguished members of the Opposition to close custody. Money was raised by a forced loan, which was apportioned among the people according to the rate at which they had been respectively assessed to the last subsidy. On this occasion it was, that Hampden made his first stand for the fundamental principle of the English constitution. He positively refused to lend a farthing. He was required to give his reasons. He answered, "that he could be content to lend as well as others, but feared to draw upon himself that curse in Magna Charta, which should be read twice a year against those who infringe it." For this noble answer, the Privy Council committed him close prisoner to the Gate House. After some time, he was again brought up; but he persisted in his refusal, and was sent to a place of confinement in Hampshire.

The government went on, oppressing at home, and blundering in all its measures abroad. A war was foolishly undertaken against France, and more foolishly conducted. Buckingham led an expedition against Rhé, and failed ignominiously. In the mean time, soldiers were billeted on the people. Crimes, of which ordinary justice should have taken cognizance, were punished by martial law. Nearly eighty gentlemen were imprisoned for refusing to contribute to the forced loan. The lower people, who showed any signs of insubordination, were pressed into the fleet, or compelled to serve in the army. Money, however, came in slowly; and the king was compelled to summon another Par-

liament. In the hope of conciliating his subjects, he set at liberty the persons who had been imprisoned for refusing to comply with his unlawful demands. Hampden regained his freedom; and was immediately reelected burgess for Wendover.

Early in 1628 the Parliament met. During its first session, the Commons prevailed on the king, after many delays and much equivocation, to give, in return for five subsidies, his full and solemn assent to that celebrated instrument—the second great charter of the liberties of England—known by the name of the Petition of Right. By agreeing to this act, the king bound himself to raise no taxes without the consent of Parliament, to imprison no man except by legal process, to billet no more soldiers on the people, and to leave the cognizance of offences to the ordinary tribunals.

In the summer, this memorable Parliament was prorogued. It met again in January, 1629. Buckingham was no more. That weak, violent, and dissolute adventurer, who, with no talents or acquirements but those of a mere courtier, had, in a great crisis of foreign and domestic politics, ventured on the part of prime minister, had fallen, during the recess of Parliament, by the hand of an assassin. Both before and after his death, the war had been feebly and unsuccessfully conducted. The king had continued, in direct violation of the Petition of Right, to raise tonnage and poundage, without the consent of Parliament. The troops had again been billeted on the people; and it was clear to the Commons, that the five subsidies which they had given, as the price of the national liberties, had been given in vain.

They met accordingly in no complying humor. They took into their most serious consideration the measures of the government concerning tonnage and poundage. They summoned the officers of the custom-house to their bar. They interrogated the barons of the exchequer. They committed one of the sheriffs of London. Sir John Eliot, a distinguished member of the Opposition, and an intimate friend of Hampden, proposed a resolution condemning the unconstitutional imposition. The speaker said, that the king had commanded him to put no such question to the vote. This decision produced the most violent burst of feeling ever seen within the walls of Parliament. Hayman remonstrated vehemently against the disgraceful language which had been heard from the chair. Eliot dashed the paper which contained his resolution on the floor of the House. Valentine and Hollis held the speaker down in his seat by main force, and read the motion amidst the loudest shouts. The door was locked—the key was laid on the table. Black Rod knocked for admittance in vain. After passing several strong resolutions, the

House adjourned. On the day appointed for its meeting, it was dissolved by the king, and several of its most eminent members, among whom were Hollis and Sir John Eliot, were committed to prison.

Though Hampden had as yet taken little part in the debates of the House, he had been a member of many very important committees, and had read and written much concerning the law of Parliament. A manuscript volume of Parliamentary Cases, which is still in existence, contains many extracts from his notes.

He now retired to the duties and pleasures of a rural life. During the eleven years which followed the dissolution of the Parliament of 1628, he resided at his seat in one of the most beautiful parts of the county of Buckingham. The house, which has, since his time, been greatly altered, and which is now, we believe, almost entirely neglected, was then an old English mansion, built in the days of the Plantagenets and the Tudors. It stood on the brow of a hill which overlooks a narrow valley. The extensive woods which surround it were pierced by long avenues. One of those avenues the grandfather of the great statesman cut for the approach of Elizabeth; and the opening, which is still visible for many miles, retains the name of the Queen's Gap. In this delightful retreat Hampden passed several years, performing with great activity all the duties of a landed gentleman and a magistrate, and amusing himself with books and with field-sports.

He was not in his retirement unmindful of his persecuted friends. In particular, he kept up a close correspondence with Sir John Eliot, who was confined in the Tower. Lord Nugent has published several of the letters. We may perhaps be fanciful — but it seems to us that every one of them is an admirable illustration of some part of the character of Hampden which Clarendon has drawn.

Part of the correspondence relates to the two sons of Sir John Eliot. These young men were wild and unsteady; and their father, who was now separated from them, was naturally anxious about their conduct. He at length resolved to send one of them to France, and the other to serve a campaign in the Low Countries. The letter which we subjoin, shows that Hampden, though rigorous towards himself, was not uncharitable towards others, and that his Puritanism was perfectly compatible with the sentiments and the tastes of an accomplished gentleman. It also illustrates admirably what has been said of him by Clarendon: — "He was of that rare affability and temper in debate, and of that "seeming humility and submission of judgment, as if he brought



"no opinion of his own with him, but a desire of information and instruction. Yet he had so subtle a way of interrogating, and, under cover of doubts, insinuating his objections, that he infused his own opinions into those from whom he pretended to learn and receive them."

The letter runs thus:—"I am so perfectly acquainted with your clear insight into the dispositions of men, and ability to fit them with courses suitable, that, had you bestowed sons of mine as you have done your own, my judgment durst hardly have called it into question, especially when, in laying the design, you have prevented the objections to be made against it. For if Mr. Richard Eliot will, in the intermissions of action, add study to practice, and adorn that lively spirit with flowers of contemplation, he will raise our expectations of another Sir Edward Vere, that had this character—all summer in the field, all winter in his study—in whose fall fame makes this kingdom a great loser; and, having taken this resolution from counsel with the highest wisdom, as I doubt not you have, I hope and pray that the same power will crown it with a blessing answerable to our wish. The way you take with my other friend shows you to be none of the Bishop of Exeter's converts;\* of whose mind neither am I superstitiously. But had my opinion been asked, I should, as vulgar conceits use to do, have showed my power rather to raise objections than to answer them. A temper† between France and Oxford, might have taken away his scruples, with more advantage to his years. . . . For although he be one of those that, if his age were looked for in no other book but that of the mind, would be found no ward if you should die to-morrow, yet it is a great hazard, methinks, to see so sweet a disposition guarded with no more, amongst a people whereof many make it their religion to be superstitious in impiety, and their behaviour to be affected in ill manners. But God, who only knoweth the periods of life and opportunities to come, hath designed him, I hope, for his own service betime, and stirred up your providence to husband him so early for great affairs. Then shall he be sure to find Him in France that Abraham did in Sechem and Joseph in Egypt, under whose wing alone is perfect safety."

\* Lord Nugent, we think, has misunderstood this passage. Hampden seems to allude to Bishop's Hall sixth satire, in which the custom of sending young men abroad is censured, and an academic life recommended. We have a general recollection that there is something to the same effect in Hall's prose works; but we have not time to search them.

† "A middle course—a compromise."

Sir John Eliot employed himself, during his imprisonment, in writing a treatise on government, which he transmitted to his friend. Hampden's criticisms are strikingly characteristic. They are written with all that "flowing courtesy" which is ascribed to him by Clarendon. The objections are insinuated with so much delicacy, that they could scarcely gall the most irritable author. We see, too, how highly Hampden valued in the writings of others that conciseness which was one of the most striking peculiarities of his own eloquence. Sir John Eliot's style was, it seems, too diffuse, and it is impossible not to admire the skill with which this is suggested. "The piece," says Hampden, "is as complete an image of the pattern as can be drawn by lines, — a lively character of a large mind, — the subject, method, and expression, excellent and homogenous, and to say truth, sweetheart, somewhat exceeding my commendations. My words cannot render them to the life. Yet — to show my ingenuity rather than wit — would not a less model have given a full representation of that subject, — not by diminution but by contraction of parts? I desire to learn. I dare not say. — The variations upon each particular seem many — all, I confess excellent. The fountain was full, the channel narrow; that may be the cause; or that the author resembled Virgil, who made more verses by many than he intended to write. To extract a just number, had I seen all his, I could easily have bid him make fewer; but if he had bade me tell which he should have spared, I had been posed."

This is evidently the writing, not only of a man of good sense and good taste, but a man of literary habits. Of the studies of Hampden little is known. But as it was at one time in contemplation to give him the charge of the education of the Prince of Wales, it cannot be doubted that his acquirements were considerable. Davila, it is said, was one of his favorite writers. The moderation of Davila's opinions, and the perspicuity and manliness of his style, could not but recommend him to so judicious a reader. It is not improbable that the parallel between France and England, the Huguenots and the Puritans, had struck the mind of Hampden, and that he already felt within himself powers not unequal to the lofty part of Coligni. While he was engaged in these pursuits, a heavy domestic calamity fell on him. His wife, who had borne him nine children, died in the summer of 1634. She lies in the parish church of Hampden, close to the manor-house. The tender and energetic language of her epitaph still attests the bitterness of her husband's sorrow, and the consolation which he found in a hope full of immortality.

In the mean time, the aspect of public affairs grew darker and

darker. The health of Eliot had sunk under an unlawful imprisonment of several years. The brave sufferer refused to purchase liberty, though liberty would to him have been life, by recognising the authority which had confined him. In consequence of the representations of his physicians, the severity of restraint was somewhat relaxed. But it was in vain. He languished and expired a martyr to that good cause, for which his friend Hampden was destined to meet a more brilliant, but not a more honorable death.

All the promises of the king were violated without scruple or shame. The Petition of Right, to which he had, in consideration of moneys duly numbered, given a solemn assent, was set at nought. Taxes were raised by the royal authority. Patents of monopoly were granted. The old usages of feudal times were made pretexts for harassing the people with exactions unknown during many years. The Puritans were persecuted with cruelty worthy of the Holy Office. They were forced to fly from the country. They were imprisoned. They were whipped. Their ears were cut off. Their noses were slit. Their cheeks were branded with red-hot iron. But the cruelty of the oppressor could not tire out the fortitude of the victims. The mutilated defenders of liberty again defied the vengeance of the Star Chamber, — came back with undiminished resolution to the place of their glorious infamy, and manfully presented the stumps of their ears to be grubbed out by the hangman's knife. The hardy sect grew up and flourished, in spite of every thing that seemed likely to stunt it, — struck its roots deep into a barren soil, and spread its branches wide to an inclement sky. The multitude thronged round Prynne in the pillory with more respect than they paid to Mainwaring in the pulpit, and treasured up the rags which the blood of Burton had soaked, with a veneration such as rochets and surplices had ceased to inspire.

For the misgovernment of this disastrous period, Charles himself is principally responsible. After the death of Buckingham, he seems to have been his own prime minister. He had, however, two counsellors who seconded him, or went beyond him, in intolerance and lawless violence; the one a superstitious driveller, as honest as a vile temper would suffer him to be; the other a man of great valor and capacity, but licentious, faithless, corrupt, and cruel.

Never were faces more strikingly characteristic of the individuals to whom they belonged, than those of Laud and Strafford, as they still remain portrayed by the most skilful hand of that age. The mean forehead, the pinched features, the peering eyes of the prelate, suit admirably with his disposition. They mark him

out as a lower kind of Saint Dominic,—differing from the fierce and gloomy enthusiast who founded the Inquisition, as we might imagine the familiar imp of a spiteful witch to differ from an archangel of darkness. When we read his judgments—when we read the report which he drew up, setting forth that he had sent some separatists to prison, and imploring the royal aid against others,—we feel a movement of indignation. We turn to his Diary, and we are at once as cool as contempt can make us. There we read how his picture fell down, and how fearful he was lest the fall should be an omen; how he dreamed that the Duke of Buckingham came to bed to him—that King James walked past him—that he saw Thomas Flaxage in green garments, and the Bishop of Worcester with his shoulders wrapped in linen. In the early part of 1627, the sleep of this great ornament of the church seems to have been much disturbed. On the 5th of January, he saw a merry old man with a wrinkled countenance, named Grove, lying on the ground. On the fourteenth of the same memorable month, he saw the Bishop of Lincoln jump on a horse and ride away. A day or two after this, he dreamed that he gave the king drink in a silver cup, and that the king refused it, and called for glass. Then he dreamed that he had turned Papist—of all his dreams the only one, we suspect, which came through the gate of horn. But of these visions, our favorite is that which, as he has recorded, he enjoyed on the night of Friday, the 9th of February, 1627. “I dreamed,” says he, “that I had the scurvy; and that forthwith all my teeth became loose. There was one in especial in my lower jaw, which I could scarcely keep in with my finger till I had called for help.” Here was a man to have the superintendence of the opinions of a great nation!

But Wentworth—who ever names him without thinking of those harsh, dark features, ennobled by their expression into more than the majesty of an antique Jupiter,—of that brow, that eye, that cheek, that lip, wherein, as in a chronicle, are written the events of many stormy and disastrous years—high enterprise accomplished, frightful dangers braved, power unsparingly exercised, suffering unshrinkingly borne,—of that fixed look, so full of severity, of mournful anxiety, of deep thought, of dauntless resolution, which seems at once to forebode and defy a terrible fate, as it lowers on us from the living canvass of Vandyke? Even at this day the haughty earl overawes posterity as he overawed his contemporaries, and excites the same interest when arraigned before the tribunal of history, which he excited at the bar of the House of Lords. In spite of ourselves, we sometimes feel towards his memory a certain relenting, similar to that re-

lenting which his defence, as Sir John Denham tells us, produced in Westminster Hall.

This great, brave, bad man entered the House of Commons at the same time with Hampden, and took the same side with Hampden. Both were among the richest and most powerful commoners in the kingdom. Both were equally distinguished by force of character, and by personal courage. Hampden had more judgment and sagacity than Wentworth. But no orator of that time equalled Wentworth in force and brilliancy of expression. In 1626, both these eminent men were committed to prison by the King; Wentworth, who was among the leaders of the Opposition, on account of his parliamentary conduct; Hampden, who had not as yet taken a prominent part in debate, for refusing to pay taxes illegally imposed.

Here their paths separated. After the death of Buckingham, the king attempted to seduce some of the chiefs of the Opposition from their party; and Wentworth was among those who yielded to the seduction. He abandoned his associates, and hated them ever after with the deadly hatred of a renegade. High titles and great employments were heaped upon him. He became Earl of Strafford, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, President of the Council of the North; and he employed all his power for the purpose of crushing those liberties of which he had been the most distinguished champion. His counsels respecting public affairs were fierce and arbitrary. His correspondence with Laud abundantly proves that government without parliaments, government by the sword, was his favorite scheme. He was unwilling even that the course of justice between man and man should be unrestrained by the royal prerogative. He grudged to the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas even that measure of liberty, which the most absolute of the Bourbons have allowed to the Parliaments of France.

In Ireland, where he stood in the place of the King, his practice was in strict accordance with his theory. He set up the authority of the executive government over that of the courts of law. He permitted no person to leave the island without his license. He established vast monopolies for his own private benefit. He imposed taxes arbitrarily. He levied them by military force. Some of his acts are described even by the partial Clarendon as powerful acts — acts which marked a nature excessively imperious — acts which caused dislike and terror in sober and dispassionate persons — high acts of oppression. Upon a most frivolous charge, he obtained a capital sentence from a court-martial against a man of high rank who had given him offence. He debauched the daughter-in-law of the Lord Chancellor of

Ireland, and then commanded that nobleman to settle his estate according to the wishes of the lady. The Chancellor refused. The Lord-Lieutenant turned him out of office, and threw him into prison. When the violent acts of the Long Parliament are blamed, let it not be forgotten from what a tyranny they rescued the nation.

Among the humbler tools of Charles, were Chief-Justice Finch, and Noy, the Attorney-General. Noy had, like Wentworth, supported the cause of liberty in Parliament, and had, like Wentworth, abandoned that cause for the sake of office. He devised, in conjunction with Finch, a scheme of exaction which made the alienation of the people from the throne complete. A writ was issued by the King, commanding the city of London to equip and man ships of war for his service. Similar writs were sent to the towns along the coast. These measures, though they were direct violations of the Petition of Right, had at least some show of precedent in their favor. But, after a time, the government took a step for which no precedent could be pleaded, and sent writs of ship-money to the inland counties. This was a stretch of power on which Elizabeth herself had not ventured, even at a time when all laws might with propriety have been made to bend to that highest law, the safety of the state. The inland counties had not been required to furnish ships, or money in the room of ships, even when the Armada was approaching our shores. It seemed intolerable that a prince, who, by assenting to the Petition of Right, had relinquished the power of levying ship-money even in the outports, should be the first to levy it on parts of the kingdom where it had been unknown, under the most absolute of his predecessors.

Clarendon distinctly admits that this tax was intended, not only for the support of the navy, but "for a spring and magazine that should have no bottom, and for an everlasting supply of all occasions." The nation well understood this; and from one end of England to the other, the public mind was strongly excited.

Buckinghamshire was assessed at a ship of four hundred and fifty tons, or a sum of four thousand five hundred pounds. The share of the tax which fell to Hampden was very small; so small, indeed, that the sheriff was blamed for setting so wealthy a man at so low a rate. But though the sum demanded was a trifle, the principle of the demand was despotism. Hampden, after consulting the most eminent constitutional lawyers of the time, refused to pay the few shillings at which he was assessed; and determined to incur all the certain expense, and the probable danger, of bringing to a solemn hearing this great controversy between the



people and the Crown. "Till this time," says Clarendon, "he was rather of reputation in his own country than of public discourse or fame in the kingdom; but then he grew the argument of all tongues, every man enquiring who and what he was that durst, at his own charge, support the liberty and prosperity of the kingdom."

Towards the close of the year 1636, this great cause came on in the Exchequer Chamber before all the judges of England. The leading counsel against the writ was the celebrated Oliver St. John; a man whose temper was melancholy, whose manners were reserved, and who was as yet little known in Westminster Hall, but whose great talents had not escaped the penetrating eye of Hampden. The Attorney-General and Solicitor-General appeared for the Crown.

The arguments of the counsel occupied many days; and the Exchequer Chamber took a considerable time for deliberation. The opinion of the bench was divided. So clearly was the law in favor of Hampden, that though the judges held their situations only during the royal pleasure, the majority against him was the least possible. Four of the twelve pronounced decidedly in his favor; a fifth took a middle course. The remaining seven gave their voices in favor of the writ.

The only effect of this decision was to make the public indignation stronger and deeper. "The judgment," says Clarendon, "proved of more advantage and credit to the gentleman condemned than to the King's service." The courage which Hampden had shown on this occasion, as the same historian tells us, "raised his reputation to a great height generally throughout the kingdom." Even courtiers and crown-lawyers spoke respectfully of him. "His carriage," says Clarendon, "throughout that agitation, was with that rare temper and modesty, that they who watched him narrowly to find some advantage against his person, to make him less resolute in his cause, were compelled to give him a just testimony." But his demeanour, though it impressed Lord Falkland with the deepest respect, — though it drew forth the praises of Solicitor-General Herbert, — only kindled into a fiercer flame the ever-burning hatred of Strafford. That minister, in his letters to Laud, murmured against the lenity with which Hampden was treated. "In good faith," he wrote, "were such men rightly served, they should be whipped into their right wits." Again he says, "I still wish Mr. Hampden, and others to his likeness, were well whipped into their right senses. And if the rod be so used that it smart not, I am the more sorry."

The person of Hampden was now scarcely safe. His prudence

and moderation had hitherto disappointed those who would gladly have had a pretence for sending him to the prison of Eliot. But he knew that the eye of a tyrant was on him. In the year 1637, misgovernment had reached its height. Eight years had passed without a Parliament. The decision of the Exchequer Chamber had placed at the disposal of the Crown the whole property of the English people. About the time at which that decision was pronounced, Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton, were mutilated by the sentence of the Star Chamber, and sent to rot in remote dungeons. The estate and the person of every man who had opposed the Court, were at its mercy.

Hampden determined to leave England. Beyond the Atlantic Ocean, a few of the persecuted Puritans had formed, in the wilderness of Connecticut, a settlement which has since become a prosperous commonwealth; and which, in spite of the lapse of time, and of the change of government, still retains something of the character given to it by its first founders. Lord Saye and Lord Brooke were the original projectors of this scheme of emigration. Hampden had been early consulted respecting it. He was now, it appears, desirous to withdraw himself beyond the reach of oppressors, who, as he probably suspected, and as we know, were bent on punishing his manful resistance to their tyranny. He was accompanied by his kinsman Oliver Cromwell, over whom he possessed great influence, and in whom he alone had discovered, under an exterior appearance of coarseness and extravagance, those great and commanding talents which were afterwards the admiration and the dread of Europe.

The cousins took their passage in a vessel which lay in the Thames, bound for North America. They were actually on board, when an order of Council appeared, by which the ship was prohibited from sailing. Seven other ships, filled with emigrants, were stopped at the same time.

Hampden and Cromwell remained; and with them remained the Evil Genius of the House of Stuart. The tide of public affairs was even now on the turn. The King had resolved to change the ecclesiastical constitution of Scotland, and to introduce into the public worship of that kingdom ceremonies which the great body of the Scots regarded as popish. This absurd attempt produced first discontents, then riots, and at length open rebellion. A provisional government was established at Edinburgh, and its authority was obeyed throughout the kingdom. This government raised an army, appointed a general, and called a General Assembly of the Kirk. The famous instrument, called the Covenant, was put forth at this time, and was eagerly subscribed by the people.

The beginnings of this formidable insurrection were strangely neglected by the king and his advisers. But towards the close of the year 1638 the danger became pressing. An army was raised; and early in the following spring Charles marched northward, at the head of a force sufficient, as it seemed, to reduce the Covenanters to submission.

But Charles acted, at this conjuncture, as he acted at every important conjuncture throughout his life. After oppressing, threatening, and blustering, he hesitated and failed. He was bold in the wrong place, and timid in the wrong place. He would have shown his wisdom by being afraid before the liturgy was read in St. Giles's church. He put off his fear till he had reached the Scottish border with his troops. Then, after a feeble campaign, he concluded a treaty with the insurgents, and withdrew his army. But the terms of the pacification were not observed. Each party charged the other with foul play. The Scots refused to disarm. The King found great difficulty in reassembling his forces. His late expedition had drained his treasury. The revenues of the next year had been anticipated. At another time, he might have attempted to make up the deficiency by illegal expedients; but such a course would clearly have been dangerous when part of the island was in rebellion. It was necessary to call a Parliament. After eleven years of suffering, the voice of the nation was to be heard once more.

In April, 1640, the Parliament met; and the King had another chance of conciliating his people. The new House of Commons was, beyond all comparison, the least refractory House of Commons that had been known for many years. Indeed, we have never been able to understand how, after so long a period of misgovernment, the representatives of the nation should have shown so moderate and so loyal a disposition. Clarendon speaks with admiration of their dutiful temper. "The House generally," says he, "was exceedingly disposed to please the King, and to 'do him service.'"—"It could never be hoped," he observes elsewhere, "that more sober or dispassionate men would ever 'meet together in that place, or fewer who brought ill purposes 'with them.'"

In this Parliament Hampden took his seat as member for Buckinghamshire; and thenceforward, till the day of his death, gave himself up, with scarcely any intermission, to public affairs. He took lodgings in Gray's Inn Lane, near the house occupied by Pym, with whom he lived in habits of the closest intimacy. He was now decidedly the most popular man in England. The Opposition looked to him as their leader. The servants of the king treated him with marked respect. Charles requested the

Parliament to vote an immediate supply, and pledged his word, that if they would gratify him in this request, he would afterwards give them time to represent their grievances to him. The grievances under which the nation suffered were so serious, and the royal word had been so shamefully violated, that the Commons could hardly be expected to comply with this request. During the first week of the session, the minutes of the proceedings against Hampden were laid on the table by Oliver St. John, and the committee reported that the case was matter of grievance. The king sent a message to the Commons, offering, if they would vote him twelve subsidies, to give up the prerogative of ship-money. Many years before, he had received five subsidies in consideration of his assent to the Petition of Right. By assenting to that petition, he had given up the right of levying ship-money, if he ever possessed it. How he had observed the promises made to his third Parliament, all England knew; and it was not strange that the Commons should be somewhat unwilling to buy from him, over and over again, their own ancient and undoubted inheritance.

His message, however, was not unfavorably received. The Commons were ready to give a large supply; but they were not disposed to give it in exchange for a prerogative of which they altogether denied the existence. If they acceded to the proposal of the King, they recognised the legality of the writs of ship-money.

Hampden, who was a greater master of parliamentary tactics than any man of his time, saw that this was the prevailing feeling, and availed himself of it with great dexterity. He moved, that the question should be put, "Whether the House would consent to the proposition made by the King, as contained in the message." Hyde interfered, and proposed that the question should be divided; — that the sense of the House should be taken merely on the point, "Supply, or no supply?" and that the manner and the amount should be left for subsequent consideration.

The majority of the House was for granting a supply; but against granting it in the manner proposed by the King. If the House had divided on Hampden's question, the Court would have sustained a defeat; if on Hyde's, the Court would have gained an apparent victory. Some members called for Hyde's motion — others for Hampden's. In the midst of the uproar, the Secretary of State, Sir Harry Vane, rose, and stated, that the supply would not be accepted unless it were voted according to the tenor of the message. Vane was supported by Herbert, the Solicitor-General. Hyde's motion was therefore no further

pressed, and the debate on the general question was adjourned till the next day.

On the next day the King came down to the House of Lords, and dissolved the Parliament with an angry speech. His conduct on this occasion has never been defended by any of his apologists. Clarendon condemns it severely. "No man," says he, "could imagine what offence the Commons had given." The offence which they had given is plain. They had, indeed, behaved most temperately and most respectfully. But they had shown a disposition to redress wrongs, and to vindicate the laws; and this was enough to make them hateful to a king whom no law could bind, and whose whole government was one system of wrong.

The nation received the intelligence of the dissolution with sorrow and indignation. The only persons to whom this event gave pleasure, were those few discerning men who thought that the maladies of the state were beyond the reach of gentle remedies. Oliver St. John's joy was too great for concealment. It lighted up his dark and melancholy features, and made him, for the first time, indiscreetly communicative. He told Hyde, that things must be worse before they could be better; and that the dissolved Parliament would never have done all that was necessary. St. John, we think, was in the right. No good could then have been done by any Parliament which did not adopt as its great principle, that no confidence could safely be placed in the King, and that while he enjoyed more than the shadow of power, the nation would never enjoy more than the shadow of liberty.

As soon as Charles had dismissed the Parliament, he threw several members of the House of Commons into prison. Ship-money was exacted more rigorously than ever; and the Mayor and Sheriffs of London were prosecuted before the Star Chamber for slackness in levying it. Wentworth, it is said, observed, with characteristic insolence and cruelty, that things would never go right till the aldermen were hanged. Large sums were raised by force on those counties in which the troops were quartered. All the wretched shifts of a beggared exchequer were tried. Forced loans were raised. Great quantities of goods were bought on long credit, and sold for ready money. A scheme for debasing the currency was under consideration. At length, in August, the King again marched northward.

The Scots advanced into England to meet him. It is by no means improbable that this bold step was taken by the advice of Hampden, and of those with whom he acted; and this has been made matter of grave accusation against the English Opposition.

To call in the aid of foreigners in a domestic quarrel, it is said, is the worst of treasons; and that the Puritan leaders, by taking this course, showed that they were regardless of the honor and independence of the nation, and anxious only for the success of their own faction. We are utterly unable to see any distinction between the case of the Scotch invasion in 1640, and the case of the Dutch invasion in 1688,—or rather, we see distinctions which are to the advantage of Hampden and his friends. We believe Charles to have been, beyond all comparison, a worse and more dangerous king than his son. The Dutch were strangers to us,—the Scots a kindred people, speaking the same language, subjects of the same crown, not aliens in the eye of the law. If, indeed, it had been possible that a Dutch army or a Scotch army could have enslaved England, those who persuaded Lesley to cross the Tweed, and those who signed the invitation to the Prince of Orange, would have been traitors to their country. But such a result was out of the question. All that either a Scotch or a Dutch invasion could do, was to give the public feeling of England an opportunity to show itself. Both expeditions would have ended in complete and ludicrous discomfiture, had Charles and James been supported by their soldiers and their people. In neither case, therefore, was the independence of England endangered; in neither case was her honor compromised: in both cases her liberties were preserved.

The second campaign of Charles against the Scots was short and ignominious. His soldiers, as soon as they saw the enemy, ran away as English soldiers have never run either before or since. It can scarcely be doubted that their flight was the effect, not of cowardice, but of disaffection. The four northern counties of England were occupied by the Scotch army. The King retired to York.

The game of tyranny was now up. Charles had risked and lost his last stake. It is impossible to retrace the mortifications and humiliations which this bad man had now to endure, without a feeling of vindictive pleasure. His army was mutinous,—his treasury was empty,—his people clamored for a Parliament,—addresses and petitions against the government were presented. Strafford was for shooting those who presented them by martial law; but the King could not trust the soldiers. A great council of Peers was called at York, but the King could not trust even the Peers. He struggled, he evaded, he hesitated, he tried every shift, rather than again face the representatives of his injured people. At length no shift was left. He made a truce with the Scots, and summoned a Parliament.

The leaders of the popular party had, after the late dissolution,



remained in London for the purpose of organizing a scheme of opposition to the Court. They now exerted themselves to the utmost. Hampden, in particular, rode from county to county, exhorting the electors to give their votes to men worthy of their confidence. The great majority of the returns was on the side of the Opposition. Hampden was himself chosen member both for Wendover and for Buckinghamshire. He made his election to serve for the county.

On the 3d of November, 1640, — a day to be long remembered, — met that great Parliament, destined to every extreme of fortune, — to empire and to servitude, — to glory and to contempt; — at one time the sovereign of its sovereign, — at another time the servant of its servants, and the tool of its tools. From the first day of its meeting the attendance was great; and the aspect of the members was that of men not disposed to do the work negligently. The dissolution of the late Parliament had convinced most of them that half measures would no longer suffice. Clarendon tells us, that “the same men who, six months before, were observed to be of very moderate tempers, and to wish that gentle remedies might be applied, talked now in another dialect both of kings and persons; and said that they must now be of another temper than they were the last Parliament.” The debt of vengeance was swollen by all the usury which had been accumulating during many years; and payment was made to the full.

This memorable crisis called forth parliamentary abilities such as England had never before seen. Among the most distinguished members of the House of Commons were Falkland, Hyde, Digby, Young, Harry Vane, Oliver St. John, Denzil Hollis, Nathaniel Fiennes. But two men exercised a paramount influence over the legislature and the country — Pym and Hampden; and, by the universal consent of friends and enemies, the first place belonged to Hampden.

On occasions which required set speeches, Pym generally took the lead. Hampden very seldom rose till late in a debate. His speaking was of that kind which has, in every age, been held in the highest estimation by English Parliaments, — ready, weighty, perspicuous, condensed. His perception of the feeling of the House was exquisite, — his temper unalterably placid, — his manner eminently courteous and gentlemanlike. “Even with those,” says Clarendon, “who were able to preserve themselves from his infusions, and who discerned those opinions to be fixed in him with which they could not comply, he always left the character of an ingenious and conscientious person.” His talents for business were as remarkable as his talents for debate.

"He was," says Clarendon, "of an industry and vigilance not to be tired out or wearied by the most laborious, and of parts not to be imposed upon by the most subtle and sharp." Yet it was rather to his moral than to his intellectual qualities that he was indebted for the vast influence which he possessed. "When this Parliament began," — we again quote Clarendon, — "the eyes of all men were fixed upon him as their *patriæ pater*, and the pilot that must steer the vessel through the tempests and rocks which threatened it. And I am persuaded his power and interest at that time were greater to do good or hurt than any man's in the kingdom, or than any man of his rank hath had in any time; for his reputation of honesty was universal, and his affections seemed so publicly guided, that no corrupt or private ends could bias them. . . . He was indeed a very wise man and of great parts, and possessed with the most absolute spirit of popularity, and the most absolute faculties to govern the people, of any man I ever knew."

It is sufficient to recapitulate shortly the acts of the Long Parliament during its first session. Strafford and Laud were impeached and imprisoned. Strafford was afterwards attainted by bill, and executed. Lord Keeper Finch fled to Holland, Secretary Windebank to France. All those whom the King had, during the last twelve years, employed for the oppression of his people, — from the servile judges, who had pronounced in favor of the crown against Hampden, down to the sheriffs who had distrained for ship-money, and the custom-house officers who had levied tonnage and poundage, — were summoned to answer for their conduct. The Star Chamber, the High Commission Court, the Council of York, were abolished. Those unfortunate victims of Laud, who, after undergoing ignominious exposure and cruel manglings, had been sent to languish in distant prisons, were set at liberty, and conducted through London in triumphant procession. The King was compelled to give to the judges patents for life, or during good behavior. He was deprived of those oppressive powers which were the last relics of the old feudal tenures. The Forest Courts and the Stannary Courts were reformed. It was provided that the Parliament then sitting should not be prorogued or dissolved without its own consent; and that a Parliament should be held at least once every three years.

Many of these measures Lord Clarendon allows to have been most salutary; and few persons will, in our times, deny that, in the laws passed during this session, the good greatly preponderated over the evil. The abolition of those three hateful courts, — the Northern Council, the Star Chamber, and the High Com-

mission, would alone entitle the Long Parliament to the lasting gratitude of Englishmen.

The proceedings against Strafford undoubtedly seem hard to people living in our days; and would probably have seemed merciful and moderate to people living in the sixteenth century. It is curious to compare the trial of Charles's minister with the trial, if it can be so called, of Lord Sudley, in the blessed reign of Edward the Sixth. None of the great reformers of our church doubted for a moment of the propriety of passing an act of Parliament for cutting off Lord Sudley's head without a legal conviction. The pious Cranmer voted for that act; the pious Latimer preached for it; the pious Edward returned thanks for it; and all the pious Lords of the Council together exhorted their victim to what they were pleased facetiously to call "the quiet and patient suffering of justice."

But it is not necessary to defend the proceedings against Strafford by any such comparison. They are justified, in our opinion, by that which alone justifies capital punishment, or any punishment, — by that which alone justifies war, — by the public danger. That there is a certain amount of public danger, which will justify a legislature in sentencing a man to death by an *ex post facto* law, few people, we suppose, will deny. Few people, for example, will deny that the French Convention was perfectly justified in declaring Robespierre, St. Just, and Couthon, *hors la loi*, without a trial. This proceeding differed from the proceeding against Strafford, only in being much more rapid and violent. Strafford was fully heard. Robespierre was not suffered to defend himself. Was there, then, in the case of Strafford, a danger sufficient to justify an act of attainder? We believe that there was. We believe that the contest in which the Parliament was engaged against the King was a contest for the security of our property, — for the liberty of our persons, — for every thing which makes us to differ from the subjects of Don Miguel. We believe that the cause of the Commons was such as justified them in resisting the King, in raising an army, in sending thousands of brave men to kill and to be killed. An act of attainder is surely not more a departure from the ordinary course of law than a civil war. An act of attainder produces much less suffering than a civil war; and we are, therefore, unable to discover on what principle it can be maintained, that a cause which justifies a civil war, will not justify an act of attainder.

Many specious arguments have been urged against the *ex post facto* law by which Strafford was condemned to death. But all these arguments proceed on the supposition that the crisis was an ordinary crisis. The attainder was, in truth, a revolutionary

measure. It was part of a system of resistance which oppression had rendered necessary. It is as unjust to judge of the conduct pursued by the Long Parliament towards Strafford on ordinary principles, as it would have been to indict Fairfax for murder, because he cut down a cornet at Naseby. From the day on which the Houses met, there was a war waged by them against the King,—a war for all that they held dear,—a war carried on at first by means of Parliamentary forms,—at last by physical force; and, as in the second stage of that war, so in the first, they were entitled to do many things which, in quiet times, would have been culpable.

We must not omit to mention, that those men who were afterwards the most distinguished ornaments of the King's party, supported the bill of attainder. It is almost certain that Hyde voted for it. It is quite certain that Falkland both voted and spoke for it. The opinion of Hampden, as far as it can be collected from a very obscure note of one of his speeches, seems to have been, that the proceeding by bill was unnecessary, and that it would be a better course to obtain judgment on the impeachment.

During this year the Court opened a negotiation with the leaders of the Opposition. The Earl of Bedford was invited to form an administration on popular principles. St. John was made Solicitor-General. Hollis was to have been Secretary of State, and Pym Chancellor of the Exchequer. The post of Tutor to the Prince of Wales was designed for Hampden. The death of the Earl of Bedford prevented this arrangement from being carried into effect; and it may be doubted whether, even if that nobleman's life had been prolonged, Charles would ever have consented to surround himself with counsellors whom he could not but hate and fear.

Lord Clarendon admits that the conduct of Hampden during this year was mild and temperate,—that he seemed disposed rather to soothe than to excite the public mind; and that, when violent and unreasonable motions were made by his followers, he generally left the House before the division, lest he should seem to give countenance to their extravagance. His temper was moderate. He sincerely loved peace. He felt also great fear lest too precipitate a movement should produce a reaction. The events which took place early in the next session clearly showed that this fear was not unfounded.

During the autumn the Parliament adjourned for a few weeks. Before the recess, Hampden was despatched to Scotland by the House of Commons, nominally as a commissioner, to obtain security for a debt which the Scots had contracted during the late

invasion ; but in truth that he might keep watch over the King, who had now repaired to Edinburgh, for the purpose of finally adjusting the points of differences which remained between him and his northern subjects. It was the business of Hampden to dissuade the Covenanters from making their peace with the Court at the expense of the popular party in England.

While the King was in Scotland, the Irish rebellion broke out. The suddenness and violence of this terrible explosion excited a strange suspicion in the public mind. The Queen was a professed Papist. The King and the Archbishop of Canterbury had not indeed been reconciled to the See of Rome ; but they had ; while acting towards the Puritan party with the utmost rigor, and speaking of that party with the utmost contempt, shown great tenderness and respect towards the Catholic religion and its professors. In spite of the wishes of successive Parliaments, the Protestant separatists had been cruelly persecuted. And at the same time, in spite of the wishes of those very Parliaments, the laws — the unjust and wicked laws — which were in force against the Papists, had not been carried into execution. The Protestant nonconformists had not yet learned toleration in the school of suffering. They reprobated the partial lenity which the government showed towards idolaters ; and, with some show of reason, ascribed to bad motives conduct which, in such a king as Charles, and such a prelate as Laud, could not possibly be ascribed to humanity or to liberality of sentiment. The violent Arminianism of the Archbishop, — his childish attachment to ceremonies, his superstitious veneration for altars, vestments, and painted windows, his bigoted zeal for the constitution and the privileges of his order, his known opinions respecting the celibacy of the clergy, — had excited great disgust throughout that large party which was every day becoming more and more hostile to Rome, and more and more inclined to the doctrines and the discipline of Geneva. It was believed by many, that the Irish rebellion had been secretly encouraged by the Court ; and, when the Parliament met again in November, after a short recess, the Puritans were more intractable than ever.

But that which Hampden had feared had come to pass. A reaction had taken place. A large body of moderate and well-meaning men, who had heartily concurred in the strong measures adopted during the preceding year, were inclined to pause. Their opinion was, that, during many years, the country had been grievously misgoverned, and that a great reform had been necessary ; — but, that a great reform had been made, — that the grievances of the nation had been fully redressed, — that sufficient vengeance had been exacted for the past, and sufficient

security provided for the future, — that it would, therefore, be both ungrateful and unwise to make any further attacks on the royal prerogative. In support of this opinion many plausible arguments have been used. But to all these arguments there is one short answer, — the King could not be trusted.

At the head of those who may be called the Constitutional Royalists, were Falkland, Hyde, and Culpeper. All these eminent men had, during the former year, been in very decided opposition to the Court. In some of those very proceedings with which their admirers reproach Hampden, they had taken at least as great a part as Hampden. They had all been concerned in the impeachment of Strafford. They had all, there is reason to believe, voted for the Bill of Attainder. Certainly none of them voted against it. They had all agreed to the act which made the consent of the Parliament necessary to its own dissolution or prorogation. Hyde had been among the most active of those who attacked the Council of York. Falkland had voted for the exclusion of the bishops from the Upper House. They were now inclined to halt in the path of reform; perhaps to retrace a few of their steps.

A direct collision soon took place between the two parties, into which the House of Commons, lately at almost perfect unity with itself, was now divided. The opponents of the Government moved that celebrated address to the King, which is known by the name of the Grand Remonstrance. In this address all the oppressive acts of the preceding fifteen years were set forth with great energy of language; and, in conclusion, the King was entreated to employ no ministers in whom the Parliament could not confide.

The debate on the Remonstrance was long and stormy. It commenced at nine in the morning of the 21st of November, and lasted till after midnight. The division showed that a great change had taken place in the temper of the House. Though many members had retired from exhaustion, three hundred voted, and the Remonstrance was carried by a majority of only nine. A violent debate followed on the question whether the minority should be allowed to protest against this decision. The excitement was so great, that several members were on the point of proceeding to personal violence. "We had sheathed our swords in each other's bowels," says an eye-witness, "had not the sagacity and great calmness of Mr. Hampden, by a short speech, prevented it." The House did not rise till two in the morning.

The situation of the Puritan leaders was now difficult, and full of peril. The small majority which they still had might



soon become a minority. Out of doors, their supporters in the higher and middle classes were beginning to fall off. There was a growing opinion that the King had been hardly used. The English are always inclined to side with a weak party which is in the wrong, rather than with a strong party which is in the right. Even the idlers in the street will not suffer a man to be struck when he is down. And as it is with a boxing-match, so it is with a political contest. Thus it was that a violent reaction took place in favor of Charles the Second, against the Whigs, in 1681. Thus it was that an equally violent reaction took place in favor of George the Third against the coalition in 1784. A similar reaction was beginning to take place during the second year of of the Long Parliament. Some members of the Opposition "had resumed," says Clarendon, "their old resolution of leaving the kingdom." Oliver Cromwell openly declared that he and many others would have emigrated if they had been left in a minority on the question of the Remonstrance.

Charles had now a last chance of regaining the affection of his people. If he could have resolved to give his confidence to the leaders of the moderate party in the House of Commons, and to regulate his proceedings by their advice, he might have been, not, indeed, as he had been, a despot, but the powerful and respected king of a free people. The nation might have enjoyed liberty and repose under a government, with Falkland at its head, checked by a constitutional Opposition, under the conduct of Hampden. It was not necessary that, in order to accomplish this happy end, the King should sacrifice any part of his lawful prerogative, or submit to any conditions inconsistent with his dignity. It was necessary only that he should abstain from treachery, from violence, from gross breaches of the law. This was all that the nation was then disposed to require of him. And even this was too much.

For a short time, he seemed inclined to take a wise and temperate course. He resolved to make Falkland Secretary of State, and Culpeper Chancellor of the Exchequer. He declared his intention of conferring in a short time some important office on Hyde. He assured these three persons that he would do nothing relating to the House of Commons without their joint advice; and that he would communicate all his designs to them in the most unreserved manner. This resolution, had he adhered to it, would have averted many years of blood and mourning. But "in very few days," says Clarendon, "he did fatally swerve from it."

On the 3d of January, 1642, without giving the slightest hint of his intention to those advisers whom he had solemnly promised

to consult, he sent down the Attorney-General to impeach Lord Kembolton, Hampden, Pym, Hollis, and two other members of the House of Commons, at the bar of the Lords, on a charge of High Treason. It is difficult to find in the whole history of England, such an instance of tyranny, perfidy, and folly. The most precious and ancient rights of the subject were violated by this act. The only way in which Hampden and Pym could legally be tried for treason at the suit of the King, was by a petty jury on a bill found by a grand jury. The Attorney-General had no right to impeach them. The House of Lords had no right to try them.

The Commons refused to surrender their members. The Peers showed no inclination to usurp the unconstitutional jurisdiction which the King attempted to force on them. A contest began, in which violence and weakness were on the one side, law and resolution on the other. Charles sent an officer to seal up the lodgings and trunks of the accused members. The Commons sent their sergeant to break the seals. The tyrant resolved to follow up one outrage by another. In making the charge, he had struck at the institution of juries. In executing the arrest, he struck at the privileges of Parliament. He resolved to go to the House in person, with an armed force, and there to seize the leaders of the Opposition, while engaged in the discharge of their Parliamentary duties.

What was his purpose? Is it possible to believe that he had no definite purpose, — that he took the most important step of his whole reign without having for one moment considered what might be its effects? Is it possible to believe, that he went merely for the purpose of making himself a laughing-stock, — that he intended, if he had found the accused members, and if they had refused, as it was their right and duty to refuse, the submission, which he illegally demanded, to leave the House without bringing them away? If we reject both these suppositions, we must believe, — and we certainly do believe, — that he went fully determined to carry his unlawful design into effect by violence; and, if necessary, to shed the blood of the chiefs of the Opposition on the very floor of the Parliament House.

Lady Carlisle conveyed intelligence of the design to Pym. The five members had time to withdraw before the arrival of Charles. They left the House as he was entering New Palace Yard. He was accompanied by about two hundred halberdiers of his guard, and by many gentlemen of the Court armed with swords. He walked up Westminster Hall. At the southern door of that vast building, his attendants divided to the right and left, and formed a lane to the door of the House of Commons.

He knocked, — entered, — darted a look towards the place which Pym usually occupied ; and, seeing it empty, walked up to the table. The Speaker fell on his knee. The members rose and uncovered their heads in profound silence, and the King took his seat in the chair. He looked round the house. But the five members were no where to be seen. He interrogated the Speaker. The Speaker answered, that he was merely the organ of the House, and had neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak, but according to their direction. The baffled tyrant muttered a few feeble sentences about his respect for the laws of the realm, and the privileges of Parliament, and retired. As he passed along the benches, several resolute voices called out audibly, — “Privilege!” He returned to Whitehall with his company of bravoës, who, while he was in the House, had been impatiently waiting in the lobby for the word, cocking their pistols, and crying, — “Fall on.” That night he put forth a proclamation, directing that the posts should be stopped, and that no person should, at his peril, venture to harbour the accused members.

Hampden and his friends had taken refuge in Coleman Street. The city of London was indeed the fastness of public liberty ; and was, in those times, a place of at least as much importance as Paris during the French Revolution. The city, properly so called, now consists in a great measure of immense warehouses and counting-houses, which are frequented by traders and their clerks during the day, and left in almost total solitude during the night. It was then closely inhabited by three hundred thousand persons, to whom it was not merely a place of business, but a place of constant residence. This great body had as complete a civil and military organization as if it had been an independent republic. Each citizen had his company ; and the companies, which now seem to exist only for the delectation of epicures and of antiquarians, were then formidable brotherhoods ; the members of which were almost as closely bound together as the members of a Highland clan. How strong these artificial ties were, the numerous and valuable legacies anciently bequeathed by citizens to their corporations abundantly prove. The municipal offices were filled by the most opulent and respectable merchants of the kingdom. The pomp of the magistracy of the capital was second only to that which surrounded the person of the sovereign. The Londoners loved their city with that patriotic love which is found only in small communities, like those of ancient Greece, or like those which arose in Italy during the middle ages. The numbers, the intelligence, the wealth of the citizens, the democratic form of their local government, and their vicinity to the Court and to the Parliament, made them one of the most formidable

bodies in the kingdom. Even as soldiers, they were not to be despised. In an age in which war is a profession, there is something ludicrous in the idea of battalions composed of apprentices and shopkeepers, and officered by aldermen. But, in the early part of the 17th century, there was no standing army in the island; and the militia of the metropolis was not inferior in training to the militia of other places. A city which could furnish many thousands of armed men, abounding in natural courage, and not absolutely untinctured with military discipline, was a formidable auxiliary in times of internal dissension. On several occasions during the civil war, the train-bands of London distinguished themselves highly; and at the battle of Newbury, in particular, they repelled the onset of fiery Rupert, and saved the army of the Parliament from destruction.

The people of this great city had long been thoroughly devoted to the national cause. Great numbers of them had signed a protestation, in which they declared their resolution to defend the privileges of Parliament. Their enthusiasm had of late begun to cool. The impeachment of the five members, and the insult offered to the House of Commons, inflamed it to fury. Their houses, their purses, their pikes, were at the command of the Commons. London was in arms all night. The next day the shops were closed; the streets were filled with immense crowds. The multitude pressed round the King's coach, and insulted him with opprobrious cries. The House of Commons, in the mean time, appointed a committee to sit in the city, for the purpose of enquiring into the circumstances of the late outrage. The members of the committee were welcomed by a deputation of the Common Council. Merchant-Tailors' Hall, Goldsmiths' Hall, and Grocers' Hall, were fitted up for their sittings. A guard of respectable citizens, duly relieved twice a day, was posted at their doors. The sheriffs were charged to watch over the safety of the accused members, and to escort them to and from the committee with every mark of honor.

A violent and sudden revulsion of feeling, both in the House and out of it, was the effect of the late proceedings of the King. The Opposition regained in a few hours all the ascendancy which it had lost. The constitutional royalists were filled with shame and sorrow. They felt that they had been cruelly deceived by Charles. They saw that they were unjustly, but not unreasonably, suspected by the nation. Clarendon distinctly says, that they perfectly detested the counsels by which the King had been guided, and were so much displeased and dejected at the unfair manner in which he had treated them, that they were inclined to retire from his service. During the debates on this

subject, they preserved a melancholy silence. To this day, the advocates of Charles take care to say as little as they can about his visit to the House of Commons; and, when they cannot avoid mention of it, attribute to infatuation an act, which, on any other supposition, they must admit to have been a frightful crime.

The Commons, in a few days, openly defied the King, and ordered the accused members to attend in their places at Westminster, and to resume their parliamentary duties. The citizens resolved to bring back the champions of liberty in triumph before the windows of Whitehall. Vast preparations were made both by land and water for this great festival.

The King had remained in his palace, — humbled, dismayed, and bewildered, — “feeling,” says Clarendon, “the trouble and agony which usually attend generous and magnanimous minds upon their having committed errors;” — feeling, we should say, the despicable repentance which attends the bungling villain, who, having attempted to commit a crime, finds that he has only committed a folly. The populace hooted and shouted all day before the gates of the royal residence. The wretched man could not bear to see the triumph of those whom he had destined to the gallows and the quartering-block. On the day preceding that which was fixed for their return, he fled, with a few attendants, from that palace, which he was never to see again till he was led through it to the scaffold.

On the 11th of January, the Thames was covered with boats, and its shores with a gazing multitude. Armed vessels, decorated with streamers, were ranged in two lines from London Bridge to Westminster Hall. The members returned by water in a ship manned by sailors who had volunteered their services. The train-bands of the city, under the command of the sheriffs, marched along the Strand, attended by a vast crowd of spectators, to guard the avenues to the House of Commons; and thus, with shouts and loud discharges of ordnance, the accused patriots were brought back by the people whom they had served, and for whom they had suffered. The restored members, as soon as they had entered the House, expressed, in the warmest terms, their gratitude to the citizens of London. The sheriffs were warmly thanked by the Speakers in the name of the Commons; and orders were given that a guard, selected from the train-bands of the city, should attend daily to watch over the safety of the Parliament.

The excitement had not been confined to London. When intelligence of the danger to which Hampden was exposed reached Buckinghamshire, it excited the alarm and indignation of the

people. Four thousand freeholders of that county, each of them wearing in his hat a copy of the protestation in favor of the privileges of Parliament, rode up to London to defend the person of their beloved representative. They came in a body to assure Parliament of their full resolution to defend its privileges. Their petition was couched in the strongest terms. "In respect," said they, "of that latter attempt upon the honorable House of Commons, we are now come to offer our service to that end, and resolved, in their just defence, to live and die."

A great struggle was clearly at hand. Hampden had returned to Westminster much changed. His influence had hitherto been exerted rather to restrain than to moderate the zeal of his party. But the treachery, the contempt of law, the thirst for blood, which the King had now shown, left no hope of a peaceable adjustment. It was clear that Charles must be either a puppet or a tyrant, — that no obligation of love or of honor could bind him, — and that the only way to make him harmless, was to make him powerless.

The attack which the King had made on the five members was not merely irregular in manner. Even if the charges had been preferred legally, if the Grand Jury of Middlesex had found a true bill, if the accused persons had been arrested under a proper warrant, and at a proper time and place, there would still have been in the proceeding enough of perfidy and injustice to vindicate the strongest measures which the Opposition could take. To impeach Pym and Hampden was to impeach the House of Commons. It was notoriously on account of what they had done as members of that House that they were selected as objects of vengeance; and in what they had done as members of that House, the majority had concurred. Most of the charges brought against them were common between them and the Parliament. They were accused, indeed, and it may be with reason, of encouraging the Scotch army to invade England. In doing this, they had committed what was, in strictness of law, a high offence; — the same offence which Devonshire and Shrewsbury committed in 1688. But the King had promised pardon and oblivion to those who had been the principals in the Scotch insurrection. Did it then consist with his honor to punish the accessaries? He had bestowed marks of his favor on the leading Covenanters. He had given the great seal of Scotland to Lord Loudon, the chief of the rebels, a marquisate to the Earl of Argyle, an earldom to Lesley, who had brought the Presbyterian army across the Tweed. On what principle was Hampden to be attainted for advising what Lesley was ennobled for doing? In a court of law, of course, no Englishman could plead an



amnesty granted to the Scots. But, though not an illegal, it was surely an inconsistent and a most unkingly course, after pardoning the heads of the rebellion in one kingdom, to hang, draw, and quarter their accomplices in another.

The proceedings of the King against the five members, or rather against that Parliament which had concurred in almost all the acts of the five members, was the cause of the civil war. It was plain that either Charles or the House of Commons must be stripped of all real power in the state. The best course which the Commons could have taken would perhaps have been to depose the King; as their ancestors had deposed Edward the Second and Richard the Second, and as their children afterwards deposed James. Had they done this, — had they placed on the throne a prince whose character and whose situation would have been a pledge for his good conduct, they might safely have left to that prince all the constitutional prerogatives of the Crown; the command of the armies of the state; the power of making peers; the power of appointing ministers; a veto on bills passed by the two Houses. Such a prince, reigning by their choice, would have been under the necessity of acting in conformity with their wishes. But the public mind was not ripe for such a measure. There was no Duke of Lancaster, — no Prince of Orange, — no great and eminent person, near in blood to the throne, yet attached to the cause of the people. Charles was then to remain king; and it was therefore necessary that he should be king only in name. A William the Third, or a George the First, whose title to the crown was identical with the title of the people to their liberty, might safely be trusted with extensive powers. But new freedom could not exist in safety under the old tyrant. Since he was not to be deprived of the name of king, the only course which was left was to make him a mere trustee, nominally seized of prerogatives, of which others had the use, — a Grand Lama, — a *Roi Fainéant*, — a phantom resembling those Dagoberts and Childebarts who wore the badges of royalty, while Ebroin and Charles Martel held the real sovereignty of the state.

The conditions which the Parliament propounded were hard; but, we are sure, not harder than those which even the Tories, in the Convention of 1689, would have imposed on James, if it had been resolved that James should continue to be king. The chief condition was, that the command of the militia and the conduct of the war in Ireland should be left to the Parliament. On this point was that great issue joined, whereof the two parties put themselves on God and on the sword.

We think, not only that the Commons were justified in de-

manding for themselves the power to dispose of the military force, but that it would have been absolute insanity in them to leave that force at the disposal of the King. From the very beginning of his reign, it had evidently been his object to govern by an army. His third Parliament had complained, in the Petition of Right, of his fondness for martial law, and of the vexatious manner in which he billeted his soldiers on the people. The wish nearest the heart of Strafford was, as his letters prove, that the revenue might be brought into such a state as would enable the King to support a standing military establishment. In 1640, Charles had supported an army in the northern counties by lawless exactions. In 1641, he had engaged in an intrigue, the object of which was to bring that army to London, for the purpose of overawing the Parliament. His late conduct had proved that, if he were suffered to retain even a small body-guard of his own creatures near his person, the Commons would be in danger of outrage, perhaps of massacre. The Houses were still deliberating under the protection of the militia of London. Could the command of the whole armed force of the realm have been, under these circumstances, safely confided to the King? Would it not have been frenzy in the Parliament to raise and pay an army of fifteen or twenty thousand men for the Irish war, and to give to Charles the absolute control of this army, and the power of selecting, promoting, and dismissing officers at his pleasure? Was it not possible that this army might become, what it is the nature of armies to become, what so many armies, formed under much more favorable circumstances, have become, what the army of the English commonwealth became, what the army of the French republic became, — an instrument of despotism? Was it not possible that the soldiers might forget that they were also citizens, and might be ready to serve their general against their country? Was it not certain that, on the very first day on which Charles could venture to revoke his concessions, and to punish his opponents, he would establish an arbitrary government, and exact a bloody revenge?

Our own times furnish a parallel case. Suppose that a revolution should take place in Spain, — that the Constitution of Cadiz should be reestablished, — that the Cortes should meet again, — that the Spanish Prynnes and Burtons, who are now wandering in rags round Leicester Square, should be restored to their country, — Ferdinand the Seventh would, in that case, of course, repeat all the oaths and promises which he made in 1820, and broke in 1823. But would it not be madness in the Cortes, even if they were to leave him the name of king, to leave him more than the name? Would not all Europe scoff at them, if they

were to permit him to assemble a large army for an expedition to America, to model that army at his pleasure, to put it under the command of officers chosen by himself? Should we not say, that every member of the Constitutional party, who might concur in such a measure, would most richly deserve the fate which he would probably meet, — the fate of Riego and of the Empecinado? We are not disposed to pay compliments to Ferdinand; nor do we conceive that we pay him any compliment, when we say, that, of all sovereigns in history, he seems to us most to resemble King Charles the First. Like Charles, he is pious after a certain fashion; like Charles, he has made large concessions to his people after a certain fashion. It is well for him that he has had to deal with men who bore very little resemblance to the English Puritans.

The Commons would have the power of the sword; the King would not part with it; and nothing remained but to try the chances of war. Charles still had a strong party in the country. His august office, — his dignified manners, — his solemn protestations, that he would for the time to come respect the liberties of his subjects, — pity for fallen greatness, — fear of violent innovation, secured to him many adherents. He had the Church, the Universities, a majority of the nobles and of the old landed gentry. The austerity of the Puritan manners drove most of the gay and dissolute youth of that age to the royal standard. Many good, brave, and moderate men, who disliked his former conduct, and who entertained doubts touching his present sincerity, espoused his cause unwillingly, and with many painful misgivings; because, though they dreaded his tyranny much, they dreaded democratic violence more.

On the other side was the great body of the middle orders of England, — the merchants, the shopkeepers, the yeomanry, headed by a very large and formidable minority of the peerage and of the landed gentry. The Earl of Essex, a man of respectable abilities, and of some military experience, was appointed to the command of the parliamentary army.

Hampden spared neither his fortune nor his person in the cause. He subscribed two thousand pounds to the public service. He took a colonel's commission in the army, and went into Buckinghamshire to raise a regiment of infantry. His neighbours eagerly enlisted under his command. His men were known by their green uniform, and by their standard, which bore on one side the watchword of the Parliament, "God with us," and on the other the device of Hampden, "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*" This motto well described the line of conduct which he pursued. No member of his party had been so temperate, while there remained

a hope that legal and peaceable measures might save the country. No member of his party showed so much energy and vigor when it became necessary to appeal to arms. He made himself thoroughly master of his military duty, and "performed it," to use the words of Clarendon, "upon all occasions most punctually." The regiment which he had raised and trained was considered as one of the best in the service of the Parliament. He exposed his person in every action, with an intrepidity which made him conspicuous even among thousands of brave men. "He was," says Clarendon, "of a personal courage equal to his best parts; so that he was an enemy not to be wished wherever he might have been made a friend, and as much to be apprehended where he was so, as any man could deserve to be." Though his military career was short, and his military situation subordinate, he fully proved that he possessed the talents of a great general, as well as those of a great statesman.

We shall not attempt to give a history of the war. Lord Nugent's account of the military operations is very animated and striking. Our abstract would be dull, and probably unintelligible. There was, in fact, for some time, no great and connected system of operations on either side. The war of the two parties was like the war of Arimanes and Oromasdes, neither of whom, according to the Eastern theologians, has any exclusive domain, — who are equally omnipresent, — who equally pervade all space, — who carry on their eternal strife within every particle of matter. There was a petty war in almost every county. A town furnished troops to the Parliament, while the manor-house of the neighbouring peer was garrisoned for the King. The combatants were rarely disposed to march far from their own homes. It was reserved for Fairfax and Cromwell to terminate this desultory warfare, by moving one overwhelming force successively against all the scattered fragments of the royal party.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that the officers who had studied tactics in what were considered as the best schools, — under Vere in the Netherlands, and under Gustavus Adolphus in Germany, — displayed far less skill than those commanders who had been bred to peaceful employments, and who never saw even a skirmish till the civil war broke out. An unlearned person might hence be inclined to suspect that the military art is no very profound mystery; that its principles are the principles of plain good sense; and that a quick eye, a cool head, and a stout heart, will do more to make a general than all the diagrams of Jomini. This, however, is certain, that Hampden showed himself a far better officer than Essex, and Cromwell than Lesley.

The military errors of Essex were probably in some degree produced by political timidity. He was honestly, but not warmly, attached to the cause of the Parliament; and next to a great defeat, he dreaded a great victory. Hampden, on the other hand, was for vigorous and decisive measures. When he drew the sword, as Clarendon has well said, he threw away the scabbard. He had shown that he knew better than any public man of his time how to value and how to practise moderation. But he knew that the essence of war is violence, and that moderation in war is imbecility. On several occasions, particularly during the operations in the neighbourhood of Brentford, he remonstrated earnestly with Essex. Wherever he commanded separately, the boldness and rapidity of his movements presented a striking contrast to the sluggishness of his superior.

In the Parliament he possessed boundless influence. His employments towards the close of 1642 have been described by Denham in some lines, which, though intended to be sarcastic, convey in truth the highest eulogy. Hampden is described in this satire as perpetually passing and repassing between the military station at Windsor and the House of Commons at Westminster, — overawing the general, and giving law to that Parliament which knew no other law. It was at this time that he organized that celebrated association of counties, to which his party was principally indebted for its victory over the King.

In the early part of 1643; the shires lying in the neighbourhood of London, which were devoted to the cause of the Parliament, were incessantly annoyed by Rupert and his cavalry. Essex had extended his lines so far, that almost every point was vulnerable. The young prince, who, though not a great general, was an active and enterprising partisan, frequently surprised posts, burned villages, swept away cattle, and was again at Oxford, before a force sufficient to encounter him could be assembled.

The languid proceedings of Essex were loudly condemned by the troops. All the ardent and daring spirits in the parliamentary party were eager to have Hampden at their head. Had his life been prolonged, there is every reason to believe that the supreme command would have been entrusted to him. But it was decreed that, at this conjuncture, England should lose the only man who united perfect disinterestedness to eminent talents, — the only man who, being capable of gaining the victory for her, was incapable of abusing that victory when gained.

In the evening of the 17th of June, Rupert darted out of Oxford with his cavalry on a predatory expedition. At three in the morning of the following day, he attacked and dispersed a few parliamentary soldiers who were quartered at Postcombe.

He then flew to Chinnor, burned the village, killed or took all the troops who were posted there, and prepared to hurry back with his booty and his prisoners to Oxford.

Hampden had, on the preceding day, strongly represented to Essex the danger to which this part of the line was exposed. As soon as he received intelligence of Rupert's incursion, he sent off a horseman with a message to the General. The Cavaliers, he said, could return only by Chiselhampton Bridge. A force ought to be instantly despatched in that direction, for the purpose of intercepting them. In the mean time, he resolved to set out with all the cavalry that he could muster, for the purpose of impeding the march of the enemy till Essex could take measures for cutting off their retreat. A considerable body of horse and dragoons volunteered to follow him. He was not their commander. He did not even belong to their branch of the service. But "he was," says Lord Clarendon, "second to none but the General "himself in the observance and application of all men." On the field of Chalgrove he came up with Rupert. A fierce skirmish ensued. In the first charge, Hampden was struck in the shoulder by two bullets, which broke the bone, and lodged in his body. The troops of the Parliament lost heart, and gave way. Rupert, after pursuing them for a short time, hastened to cross the bridge, and made his retreat unmolested to Oxford.

Hampden, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle. The mansion which had been inhabited by his father-in-law, and from which in his youth he had carried home his bride, Elizabeth, was in sight. There still remains an affecting tradition, that he looked for a moment towards that beloved house, and made an effort to go thither to die. But the enemy lay in that direction. He turned his horse towards Thame, where he arrived almost fainting with agony. The surgeons dressed his wounds. But there was no hope. The pain which he suffered was most excruciating. But he endured it with admirable firmness and resignation. His first care was for his country. He wrote from his bed several letters to London concerning public affairs, and sent a last pressing message to the head-quarters, recommending that the dispersed forces should be concentrated. When his last public duties were performed, he calmly prepared himself to die. He was attended by a clergyman of the Church of England, with whom he had lived in habits of intimacy, and by the Chaplain of the Buckinghamshire Green-coats, Dr. Spurton, whom Baxter describes as a famous and excellent divine.

A short time before his death, the sacrament was administered to him. He declared that, though he disliked the government of



the Church of England, he yet agreed with that Church as to all essential matters of doctrine. His intellect remained unclouded. When all was nearly over, he lay murmuring faint prayers for himself, and for the cause in which he died. "Lord Jesus," he exclaimed, in the moment of the last agony, "receive my soul, — O Lord, save my country, — O Lord be merciful to —." In that broken ejaculation passed away his noble and fearless spirit.

He was buried in the parish church of Hampden. His soldiers, bareheaded, with reversed arms, and muffled drums, and colors, escorted his body to the grave, singing, as they marched, that lofty and melancholy psalm, in which the fragility of human life is contrasted with the immutability of Him, in whose sight a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the night.

The news of Hampden's death produced as great a consternation in his party, according to Clarendon, as if their whole army had been cut off. The journals of the time amply prove that the Parliament and all its friends were filled with grief and dismay. Lord Nugent has quoted a remarkable passage from the next *Weekly Intelligencer*. "The loss of Colonel Hampden goeth near the heart of every man that loves the good of his king and country, and makes some conceive little content to be at the army now that he is gone. The memory of this deceased colonel is such, that in no age to come but it will more and more be had in honor and esteem; — a man so religious, and of that prudence, judgment, temper, valor, and integrity, that he hath left few his like behind him."

He had indeed left none his like behind him. There still remained, indeed, in his party, many acute intellects, many eloquent tongues, many brave and honest hearts. There still remained a rugged and clownish soldier, — half-fanatic, half-buffoon, — whose talents, discerned as yet only by one penetrating eye, were equal to all the highest duties of the soldier and the prince. But in Hampden, and in Hampden alone, were united all the qualities which, at such a crisis, were necessary to save the state, — the valor and energy of Cromwell, the discernment and eloquence of Vane, the humanity and moderation of Manchester, the stern integrity of Hale, the ardent public spirit of Sidney. Others might possess the qualities which were necessary to save the popular party in the crisis of danger; he alone had both the power and the inclination to restrain its excesses in the hour of triumph. Others could conquer; he alone could reconcile. A heart as bold as his brought up the cuirassiers who turned the tide of battle on Marston Moor. As skilful an eye as his watched the Scotch army descending from the heights over Dunbar. But it was when, to the sullen tyranny of Laud and Charles,

had succeeded the fierce conflict of sects and factions, ambitious of ascendancy, and burning for revenge,—it was when the vices and ignorance which the old tyranny had generated, threatened the new freedom with destruction, that England missed that sobriety, that self-command, that perfect soundness of judgment, that perfect rectitude of intention, to which the history of revolutions furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone.\*

[\*Among the many remarkable circumstances attending the first settlement of New England, a visit of the illustrious John Hampden to the infant colony at Plymouth, in 1623, has been mentioned in several recent historical works, on the authority of a conjecture of Dr. Belknap; and in "The North American Review" (Vol. XV. p. 28) it is asserted absolutely, that "John Hampden resided some time in Plymouth." The mere conjecture of a writer like Dr. Belknap, naturally enough passed for authentic history, while so little was known of Hampden's early life; but the particulars which Lord Nugent has brought to light seem to deprive the supposition of all probability.

In his Life of Governor Bradford (American Biography, Vol. II. p. 229) Dr. Belknap mentions a visit made to the Sachem Massasoit in 1623, by Mr. Winslow, "accompanied by Mr. John Hamden," an account of which visit is given in Winslow's "Good News from New England," first published in Purchas's Pilgrims. On the words above quoted Dr. Belknap has the following note: "In Winslow's Journal, Mr. Hamden is said to be 'a gentleman of London, who then wintered with us, and desired much 'to see the country.' I suppose this to be the same person who distinguished himself by his opposition to the illegal and arbitrary demands of King Charles the First. He had previously (1637) embarked for New England with Oliver Cromwell, Sir Arthur Haslerig, and others; but they were prevented from coming by the King's 'proclamation against disorderly transporting his Majesty's subjects to the plantations of America.' Hamden was born in 1594, and was 29 years old at the time of 'his being at Plymouth, in 1623.'"

The confusion of dates, by which his presence at Plymouth in 1623 is made to be subsequent to his *intended* voyage in 1637, shows that the note was written with little deliberation, though it does not prove that, when arrested in this attempt, he had not already once visited New England. But from Lord Nugent's Memorials nothing of the kind appears, either under the date of 1623, or afterwards when the frustrated voyage is spoken of; while it does appear, that in 1619 Hampden was married to a lady to whom he was fondly attached; that from January 1621 to February 1622 he was member of Parliament, paying great attention to the details of parliamentary business, and to the local interests of his own county; that about this time his friends were solicitous he should seek a peerage, his family, his possessions, and his personal accomplishments justifying such a pretension; and that in 1625 he was again member of Parliament, being never afterwards lost sight of in the history of his country.

It is altogether incredible that this distinguished *country gentleman*, in the short interval of his active parliamentary career, was traversing the unexplored wilds of North America from a desire to see the country,—known only (in the words of Winslow) as "one Mr. John Hamden, a gentleman of London," and unnoticed by Cotton Mather, who, writing in the in the same century, names him as one of "three famous persons, bound for New England, that were stopt." EDITORS.]

[From "The British Critic, No. 23."]

[We select the following review because it affords a better notice of the contents of the very rich and entertaining work of M. Dumont, than any other we have seen. The narrative is generally an abstract from his book, and what is most striking in the reflections and language is also borrowed from him. The opinions of the reviewer, his dislike of Reform, and his dread of revolution in England, are apparent. Without any alteration in the article itself, we have added, in the form of notes, some passages translated from M. Dumont's work, which we have no doubt will give pleasure to our readers, and serve still further to illustrate his manner of thinking and writing. EDITORS.]

ART. II. — *Souvenirs sur Mirabeau et sur les deux premières Assemblées Législatives.* Par ÉTIENNE DUMONT, de Genève. London. Bull. 1832. 8vo. pp. 342.

[*Recollections of Mirabeau and of the first two Legislative Assemblies.*]

ALL the world is exclaiming that this is one of the most interesting and instructive volumes which has ever been presented to their notice. Whig and Tory, — Conservative and Radical, — all join in the general chorus of encomium. Even the revolutionary press has had the candor to invite the public attention to it, although it teaches some lessons that might well cause the Genius of Revolution to cower "like a guilty thing," and to shrink back to its native darkness. It is, however, impossible to be surprised at this unanimity of praise. In the first place, the period to which the volume relates is one of intense and tremendous interest: secondly, the principal figure in the group which it exhibits was among the most extraordinary specimens of human nature which the world has ever looked upon: thirdly, the artist who has executed these vigorous sketches is a person eminent alike for his talents and his virtues: and, lastly, the volume derives an unspeakable charm, even from its unfinished character; for it rather resembles a collection of masterly fragments than a complete work; and the mind is consequently relieved from the weariness, which is apt to steal over flesh and spirit, in toiling through a formal treatise or a regular and solemn history.

A word or two respecting the author, before we proceed to the book itself. Mr. Dumont was a native of Geneva. His original profession was the Church, and when very young he succeeded in fixing his reputation as a powerful preacher. In 1783 he visited Petersburg, where certain individuals of his family were then established; and, during a residence of eighteen months, acquired the regard of all who knew him, by the activity of his

mind and the elevation of his principles. In 1785, he left Petersburg for London, where he became attached to Lord Shelburne, then prime minister. His first connection with that nobleman was in the character of tutor to his son; and, in that office, he speedily entitled himself to the confidence and friendship of his patron. It was at this period that he became acquainted with Fox, and Sheridan, and Lord Holland, and many other of the most illustrious men in England; of whom Sir S. Romilly seems to have stood foremost in his esteem and admiration.

It was in 1788 that he first became personally known to Mirabeau, during a short residence at Paris with Sir S. Romilly, already his intimate friend. On his return from that excursion, he formed an intimacy with the renowned Jeremy Bentham, with whose speculations he was so deeply captivated, that he devoted the greater portion of his life to the labor of interpreting to mankind, the somewhat oracular utterances of that Lycophron of Jurisprudence.

In 1789, Mr. Dumont was tempted back to Paris by the return of Mr. Necker to the administration; an event which held out some prospect of the restoration of her lost independence to the Republic of Geneva. When once he was in the French capital, he found that events were in progress there, of such stupendous interest, that he was unable to deny himself the pleasure of hovering near their line of march. He speedily renewed his connection with Mirabeau, and became his secret and confidential auxiliary, both in the composition of his writings and the advancement of his projects. But the office of *doer* (*faiseur*) to that turbulent politician, threatened at last to force him into a painful and rather inglorious notoriety; and for this reason he returned, after some time, to England; and plunged once more into the enchanting labyrinth of Mr. Bentham's meditations.

In 1814, the restoration of Geneva recalled him to his country, which, from that time to the hour of his death, he never quitted for any considerable interval. He there merited the gratitude of his countrymen by the dedication of his talents to their interests; and won the attachment of all to whom he was known by the goodness of his heart, the energy of his benevolence, and the superiority of his attainments and abilities. His death took place in 1829, during an excursion of pleasure in the North of Italy.

Previously to the appearance of this work, Mr. Dumont had been principally known as the apostle of Mr. Bentham. It so happens, however, that the missionary has departed this world before the prophet; but it appears that he has left behind him

various writings in manuscript, dictated, not by a love of literary renown, but chiefly by his zealous desire to put the world in complete possession of the discoveries and revelations of his venerated master. Of these compositions, no part is, at present, (according to the judgment of the editor, Mr. Duval,) in a condition to be presented to the public. It has therefore been thought advisable to select from his posthumous works the present volume, for immediate publication; both because it was less in need of revision than the rest, and because it exhibits the powers of the deceased as an original writer. Mr. Dumont appears before us now, — not as the interpreter of Jeremy Bentham, — but as the sagacious and philosophic observer of great events, and over-ruling characters. In his other writings, his own labors are so mixed up with those which it was his purpose to illustrate, that it would be impossible to separate his fame, as a *Publicist*, from that of his great original. But, here, he steps forward in a character which raises our regret that a larger portion of his time was not devoted to some more independent walk of literature.

We now hasten to the volume before us. It consists entirely of "Reminiscences." The author is incessantly regretting that he omitted, while he was on the spot, to detain and perpetuate a multitude of fleeting facts and circumstances, highly interesting in themselves, but, apparently, of slight importance, as they were hurrying onward in the tumultuous procession of mighty events. Had he but preserved minute and written notices of every thing that was passing before his eyes, he might have enriched the world with a representation of those fearful times, which would have united all the charms both of picturesque and philosophical interest. As it is, — he complains, — he has little to offer but a collection of confused remembrances. He sat down to his work at the importunity of his friends; and soon found himself engaged in the task of recalling the lineaments of a fierce and vexatious dream, which had long past away, — but which, fortunately, had left traces too deep to be ever obliterated from his memory. His narrative begins with the year 1789, the period at which he visited Paris together with his friend Duroverai, ancient Procurator-General of Geneva, for the purpose of deriving advantage to his country from Mr. Necker's reëstablishment in the ministry: but before his plunge into the midst of affairs, he introduces a few brief notices respecting the previous life and habits of Mirabeau. It appears that this strange man had been in London in 1784, and had there become intimate with Romilly. At that time his only trade was literature; his pen was the only instrument he had, whereby to work his way in the world, or even to win his daily bread. But never was adventurer more indefatigable, more

enterprising, or less fastidious. Nothing came amiss to him. No matter whether he knew any thing of his subject or not; to work he went. To study a thing, and to write upon it, were, with him, one and the same process; and nothing could be more surprising than the dimensions to which all literary projects would suddenly swell, the moment he laid his hand upon them. He got acquainted with a geographer, — and immediately the outline of a Universal Geography was spread out before his mental vision. If any one had proposed to him the elements of a Chinese Grammar, the design would instantly have expanded into a comprehensive treatise on that language. A sufficient *honorarium* would easily have engaged him in the compilation of an Encyclopædia; and if he did but little of what he undertook, by his own personal labor, he had a wonderful, and almost magic facility, in appropriating the labors of other men. Though his patience of mere drudgery was small, his activity was immense. He was incessant in his inquiries among people who could furnish him with information. He was wonderfully sagacious in *unearthing* hidden talents. Where he did not work himself, he contrived to make other people work with a vengeance. He could surround himself with under-laborers, whom he brought into subservience by the arts of flattery, by professions of personal friendship, and by an appeal to all the motives of public spirit. The men thus employed were the carpenters, the hod-bearers, and the masons; but Mirabeau alone was the architect. His conversation was a perfect whetstone, which gave the keenest edge to the tools he employed. Nothing was ever lost by him. Anecdotes, — conversations, — thoughts, — all were carefully laid up in his capacious repository. He made the reading and the studies of his friends completely his own; and he managed so to use his most recent acquisitions, as to give the impression that he had never been without them. And by these means it was that any work which he undertook advanced, under his hands, with astonishing rapidity towards its completion. It was as if one could see a tree growing visibly, day by day, and almost hour by hour, to its full dimensions. By these accomplishments and fascinations he secured the services of Mr. Dumont. No sooner did he find that this gentleman might be made useful to him, than he began to say all manner of handsome things of his friends, and, above all, to talk to him about Geneva. "This," says Mr. Dumont, "was a sort of *Ranz des Vaches* to me! — and thus it was that I was first mollified, "and then subjugated."

In 1788, when Dumont and Romilly arrived in Paris, the personal character of Count Mirabeau was at the lowest possible discount. His litigations with his own family, — his familiarity



with the inside of prisons, — his licentious manners, — his abductions of women, — all these were too much even for the accommodating morals of the good city of Paris. His name was pronounced with scorn in all respectable families. Romilly began to be ashamed of him, and had resolved to have nothing to do with him. But Mirabeau was not to be shaken off. He was not a man of punctilio. He found out their lodging; and one day a carriage was heard rolling to the door. Romilly retired to his chamber; and, immediately after, Count Mirabeau was announced. He immediately began to converse with Dumont about Geneva, — the mother of so many distinguished men! — and to protest that he never should be happy until he could be instrumental to the restoration of her liberties. There was no resisting this. Two hours glided away like a single moment; and, in the eyes of Dumont, every thing interesting in Paris was concentrated in the person of Count Mirabeau! “With whom, “in the name of wonder,” said Romilly, issuing from his imprisonment, when the visitor was gone, — “with whom is it that “you have been conversing this tedious length of time?” — “It “is one you are well acquainted with, and, surely, you must “have overheard an *éloge*, of which you were the subject, and “which might make a superb funeral oration.” — “What, Mirabeau!” — “Even Mirabeau, — and I am this day going to “dine with him!” The Count himself soon returned, and carried off the pliant Genevan and the saturnine Englishman in triumph. All prejudice vanished. The triumvirate were perpetually together; the *belle saison* was diversified with parties of pleasure; they dined together at the Bois de Boulogne, — at St. Cloud, — at Vincennes; at which last place, a part of the entertainment of the day was a visit to the dungeon in which the Count once had the honor to be incarcerated for three years!

The colloquial fascinations of this extraordinary man, appear to have been of the very highest order. He broke down all the conventional impediments by which men are kept at a convenient distance from each other. He came, at once, into contact with his companions. And yet, under the disguise of an abrupt and blunt familiarity, he would conceal the most consummate artifices of flattery and politeness. Nothing could be more animating than the transition, from the flat and smooth surface of commonplace society, to the sharpness and roughness of the coin, fresh from the mintage of Mirabeau. He was then, too, full of curious anecdotes, gathered in his residence at Berlin, where he had resided a short time; and had signalized his return by the publication of a work on the Prussian Monarchy in *eight volumes*, in which every thing was collected which related to the administra-

tion of the kingdom. The ministers of Prussia must have been thunderstruck to see themselves furnished with more ample materials than [they could find in the Bureaux of their own respective departments; and this, too, by a man who was only a few months among them, and had done nothing, to all appearance, but show himself in society. But, as usual, Mirabeau was only the architect. The joinery and masonry were executed by Major Mauvillon, an officer whose serviceable, but unknown talents, the Count had honored with his confidence, and, moreover, with all the drudgery of the compilation!

The reputation of Mirabeau as a writer was at this time rapidly advancing. There was scarcely a subject of much popular interest which he did not turn into fame and profit. Romilly had addressed a letter to a friend on the horrors of the Salpêtrière and Bicêtre. Mirabeau soon got hold of it. To translate and publish it was the affair of a single day; and that it might form a little volume, he joined with it the version of an anonymous pamphlet on the administration of penal law in England. The whole was announced as a translation from the English by Count M., but the public insisted on giving him full credit for the original authorship. The sale was accordingly rapid, and the profit covered his expenses for a whole month! He published on banking, — on stock-jobbing, — on the order of Cincinnatus, &c. &c. He *published*, — but if all the *writers* had claimed their share, there would have been left for Mirabeau little but the skilful combination, — the bold touches, — the biting epigrams, — and the occasional flashes of masculine eloquence, very different from that of the French Academy! At one time the underlings began to rebel. But it was all in vain. The Count's reputation was now too firmly established to be assailed by the murmurs of the operatives. Besides, they had, after all, but little reason to complain. But for his parental offices, their obscure labors would never have seen the sun; or if they had, they would probably, have perished almost as soon as born, for want of the principle of life and vigor which he alone could impart to them.

During these two months Dumont lived *more*, than during whole years of the rest of his life.\* Just before his depar-

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[\* Of Sir Samuel Romilly, his companion in this visit, Dumont thus speaks: "I was principally indebted to my travelling companion for that kind reception, and that particular attention, of which we were the objects; I was under his auspices; it was he who was sought after, but I was not neglected. I was proud of his merit, and when I saw it felt and properly estimated by every one, it was most gratifying to me, as his friend, to know the esteem, which he enjoyed without being aware of it. I cannot tell how we were able to accomplish all that we did within so short a time. Romilly, always quiet and deliberate, is incessantly active; he devotes himself

ture, Mirabeau put into his hand a list of literary articles, with which he gravely expected his friend to furnish him soon after his arrival in England. Their number was no less than eighteen! This was an instance of his insatiable avarice of materials for future reproduction. He would have desired no better — says Mr. Dumont — than to be the *Bureau d'adresse* of the whole universe. So much for his mere intellectual powers, as hitherto developed and displayed. His moral peculiarities were scarcely less perplexing and anomalous. If we may trust the author of these memoirs, he was the votary of vice, and the idolater of virtue. He was one of the most profligate men of his age; but, nevertheless, he had a decided predilection for men of rigorous principles, and of manners directly opposite to his own. Whether this is to be ascribed to his love of contrast — to a relish for *antithesis*, extended even to morals, — or whether it was the effect of a certain native elevation of mind, it may not be very easy to decide. His friend is disposed to ascribe it to the more noble cause. He fancied that he could discern in Mirabeau, through the disguise of his vices, a vigor and dignity of character, which plainly distinguished him from all those featureless persons — those mere shadows and apparitions, — which then flitted about in Parisian society: in short, that his virtues were his own, and his defects borrowed or adopted from other men. At the same time he confesses, that the exalted feelings of honor, which were so active within him, were impulses rather than principles; and that there was nothing in him uniform or sustained. His movements, (if we may venture to supply an illustration,) were like those of the kangaroo. It seemed as if his mind was incapable of the ordinary *paces* of mortal men, and could only go forward by prodigious leaps and bounds. In addition to all this irregularity, his passions were absolutely terrific. He burned with pride. He was devoured by jealousy. His aberrations were so wild and impetuous, that he often lost all knowledge or recollection of himself.

In 1789 Dumont returned to Paris.\* His recollections of all

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wholly to whatever he is doing; and, like the hand of a watch, he never stops, though his regular motion almost eludes the sight.

"I see him at present, overloaded with business, in the most laborious of professions; but, though a lawyer in the fullest practice, he finds leisure to read all the important books that appear, to preserve his acquaintance with the classics, to see much of the world, and never to seem worn out with his labors. Economy of time is a virtue which I have never possessed, and my days most usually roll on without leaving a trace behind them. He imparted his own activity to me, and taught me an art, of which I have been unable to avail myself."

[\* Speaking of his return to Paris, Dumont says: "A very amusing inci-

he saw and heard at that period present him with nothing but a chaos of confused opinions. Necker was the divinity of the moment. Sieyes, at that time little known, was, nevertheless, the prompter of all who were impatient to speak on public affairs. Rabaud de St. Etienne and Target were at least on a level with Sieyes in reputation. Lafayette, with his head full of America, was thought to be ambitious of becoming the Washington of France. The house of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld was the point of union for all the nobility who were favorable to popular measures, and the abandonment of privileges. Those of the noblesse who were desirous of preserving the ancient constitution of the States-General, formed the aristocratic party, and were the objects of outrageous invective. Still, though the noise was loud, the individuals who made it were comparatively few. The great body of the nation, even at Paris, looked forward to the States-General *merely as an instrument for the diminution of taxes*. The creditors of the state considered them solely as a rampart against bankruptcy: they had often suffered bitterly from the breach of the public faith; the *deficit* made them tremble; and they were glad of any hopeful expedient for

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dent occurred during our journey, of which, however, I have but an imperfect recollection. Every thing was in motion, for the election of deputies for the bailiwicks: these primary assemblies, composed either of tradesmen or peasants, did not know how to set about organizing themselves and making the election. Breakfasting at Montreuil-sur-Mer (if I mistake not), and chatting with our host, he acquainted us with the disorder and confusion of their sittings; they had already lost two or three days in prating and tumult; a president, a secretary, written votes, a ballot, — of all these they knew nothing. In a fit of gayety, we were seized with the desire of being the legislators of Montreuil; we called for paper, ink, and pens, and were at once wholly occupied in digesting a little code of rules which pointed out the course to be followed in the nomination of deputies of the bailiwicks. Never was a work more gayly performed; it was interrupted by continual bursts of laughter. In fine, our task being completed within an hour, we called our host, and read and explained to him our code; and he, quite enchanted with the idea of becoming an important personage, conjured us to deliver the paper to him, assuring us that he should reap great advantage from it. We would willingly have stopped a day to be present at this assembly, and to witness the first fruits of democracy; but we were pressed for time. What is most amusing in this affair is, that on our arrival in Paris, we saw in the public papers, that the assembly of Montreuil had been the first to finish its election, and that great praises were bestowed upon the rules, which it had had the wisdom to establish.

"This little fact is by no means so insignificant as it may at first appear; it exhibits strongly the carelessness or the ignorance of the government, which, in establishing a thing so unusual as a popular election, did not think of accompanying the law with a system of regulations which would prevent disorder and disputes." ]

placing the finance of the country on a footing of stability. In other respects, the diversity of views was endless. The *Noblesse* had, within their own pale, an *Aristocracy* and a *Democracy*—so had the Church—and so likewise had the *Tiers-Etat*. “It is impossible,” says Mr. Dumont, “to paint the confusion of ideas—the derangement of imaginations—the downright burlesque of “popular notions—the fears—the hopes—the passions of all “parties.” Any one would have imagined, (as the Count de Lau-raguais observed,) that he was looking on the world the day after the creation; that hostile and divided colonies were adjusting their allotments, just as if nothing had ever existed before them; and that the past was to go for nothing in making arrangements for the future!

The *French* names introduced above will remind the reader that this picture represents the state of things at the commencement of the *French* revolution. If those names had been omitted, he might have been in danger of fancying that he was reading a description of certain matters much more recent, and much nearer home!

When the States-General were opened, the first thing they did was to quarrel about the verification of their powers. The *Tiers-Etat* insisted that it should be done in common; the two Orders that it should be done separately. The question was trifling in appearance; but, in its tendency, of immense importance. The *Tiers-Etat* was resolved, that they and the two Orders should form one general Assembly, in which their own preponderance was certain, and the influence of all other parties would be inevitably *swamped*. Upon this object, therefore, they fixed from the very outset. This was a prey which nothing could rend from their jaws; and the nobility and clergy incurred contempt as well as hatred by their powerless efforts to take it from them.

Mr. Dumont very justly remarks, that the omission to settle this question, before the actual assembling of the States, was one of the most fatal blunders of the ministry. If the King had decided for the union of the Orders, he would have secured the *Tiers-Etat*; had he pronounced for the separation of the chambers, he would have lost the *Tiers-Etat* indeed, but he would have gained the Nobles and the Church. But whatever might have been his decision, it would have been obeyed; for no one would have thought of commencing the session of the States by an act of resistance to the King, who was then regarded as the provisional legislator. He left the question undecided, and thus threw open the lists to the combatants, with the certain issue that the royal authority would become the spoil of the conqueror. The interval of inaction occasioned by this controversy, was,

beyond measure, pernicious. The flames of party spirit grew fiercer every moment. The Third Estate advanced daily from strength to strength; and at last felt themselves powerful enough to send a peremptory summons to the two Orders, and, on their refusal, to constitute themselves a National Assembly. The germs of confusion were prodigally scattered, and rapidly took root, during this miserable *interregnum*. The epoch, says Mr. Dumont, is one which is worthy of the deepest attention of the *historian*. Alas! for the ignorance or inadvertence of the man! Had he not learned, or had he forgotten, that history is of no more value than Moore's Almanac, and that the annals of past times are fit only to repose with the reveries of Albumazar or Messahalah?

\* Before we proceed with Count Mirabeau, it may be as well to introduce here some description of his personal appearance. He was of a large, robust figure. His features were strongly and coarsely marked, and his face actually *riddled* with the small pox. But he was proud of his very deformity. He imagined that there was something irresistibly commanding in it. "People do not 'know,'" he would say, "the power of my ugliness." His toilet was, evermore, an affair of the gravest importance. His head of hair was enormous, and was always most scientifically arranged, so as formidably to augment the volume of his head; and when thus prepared and fitted out, Olympian Pericles was not worthy to be compared to him. "Whenever I shake my terrific locks," he said, "there lives not the mortal that would dare to interrupt 'me.'" He would studiously place himself before a large mirror while he was speaking, in order that he might have the satisfaction of contemplating the majestic dignity of his own demeanour, — throwing back his head, and squaring his shoulders in the attitude of defiance. He seemed to derive an additional inspiration from the sight of his own image. Nay, he was elevated and enchanted with the very sound of his own name, and would often frame imaginary dialogues, in which he himself was always introduced, as a speaker, with these words: "Le Comte de Mirabeau vous repondra," &c. &c.

Such was the curious mortal who was soon to appear as the mightiest orator of France. His first appearance in the great national *club* was any thing but gratifying. When the *appel nominal* was made, his name was, positively, received with yells and hootings. The explosion of insult and contempt was such as would have destroyed any man but Mirabeau. Such was his infamous celebrity, that, in the Assembly, they spoke openly of

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[\* This paragraph is not from Dumont.]



quashing his election, when they came to the verification of their powers. He attempted to speak on three occasions, but the murmurs were so loud and general that even he was silenced. However, if he could not get a hearing *there*, he knew that he was sure of one elsewhere; and so he, incontinently, published a journal, under the title of the *States-General*, in which he mercilessly caricatured the whole Assembly, — compared the deputies to a pack of schoolboys, unkenneled for the holidays, — gibbeted Necker, the idol of the nation, — and overwhelmed the government and the legislators with a volley of epigrams. The anonymous sheets were soon suppressed by authority; but this only made matters worse. Mirabeau was rather animated than dejected by this arbitrary proceeding, and, instantly, came forth, in person, with a letter to his constituents. He thus placed himself in a position perfectly unassailable; for who would dare to question the right of a representative to render an account to the people of the public proceedings of *their* Assembly?

His exasperation, at this period, was absolutely furious. He protested that he was the victim of a sort of *ostracism* against talents! — but he vowed that he would throw a weight into the balance which should make his persecutors feel how light they were. Dumont spared no pains to lower these inflammatory symptoms. He had influence enough to persuade him to re-cast entirely the draft he had prepared of the letter to his constituents, and to give it a tone of greater moderation; and he wrung from him a promise that he would abstain from forcing himself upon the Assembly, — that he would suffer all the half-talents and half-reputations to find their level, — and would wait for some occasion of speaking, which might be worthy of his powers. Soon after this, he was introduced to Necker, with a view to his admission to office. From this conference he came forth with no feelings of *idolatry*. He said that it would be doing great wrong to the minister to suspect him either of malice of heart, or depth of understanding. The interview, however, was not wholly fruitless. It opened to him the glimpse of an embassy to Constantinople. He was delighted with the proposal at the time. It not only gratified his self-importance, but it awakened, in a moment, his passion for gigantic literary adventure. The very thought of the “turbaned Turks” raised up in his mind the project of an — *Ottoman Encyclopædia*! But the subsequent turn of affairs, and the vast ascendancy of Mirabeau, soon raised him far above an embassy, and placed him in a condition to dictate stipulations rather than to receive them.

It should be noticed, that his first triumph in the Assembly had taken place previously to his conference. The following was

the occasion of it. A note, written with a pencil, had been handed over to Mirabeau from Duroverai, who was seated in the hall, as a stranger, during a debate. This attracted the notice of a Mr. M. . . . , then one of the most terrible fulminators in the Assembly. He immediately denounced the insolence of the exile — the refugee — the pensionary of England — who had dared to intrude himself into their deliberations. The cry was instantly heard, — “Where is he? who is he? he must be made known!” Fifty voices were clamoring at the same moment. But the voice of Mirabeau was more powerful and penetrating than all. It might be said, with prosaic truth, that he, *τόσον αὐδῆσαι ὅσον ἄλλοι πεντήκοντα*. He declared that he rose for the purpose of pointing out to them the stranger they were looking for, and denouncing him to the Assembly. And then, after a few preliminary sentences, he pointed to Duroverai, and proceeded:

“This stranger, this proscribed exile, this refugee, this pensionary of the king of England, is one of the most estimable citizens now living upon earth. Never had liberty, a defender, more enlightened, more laborious, or more nobly disinterested. Well has he merited the hatred of aristocrats! — and, at this moment, he is involved in the proscription which aristocrats have caused to issue forth from the destroyers of the liberty of his country. And then, his pension from England! — what is it but a sort of civic crown, placed on his brows by the hand of a generous people, who seem to have been smitten with the sacred love of freedom, by the tutelary genius of the human race? This is the stranger — this the exile — whom I have heard denounced by the voice of Frenchmen! The time has been, when the unfortunate could embrace the altar, and find there an inviolable refuge from the fury of the wicked and the merciless. This very hall has been consecrated to liberty in the name of the French people. Will you then endure that the martyr of liberty should receive an outrage, or an insult, within its walls?”\*

The effect of this glorious burst was perfectly electrical. The hall echoed with acclamations of applause. Nothing of similar elevation and dignity had been heard in “the tumultuous pre-lusions of the Commons.” It was a new sensation. It was the triumph of that eloquence whose magic pervades all great assemblies. In a moment after, Duroverai was surrounded and thronged by deputies impatient to atone for the affront he had endured. Poor Dumont, who was present, and had been frozen with terror when he saw his countryman threatened with exposure, was now almost beside himself with transport. He saw in the occurrence a pledge of the restoration of his country. He hailed the estab-

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\* The passage is given at greater length by Mr. Dumont; but the above are the *points* of it.

lishment of Mirabeau's ascendancy, which — as he hoped (good easy man!) — would be beyond measure beneficial to the cause of rational liberty. "And if," he exclaims, "if Mirabeau *had* 'always served the public in the same spirit in which he now 'served his friend, — if he had always put forth the same noble 'courage, and the same generous zeal, to silence the calumnies 'which perpetually disgraced the tribune, — he might have been 'the saviour of France!'"

It is impossible, here, to resist the temptation to introduce a circumstance which occurred about this period, and which beautifully indicated the *genuine* humanity and patriotism that impelled the choice spirits of that tempestuous time. The Bishop of Aix was deputed by the Clergy to the Commons to propose a conference. He appeared, accordingly; and having made a pathetic representation of the miseries of the rural population, he seconded his eloquence by the production of a fragment of coarse black bread, "that beasts would cough at," and which, nevertheless, was the sole diet to which the poor were now reduced. He then besought the Commons to send some of their deputies to confer with those of the Clergy and the Nobles, on the means of assuaging these calamities. The Commons, however, were inflexibly resolved to decline any proceeding which should seem to recognise, for a moment, the existence of the two Orders as a separate assembly; and yet they were unwilling to compromise themselves, in the eyes of the people, by the direct repulse of so charitable a proposal. To manage this matter, required some address. But it was accomplished with signal success by a deputy who, after expressing his sympathy with the distresses of the indigent, spoke as follows:

"'Go,' said he to the prelate, 'go back to your colleagues; and if they are impatient to relieve the sufferings of the people, return with them to join the friends of the people, in this hall. Tell them not to retard our operations with their studied artifices of delay: or rather, ye ministers of religion, — worthy imitators of your Master, — renounce the luxury that surrounds you; resume the modesty of your origin; dismiss the insolent lacqueys that attend you; sell your superb equipages; and convert these worthless superfluities into sustenance for the poor.'"

This was admirably adapted to the passions of the moment; and the speaker was rewarded, not with loud applause, but with a deep and awful murmur, still more animating. And who — (does the reader imagine) — was this friend of his suffering species — this apostle of humanity, that cried out, "*To what purpose is this waste?*" — It was one who was well worthy to rank with the original author of that exclamation, — it was one

who, in three short years, was to deluge Paris with blood, and whose name was to make all France tremble from one end of it to the other,—it was the execrable and fiend-like Robespierre. Surely we may venture to exclaim, *He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!*

But the instruction that rushes upon us, in these pages, is bewildering by its abundance. We have, here, a short but interesting notice of Sieyes, — reserved, abstracted, and inflexible; one, whom it was scarcely possible to bring within the precincts of familiarity; who spoke his thought once, and when he had dropped his word, appeared careless whether any one was minded to pick it up. If objection was made, he answered not; and scarcely any thing could provoke him to discussion. As a writer, his reputation was great. He was the oracle of the *Tiers-Etat*, — the most formidable enemy of privileges — and the bitterest scorner of the actual order of society.

"I had believed," says Dumont with singular *naïveté*, "that this friend of liberty must love the English. Here, at least, I thought myself on sure ground with him. But to my surprise I found, that the whole constitution of England appeared to him no better than a mere quackery, contrived for the purpose of imposing upon the people. I spoke to him of the modifications peculiar to this system — of its reciprocal compromises — its disguised restraints — the mutual dependence, concealed indeed, but not less real, of the three branches which constitute the legislature. I could easily perceive that he listened to all this with sentiments of pity; and that all influence of the Crown was, in his judgment, just so much venality — all opposition to it, merely a farcical intrigue of the antechamber (*manège d'antichambre*.) The only thing he admired in England, was the trial by jury; and even this he egregiously misunderstood; and, like all other Frenchmen, formed the most false conceptions of it. In a word, it was clear that he regarded the English as mere *children* in the art of government and constitution-making; and he believed that he, himself, was able to provide France with a much superior scheme."

Politics, indeed, formed a science which he was persuaded that he had completely mastered; the surest sign, says Dumont, of his profound ignorance. But where is the spirit of Sieyes now? Is it in the paradise of folly? — in the region of "transitory things" — abortive, monstrous, and unkindly mixed? "Alas! alas! it would seem as if it were wandering over Europe with a fresh commission of mischief; and had recently visited the land of political "*childhood*," for the *benevolent* purpose of teaching it the art of making constitutions.

And here, too we have the Bishop of Chartres, a very different

character from his Grand-Vicar Sieyes; an aimable, benevolent, unsuspicious, Christian man. He was honestly persuaded that the *Tiers-Etat* could have no other earthly object but to reform abuses, and to do good. Pure in his intentions, a total stranger to intrigue, he followed only his conscience, and acted in strict conformity to his sense of duty. His religion, like his politics, was sincere but tolerant, and he rejoiced to see the Protestants relieved from all restraint. He foresaw that great sacrifices would be exacted of the Clergy, but he never dreamed that they would be the victims of the revolution. *Shortly after, the goods of the Church were declared the property of the nation.* At that period, Dumont found him one day in tears, dismissing his domestics, reducing his hospitable establishment, and selling his more precious effects for the payment of his debts. His regrets were not for himself personally. But his self-accusation was bitter for suffering himself to be deceived, and for having embraced the interests of the *Tiers-Etat*, which had violated, in the season of its strength, all the engagements it had taken in the day of its weakness. Melancholy, indeed, it was, for such a man to have contributed to the success of a party so iniquitous! But never did there live a human being with less cause for self-reproach.\*

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[\* Of the Bishop of Chartres, Mr. Dumont records the following anecdotes, with an expression of sentiments which reflect honor on the narrator: "I cannot omit two incidents which I recall to mind with strong feeling. At the time of the first commotions, he was deputed by the Assembly to a village near Versailles to save the life of an unhappy baker by the name of Thomassin, against whom the people were enraged. He had employed, without effect, every argument, and every effort of persuasion; he saw the savages seize upon this unfortunate man to tear him in pieces; he had but a moment to protect him; the excellent bishop threw himself in a bed of mud at their feet; he conjured them to kill him rather than make him a witness of so great a crime; and this mob, of frantic men and women, astonished, in spite of themselves, at this noble humiliation, drew back through a feeling of respect, and allowed him time to convey to his carriage the unhappy Thomassin, half dead, and already covered with blood and dirt.

"The other instance which I recollect cannot be compared with this, but it shows his delicate sense of honesty. At a time when the pretended national reforms had already been the cause of so much misfortune, he had bought a gold box, which had been offered to him at a low price. On returning to his own house, he found that the box was worth much more than he had paid for it. Troubled by his purchase, and fearing that he had profited by the necessity of the seller, he could not rest till he had found him and paid him some louis, though he would have much preferred to restore the box itself, which, at that price, was no longer suited to circumstances which he already looked upon as inevitable. 'But if I return it,' he said, 'he will perhaps be compelled by want to sell it again upon even worse terms; it is a small sacrifice, and probably the last that I shall be in a situation to make.' To conclude what I have

But we must return to Mirabeau. A month had now passed, and the two Orders still refused to assemble in the same hall with the *Tiers-Etat*. Their firmness obtained for then the name of *aristocrats*. The word was soon found to exert a magical power to their disadvantage; and Dumont bitterly regrets that they did not counter-work the spell, by coining a good nick-name for the opposite party; which, in the absence of any such symbol of disparagement, became gradually identified with the whole French nation: so that the people saw nothing but the *aristocrats* on one side, and the *nation* on the other. The effect of the contrast was tremendous: and the good people of Paris, so *flaccid* (flasque) in their ordinary state, was rapidly filled out, like a balloon, with inflammable gas. While the public mind was in this fiery condition, the charm was wound up by the mighty enchantment of two more words. The *Tiers-Etat* declared itself the *National Assembly*; and thus, virtually, proclaimed, that the King, the Nobility, and the Clergy, were to be nothing!

The part played by Mirabeau during the discussions which preceded the adoption of this title, threatened to shake his popularity to pieces. Dumont, and the other confidential friends of the Count, had constantly before their eyes the English constitution, from which they had learned, that a legislative body in two branches was far preferable to a single assembly without regulation or control. They succeeded in possessing the great orator with the same conviction; and he accordingly proposed that the Commons should organize themselves under the title of Deputies of the French People. He was listened to without impatience: but when the proposition was supported by Mallouet, who was known for a ministerial man, the storm began to howl. Dumont was in the gallery: and being provoked by the absurdities which he heard vented in such profusion, employed himself, on the spot, in hastily writing his thoughts on the subject, in the shape of an address to those friends of liberty who thought themselves degraded by the title proposed by Mirabeau. That same day he dined with the Count, and exhibited to him his sketch of an address. To Mirabeau it appeared so triumphant, that in spite of all remonstrances, he was determined, as he said, to launch

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to say about this excellent man, when, after his emigration, he was concealed in some village in Germany, the Marquis of Lansdowne, who had known him at Spa, sent him, by a private channel, a bill of exchange for a hundred louis. He would not receive it, declaring that even if he could not pay the debt, he wished to know his benefactor, and not to be relieved of the duty of gratitude. I had the satisfaction of communicating with him on behalf of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and of expressing to him, in his misfortunes, the respect which was still entertained for him by all who had known him in his prosperity.”]



the red-hot bolt at their heads at the very next meeting. A speech was immediately got up, with Dumont's address, by way of peroration. The only difficulty was, now, to get a hearing for it. But Mirabeau was so powerful in the galleries, that the Assembly did not dare to silence him. The exordium, and the argumentative part, met with only a doubtful reception. Then came the peroration, which was uttered by Mirabeau with his most appalling thunders. But it only brought down a still more terrific tempest. The hall echoed with sounds of fury, till the commotion became universal. In the midst of the uproar, Mirabeau stood erect and immovable; while Dumont was in the gallery, ready to sink into the earth, in his dismay at the horrid failure of the experiment. When the tumult began to subside, the orator resumed, with a grave and solemn voice; and said, "Mr. President, I consign to your desk this paper, which has raised such murmurs, and has been so ill-understood. I am willing to be judged, as to its merits, by the friends of liberty." Having uttered these words, he left the Assembly in the midst of the most outrageous menaces and imprecations. Dumont was almost afraid to go near him. But his apprehensions were entirely groundless. Mirabeau was perfectly satisfied with what he had done; and about an hour afterwards, his friend found him triumphantly reading his discourse to a knot of Marseillais, who had collected round him, and who were all but falling into fits with admiration of it!—His courage, however, as Dumont remarks, was only the courage of the moment. The motion for adopting the title of National Assembly, was carried by a majority of almost 500 to 80; and among those 80 Mirabeau was not found. He kept away, and did not vote upon the question; and he thus escaped appearing on the list of "traitors sold to the aristocracy." In spite of all this, however, his popularity at the Palais Royal did not wane, while the name of Mallouet, Mounier, and others, was pronounced with execrations.

The audacity of this usurpation both confounded and enraged the nobility. The time, they said, was now come for the King to place himself at the head of his troops, to arrest the leaders of sedition, and to disperse the Assembly. It was in the state of parties, at this moment, that Mr. Dumont thinks we are to seek for the germ and principle of the events that soon followed in rapid succession. The vigor of the Court evaporated in the pompous imbecility of the Royal Session or Bed of Justice,\*

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[\* *Séance royale*; the term, Bed of Justice, which denoted the king's personal presence in the Parliament of Paris, seems here to be improperly used. The project of the Royal Session was suggested by Duroverai, without communicating it to Mirabeau.]

which annulled the offensive decree of the Commons, but did not ordain the reunion of the Orders. For the three or four days previous to this solemnity, the Deputies were excluded from the Hall, — a measure which only drove them first to the Tennis Court (where they pronounced the famous oath, that they would never separate until the Constitution was complete), — and the next day, to the Church of St. Louis, where they were joined by a rather doubtful majority of the Clergy, who came to unite themselves to the *Tiers-Etat*. This union took place in the midst of embraces, and tears, and plaudits, and transports, — all very much in the French manner. The *dévouement* of the clergy was extolled to the skies : — in the course of a short time not an ecclesiastic could show himself in public without being brutally insulted !

On the day of the *Séance Royale* Dumont was at the palace, and saw the magnificent procession defile. His description of it is short, but singularly impressive. The ministers of the King made their appearance. They wore an air of studied composure ; but their emotion pierced through the disguise. The bearing of the Comte d'Artois was full of pride. The King appeared sorrowful and pensive. The multitude was immense, and the stillness profound. When the King entered his carriage there was the roll of drums, and the flourish of trumpets, — but not a note of applause — no *Vive le roi*. Fear alone restrained the murmurs of the crowd. *Non tumultus, non quies ; sed quale magni metus, aut magnæ iræ, silentium erat.* The vast procession then began to move : all the royal household, the guards, the officers, the cavalry. They approached the Hall, where the three Orders together were waiting in mute indignation, and distrust of each other. Never were passions more violent, or more conflicting, shut up within the same enclosure. The whole ceremonial was similar to that of the States-General. But the one was a national festivity ; the other was as gloomy as a gorgeous funeral.

When the *Séance* was over, the king retired, together with the nobility and the clergy. The *Tiers-Etat* were then left alone to ruminate upon the effects of the decree which they had passed so lightly. They found themselves placed under the necessity of trampling on the crown, or retracing their own steps. In the midst of their silent consternation, a messenger arrived from the King, and summoned them to retire. And then it was that Mirabeau pronounced the words which have formed an epoch in the Revolution. “Go,” said he, “and tell your master that “we are here by the power of the people, and that nothing but “the bayonet shall drive us from our post.” These memorable

words rallied, in an instant, the drooping courage of the Assembly ; and before the King had well reached his palace, the Royal Session was a nullity !

It may appear as strange, as it was lamentable, that Mirabeau should have thus thrown his torch into the combustible heap, which otherwise, perhaps, might not have burst into such fatal explosion. Mr. Dumont accounts for it in this manner. The Royal Session was concerted at the suggestion of Duroverai, purely in order to save appearances. The plan was, that the King should reverse the decree of the Assembly, but at the same time should order the reunion of the Three Estates, which was now become inevitable. This measure would thus be the act of the King, and not the result of a decree of the *Tiers-Etat* ; the Nobility would be saved from humiliation, and the nation possibly from civil war. The Count of Artois, however, succeeded in defeating that part of the plan, which, in the view of Necker, was its very essence. It was resolved to reverse the decree, but not to order the reunion. All this, together with the exclusion of the deputies from their Hall for several days, produced a general belief that the States were to be dissolved ; and Mirabeau who, unfortunately had not been apprized of the original design, was the dupe of the general delusion. At the crisis, therefore, he threw himself, with his whole weight, headlong into the popular scale, and let loose the elements of confusion, beyond the possibility of recall. When he afterwards learned the real origin of the *Séance Royale*, he fell into a paroxysm of rage. "So" — said he — "Duroverai did not think me "worthy of being consulted ! I know he considers me merely as "a madman with certain lucid intervals. But I could have told "him beforehand the consequence of his precious measure. It is "not upon an elastic people like the French that these stupid "forms can be played off. And this M. Necker ! — what a man "to be trusted with measures such as these. One might as well "apply a cautery to a wooden leg as give advice to him, which he "is in no condition to follow." Then, heating himself with the prospect of all the perils which must ensue from this rash expedient, he added, in a prophetic spirit, "This is the way that "kings are brought to the scaffold."

It is the firm persuasion of Dumont that, up to this time, the deputies acted with very little of concerted design. The utmost that can be said, is, that there might be the beginnings of something like organization among the Bretons. The "*Club Breton*" was certainly formidable by its union, and was probably practised upon by the minority of the *noblesse* : "but never," says Dumont, "shall we have a complete history of the Revolution,

"until some one of that party shall have given his faithful memoirs of it to the world." Sieyes himself revolted against the desperate character of their proceedings. On his return from one of their secret meetings he said to Dumont, "I will have nothing more to do with these people. Their politics are those of a den of conspirators. They propose the most desperate enterprises as if they were common expedients." With characters of this description it is certain that Mirabeau had no connection. His wild, irregular, untractable temper made him very unfit to be the member of a confederacy. He had not sufficient steadiness and coherency of mind to win the confidence of his companions, and therefore was disqualified for becoming their leader: and he had too much pride, and too much force of character, for any inferior post. He, therefore, remained totally independent of all parties, wrapped up solely in his own personal ambition, envious to excess of all rising credit in the Assembly — "epigrammatic in general, but flatterer in detail," — separated from his colleagues by his disdain of some, and his jealousy of others. Dumont saw him frequently; and is satisfied that *Mirabeau had not the slightest concern in the movements of the capital*. He further expresses his distinct conviction, that it is a great error to ascribe the Revolution to the machinations of secret agitators. It is ridiculous, he says, to attribute to conspiracy an impulse so sudden and so vast. The whole mass of society was, some how or other, in a state of morbid and feverish irritation. A cry in the Palais Royal — an accidental movement — a mere nothing — was then sufficient to cause a general commotion. In this condition one tumult produced another tumult. The symptoms of one day were aggravated to fierce exasperation by the next. One deep called to another, till the stormy deluge burst over the whole face of the kingdom. In a word, the people of France were in a state which resembled that described in the Caliph Vathek. The foot-ball was thrown down. A few began to kick it. The by-standers were driven, by some strange but irresistible impulse, to join in sport. The pursuers of the game swelled rapidly to an enormous multitude. On they swept together, till they found themselves upon the edge of a precipice: and the whole herd rushed violently down into destruction.\*

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[\* "Those," says M. Dumont, "who would explain the revolution by agency of secret conspirators are under a great mistake. They did not create the general state of feeling, they only made use of it; they aggravated it, they directed it; but it is absurd to resort to the idea of conspirators, in explaining an impulse so great, so sudden, so extensive, as that of the French people, at the time of which I am speaking. Every thing at Paris was shaken to its foundations. The coolest heads participated in the ex-

It is one very curious feature of the time, as described by Dumont, that the creditors of the state were, of all others, the most ardent partisans of the States-General. They foresaw that bankruptcy, and, with it, their own ruin, must be the inevitable consequence of the dissolution of that body. They were in decided opposition to the court, because they were persuaded that, if once relieved from the domination of the Assembly, the King would have nothing to do but to pass a sponge over the debt, in order to extricate himself from the *deficit*, and secure a considerable surplus revenue. This would, of course, enable him to mitigate the imposts, and, so, to propitiate the whole nation; who, thenceforth, would think nothing more of the States, the constitution, and the sovereignty of the people, and, least of all, of the distresses of the creditors. In the midst of all these agitations, appeared *Mirabeau's* celebrated Address to the King for the dismissal of the troops. By this time, perhaps, the reader will hardly be surprised to learn that *Mirabeau's* address was, sub-

citement of the moment. The whole mass was heated. A cry raised in the Palais Royal, an accidental movement, the slightest accident, might give rise to a general commotion. In this state of things, tumults reproduce tumults; it is the disorder of the evening, which rages with increased violence on the morrow.

"The details are effaced from my memory, but I can fully recollect that interval, from the Royal Session, until the mournful appearance of the king in the Assembly, when he came to surrender himself up to it, and, so to speak, to depose himself, after the taking of the Bastille,—I remember, I say, this interval of trouble and of darkness; false alarms were spread; people knew,—they did not know: orders were given,—they were countermanded; there was a disposition to explain every thing, to divine every thing, to imagine a motive for the most indifferent actions; the palace was closely watched; spies were placed upon every movement; every thing assumed a theatrical importance. There were insurrections in Versailles, which arose, not from any concerted plan, but from a suspicious and angry state of feeling. Meantime, the three Orders remained separate, menacing each other. The court ordered troops to march: Versailles was filled with foreign soldiers, military force was every where displayed. A change in the ministry was secretly spoken of, and the names of the intended ministers held out no prospect of good to the *Tiers-Etat*. The object of the court in all the movements could only be to place itself in a situation to secure respect to the Royal Session, either by ordering the removal of the assembly which the vicinity of Paris rendered too formidable, or by pronouncing its dissolution, if an attempt could be made to do this without incurring the risk of a civil war, the bare idea of which struck terror into the king. But whatever may have been the intentions of the court, that is to say, of those who had the direction of affairs, (intentions very different from those of the king,) there was an alarming secrecy in their whole conduct; preparations were observed, a plan was seen to unfold itself by degrees, and the result of all this was not known. This distrust inflamed every mind, and the excitement at Paris was at its height."]

stantially, the composition of *M. Dumont*! The author was full of the subject, and, as he honestly confesses, animated by the flatteries and caresses of his principal (who was drunk with the glory of his own recent triumphs), and completed his task with extraordinary rapidity. The Count was as fondly attached to this production as if every syllable of it had been his own. He was, more especially, lavish in his praise of its happy combination of temperance and vigor. "My own style," said he, "easily assumes the tone of strength. I can readily find words that burn. But the moment I attempt 'the glib and oily art,' I am sure to become tame and insipid; and the vapidness of my own compound gives me a pain in the stomach." He would not listen to a word of criticism upon this, or any other performance, on which his own name had been stamped. His self-love embraced his adopted children with so much cordiality, that his bowels yearned towards them with truly parental emotion. "Whenever I worked for Mirabeau," says M. Dumont, "I felt something like the satisfaction of an obscure individual, whose children had been changed at nurse, and introduced into a great family; although conscious that he was their father, he would be compelled to treat them with profound respect. This was my case. When once my progeny was adopted by Mirabeau, he would defend them even against their parent: nay, he would even allow me to praise them, and would consider my admiration as a mark of esteem and friendship for himself." At length, however, Dumont's satisfaction with this obscure and unambitious agency, gradually subsided. It began to be whispered that he and Duroverai were the *operatives* of Mirabeau. The Count himself led a life of perpetual agitation and discursion. His occupation in the Assembly and its committee was almost incessant: and yet his appetite for pleasure never seemed to desert him, and he always appeared to have time to throw away upon his indulgences. The world refused to believe that a man, thus distracted between public business and personal gratification, could be the author of all the writings that were perpetually coming forth in his name; and they were perfectly right. In fact, there was a multitude of workmen in constant employ to build up the fabric of his reputation; and when once Dumont found that he was numbered among the gang, by all the pamphleteers of the day, he ceased to feel any pleasure in his occupation: and it was this circumstance which eventually determined him to quit France and return to England.

Soon after this, Dumont engaged with Mirabeau and Duroverai in conducting a Journal by the title of the *Courier de Provence*. There was something rather low and sordid in this affair,



—from which the parties promised themselves “mountains of gold.” But the history of it is, altogether, sufficiently laughable. Mirabeau, *of course*, intrigued with the wife of the publisher, who was a vixen and a cheat. He was irritated and disgusted with her scandalous dishonesty, and said to her one day, “Madame le Jay, if there were no such thing as probity in the world, it really would be necessary to invent it, if it were only “to make our fortune by it.” But Madame le Jay had another system of ethics. She contrived to swallow up all the profits, and to set *messieurs les auteurs* at defiance. Mirabeau, who was her paramour, was in no condition to use very high language with her; and, besides, he was absolutely confounded by her effrontery and her cunning. He vowed that it was more easy to manage the whole National Assembly than one woman when she had made up her mind upon any thing: and, as for proceedings at law, the whole bar would turn pale in her presence before they would convict her: for he defied the most *tortuous* attorney to approach her in subtlety of invention. It was even as he said. The lady was *too many* for them all. *She* pocketed the money, and *they* were obliged to pocket the vexation, and to contrive some better arrangements for the future conduct of their Journal.

The freedom of this publication was extreme. Sieyès complained bitterly of the license of its criticism on his own productions: and Mirabeau was obliged to beg that there might be a mitigation of hostilities. “I conjure you,” he said, “not to “embroil me with that man; his vanity is *implacable*.” The Assembly were not quite so sensitive as the Reverend *Grand Vicar*. On reverting, since, to some of the articles, Dumont was astonished at the hardihood with which the proceedings of that body were canvassed. But their haughty omnipotence disdained to notice these *berties*, although the censures were extended to every department of their labors. The want of connection and order in the operations of finance; the practice of laying down general principles, without considering questions of detail; the insidious anticipation of important decisions; the total overthrow of the ancient executive power, without first providing any other institutions to fill its place; the conversion of the assembly into a bureau for receiving accusations; its absorption of all the functions of the executive ministry; the wretched defects of its interior police; — all these were exposed to the public with a boldness which might well surprise the authors themselves, when reviewing it in calmer times: and it exhibited, in truth, a glorious picture of incoherence, disorder, and wild precipitation. After all, however, Dumont confesses that the work was generally very middling, and often miserably bad. The rapidity of the whirl-

wind which carried the Assembly forward, allowed observers no time for study or meditation. To represent their proceedings must have been like attempting to exhibit on canvass the progress of a deluge, which is every instant changing the face of the country, and before which all traces of ancient fabrics, and all signs of human habitation, are constantly disappearing.

The Assembly was at last complete. The majority of the *noblesse* and the minority of the clergy had united themselves with the commons. But still the winds which had been let loose, were sweeping onward in their career of ruin through the country. In this emergency, Dumont, who was then the Great Address-maker, set to work, and produced an address from the National Assembly to the people. It had immense applause, and no success. It is not, he remarks, with phrases that insurrections are to be arrested; and the Assembly was in no condition to employ any stronger instrument. *They were so fearful of offending the people, that they regarded as a snare, all motions tending to the suppression of disorder, or the censure of popular excesses. By the people they had triumphed; it was therefore impossible for them to be severe against the people. They protested, indeed, that they were filled with affliction and displeasure by the atrocities of the brigands, who had insulted the nobles, and burned down their châteaux: but, in secret, they rejoiced at a reign of terror which they considered as necessary. They, accordingly, dispensed compliments to authority, and encouragement to license.* The language of respect for the executive power was still conceived in the most approved and established forms; but they could scarcely disguise the satisfaction with which they saw the ministers revealing their own feebleness and *nothingness*. "If you were strong enough to make yourselves respected, you would likewise be strong enough to make us tremble." This was the sentiment which pervaded at least the whole of the *Côté Gauche*: and it made the hands which held the reigns of government powerless as the grasp of infancy. Of a truth, there is nothing new under the sun, or ever will be! It has sometimes been said that individuals seldom grow wiser by experience. It is greatly to be feared that nations seldom grow wiser either by experience, or by example. But, however this may be, we apprehend that the above representation must, at the present day, stir up some fearful *searchings of heart* in the bosoms of men who have not utterly lost all aspirations after wisdom. They, who now can contemplate such pictures without emotion, must surely be duller

"than the fat weed  
That rots itself, at ease, on Lethe's wharf."

About this period Burke's celebrated work on the French Revolution came out. Its effect in England was prodigious. Germany was more sluggish. It had suffered more severely under feudal oppressions; and therefore still fixed its admiring regards on the labors of the French Assembly, as the *beau-idéal* of legislation. Nevertheless, Dumont allows it to be possible, that the illustrious author of this work, by awakening governments and proprietors to the danger of the *New Political Religion*, may have been the Saviour of Europe. In France, of course, it was, at the time, very much like the *sounding brass* or the *tinkling cymbal*; for the faculties of the whole nation were then absorbed by the Assembly's famous declaration of the *Rights of Man*.

The idea of such a declaration was purely American. The time devoted to the preparation of it is remembered by Dumont as a period of *mortal ennui*. Empty verbal disputes — metaphysical jargon — insolent swaggering — the Assembly transformed into a sort of political Sorbonne — the apprentices in legislation trying their hand on all manner of wretched puerilities. After casting aside a number of models, a committee of five was appointed: — Mirabeau was one; and with his usual generosity he first took the whole labor upon himself, and then — distributed it among his friends. So to work they went, — Dumont, Duroverai, Clavière — digesting, disputing, adding one word, and blotting out four, and producing, at last, their beautiful piece of veneering, their precious mosaic, of the Rights of Man, *which never had any existence*.

Dumont, as he went on, became every hour more sorely alive to the ridiculous nature of the task. Every step he took presented him with a more comprehensive and distinct apocalypse of this Limbo of Nonsense. It is quite amusing to see the caustic, and almost testy, humor, with which he, here, *shows up* its absurdities. Only think — says he — of rights existing previous to laws or constitutions! And then — the gibberish of, "men are born *free* and *equal*!" Free! — they are not born free: they are born in a state of abject feebleness and dependence. Equal! — when were they equal? — where? — how? — How can they ever be equal? The whole world is a congeries of inequalities. The whole scheme of the rights of man is a manifest and monstrous lie. It would require volumes to give any reasonable or intelligible import to this equality which is here to be declared broadly, and without qualification or exception. Dumont succeeded in impressing the other four sages with his own misgivings.\* Mirabeau had even the courage to produce

[\* On this subject M. Dumont must be allowed to speak for himself.

this heresy in the assembly when he presented the *projet*. "I plainly tell you" — he said — "that any declaration of rights anterior to a constitution will always be as worthless as the last year's almanac." But having thus shot his bolt, he did no more. He had launched his happy phrase and was content. He had not the faculty of diving into a subject. No one so quick in seizing its striking points. But he developed nothing. He was totally deficient in one great department of his vocation, the art, or at least the practice, of refutation. He was a great orator, but no debater. However, he had said quite enough to excite astonishment and rage. "Who is this" — it was asked — "who dares to abuse his ascendant, by cramming down our throats the *pour* and the *contre* at his pleasure? Are we to be the sport of his eternal contradictions?" He might have blown the murmurers to atoms, if he had chosen; but there was no keeping him steady to his gun. — And so, the work of transcendental philosophy went on. The modern rivals of Prometheus continued their unnatural mysteries; and the shapeless, but terrific monster, the Rights of Man, started into life, to make night and day hideous, and to fill the world with prodigies of massacre and pillage.

But if much time was lost in this portentous preparation, ample redemption was made in the nocturnal session of the 4th of August. Never, since the structure of Pandæmonium, was so much work done in so short a time. One would imagine, indeed, that a race of "drudging goblins" had been employed upon the task; for no mortal power seemed equal to it. What would have taken ordinary men a whole year to meditate and arrange, was proposed, argued, voted, and resolved by acclamation. It is difficult to say how many decrees were made in that one stupendous

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His reviewer has weakened and perverted his language and thoughts by exaggeration.

"I perceived how deceptive and ridiculous was this labor; it was nothing but a puerile fiction. The declaration of rights, I said, may be made after the constitution, but not before; for rights exist by the laws, and do not precede them. These maxims, moreover, are dangerous; legislators should not be shackled by general propositions, which must afterwards be modified and limited. Above all, they should not be bound by false maxims. *Men are born free and equal*: — this is not true; on the contrary, they are born in a state of weakness and of necessary dependence: *equal*, in what respect are they so? Is equality of fortune meant, equality of talent, virtue, industry, situation? — the falsehood is apparent. Volumes are necessary, before a fixed and reasonable meaning can be given to this equality which you proclaim without exception. In a word, I had taken my measures so well, against the declaration of the rights of man, that, for this time, I carried with me the opinion of our little committee."

night: the abolition of feudal rights — the abolition of tithes — the abolition of provincial privileges, — three things which alone involved a whole system of jurisprudence and policy, — together with ten or a dozen other enormous matters, — all were despatched in less time than is devoted to the first reading of a single bill of any importance, by the slow-paced, thick-winded legislators of England. Nay — roads, rail-ways, bridges, and gas-lights, have been treated with infinitely more ceremony in the British Parliament as hitherto constituted, than the rights, usages, and institutions of a thousand years were treated by this new-born giant of the revolution. Dumont was witness of these incredible operations. It seemed to him as if some inscrutable infatuation had seized upon the Assembly. They were smitten with a sudden passion for ruining themselves and all the rest of the world. Every one had some new sacrifice to offer, — some fresh oblation to place upon the altar of their country, — some costly spoil wherewithal to decorate their temple of Liberty. All invidious privileges, — all burdens onerous to the people, — were eagerly renounced. The men were drunk with the new wine of patriotic fanaticism. The austere Genius of legislation assumed the frantic demeanour or a bacchanal. All were dizzy with the swiftness of the general movement: and some actually wept for joy at the glorious spectacle of concession outstripping the pace of demand. It is true that this fever of magnanimity was not quite universal. There were some who would vastly have preferred not to be ruined! But finding that they *were* ruined by the *generosity* of their colleagues, they were resolved to suffer in good company; and, therefore, they swelled the glories of the night by other noble sacrifices, which could cost them nothing. — And what was the object of all this superb immolation? In what was this paroxysm of insane prodigality to end? — “In reducing to a political unity a monarchy which was formed, successively, of an aggregate of many states, — of which each had preserved certain ancient rights, certain peculiar privileges, thus exhibiting a constitution of anomalies; — and all this was to be dashed in pieces, at a blow, in order that it might be moulded anew into a fabric of rectilinear symmetry and uniformity!”

The morning which followed this revolutionary debauch, brought with it sobriety, and qualmishness, and heart-sickness, and miserable languor. Mirabeau and Sieyes, indeed, were not present at the scene of intemperance. But they were filled with utter disgust at the result. “*Voilà bien nos Français*” — said Mirabeau — “they take a month to dispute about syllables, and only a single night to overthrow the ancient order of the monarchy.” The Reverend Grand-Vicar was more especially indig-

nant at the abolition of *tithes*, and he was resolved to tell the Assembly his mind. At the next session he accordingly made them a speech full of force, and admirable reasoning, in order to show that to abolish *tithes without an indemnity, would be to pillage the clergy of their property, only to enrich the proprietors of the land*: and he finished with the memorable words, — “They desire to be free, but they know not how to be just.” But it was all to no purpose. Neither argument nor antithesis would do. They saw in the speaker only a priest who was unable to strip himself of his personal interest, and they almost refused him a hearing. Yes — the very Sieyes to whom, a month or two before, the whole assembly rose, as one man, when he entered the Hall — that very Sieyes now had a narrow escape from being positively hissed and hooted down! Dumont saw him the next day. He was boiling with wrath at the iniquity and brutish stupidity of the Assembly. He never forgave it: and one day, was pouring out his “splendid bile” in conversation with Mirabeau; the orator replied, — “My dear Abbé, *you have unchained the bull, and now you gravely complain that he makes use of his horn.*” — They were both, however, agreed on one thing; namely, that a single assembly must be without check or regulator; and that the session of the 4th of August demonstrated to what extremities of madness such an assembly might be whirled, by the eloquence of fear, and the contagious enthusiasm of the moment.

And, after all, did the decrees of the 4th of August put an end to outrage and *brigandage*? On the contrary, they did literally nothing but show the people their strength, and convince them that their worst excesses against the *noblesse* would certainly remain unpunished, and perhaps might be rewarded. Always be it remembered, says Dumont “that *what is done through fear, never answers its purpose. They, whom you think to disarm by your concessions, only redouble their confidence and audacity.*”

The first great constitutional question which he debated in the assembly was that of the Absolute Veto. We say *debated*, because we presume that none can be misled by the phrase. Every one knows pretty well that a *debate* in France is, in general, the most wearisome of all sublunary things; and this, precisely in proportion to the difficulty and importance of the subject. It is, in fact, the reading of a succession of pamphlets, totally unconnected with each other; of discourses prepared in the study, which refute objections that have *not* been made, and which leave unrefuted objections which *have* been made. The effect of this system is, that the discussion always remains stationary. There is abundance of movement, but none of it progressive. There is



no *getting on*. Nothing — as Dumont observes — but a *passionate* interest in the subject, could hold out against the murderous *ennui* of such a method of *debating*. But to come to Mirabeau. It so happened that in the *debate* on the Veto, he got himself into a scrape, inexpressibly ridiculous. In an evil hour, he ventured to go without the aid of his tried and faithful friends and advisers. He had fallen into the hands of the Marquis de Caseaux — a man whose brain seemed to be made of wool — a most tedious, mystical, and unintelligible personage — but, who contrived, nevertheless, to fascinate, and, what was worse, to indoctrinate Mirabeau. He said not a syllable to Dumont and the others, of his new Apocalyptic Mentor; but only told them that he had thoroughly prepared himself. His appearance in the Tribune was like life from the dead to his auditory, who were nearly destroyed by a long succession of most execrable speeches. But who shall describe his condition, when he began to give utterance to the composition before him? He had scarcely, be it observed, cast a glance over the material which his *familiar* had provided for him, — so that, to his utter dismay, he suddenly found himself in a labyrinth of involved reasoning, long periods, embarrassed constructions, all rendered more perplexing by a collection of the oddest words imaginable; and, this, too, without the power of extricating himself; for in the plenitude of his reliance upon his provider, he had omitted to prepare himself by meditation or research. Dumont was present, and detected the hand of the Marquis, before Mirabeau had uttered three sentences. Of the rest of the audience, the more intelligent contrived to find out that he was *for* the Veto; which alone was sufficient to raise loud murmurs against him. *All* could feel that he was doling out the most intolerable fustian, and this made the tumult nearly incontrollable. In vain did he endeavour to burst from his trammels, and be himself. In vain did he sally out into all sorts of digressions, and *let off* a multitude of brilliant and crackling common-places against depotism. He was compelled to come down again into the wilderness of his manuscript; and this was always a signal for the renewal of the uproar. In spite of his courage and self-possession, which, on such occasions, never wholly deserted him, he was scarcely able to finish his discourse; and when he came down, he confessed that, as he advanced with his reading in the tribune, he felt himself covered all over with a cold sweat, and that he should certainly have thrown his manuscript away, but that he had unfortunately left himself so “heinously unprovided” with other matter, that he could not venture to do without it! But neither good nor evil ever come unmixed. He lost the good will of those who could understand him,

by supporting the Absolute Veto; and by them his obscurity was supposed to be designed, with a view to secure himself a safe retreat into the opposite opinion, should he find it expedient to change: but, fortunately, he was quite unintelligible in the galleries: and so, they very indulgently took it for granted that he must be one of the most inflexible antagonists of the obnoxious prerogative. — And this was the way in which great constitutional questions were disposed of in this august assembly! — As for the *veto*, — the people were in a state of frantic terror about it. They knew as much of what it meant, as the Irish peasantry ever knew of what is meant by *emancipation*. Their ignorance invested it with unspeakable horrors. They seemed to think it was a monster ready to devour every thing. They once surrounded Mirabeau's carriage, with loud supplications that he would deliver them from the *veto*: and such was their importunity that he was compelled to dismiss them with "a somewhat patrician politeness." However, he finally, left the *veto* to its own fate. He voted neither for nor against it. He, once more, kept out of the way; and thus, a second time, escaped appearing on the list of traitors: and he affected to mask this cowardice under the disguise of contempt for the Assembly!

It has been a matter of dispute whether, or not, Mirabeau was implicated in the atrocious events of the 5th and 6th of October; and Dumont is unable to clear up the doubt. All he can say is, that, if Mirabeau had any connection with the Duke of Orleans (to whom this insurrection has been imputed) — he never entrusted Dumont with the secret. He certainly was, at this time, a good deal with two very suspicious characters, both of whom were supposed to be agents of the Duke. The one was Camille Desmoulins, the *Procureur Général de la Lanterne*, — who afterwards affirmed that Dumont was an emissary of Pitt and placed about Mirabeau to lead him astray. The other was La Clos, of whom Mirabeau himself said, that in point of morals no blame ought to be imputed to the man, for that he really had lost all *taste* for morality, and was no longer sensible of the difference between good and evil!\* Another suspicious circumstance was that Mirabeau had cooked up a volume against Royalty, out of the writings of Milton, in whose works, it is true, might easily be found some of the very best ingredients for a drastic compound of Republicanism. This work accidentally fell into the hands of Dumont, who burned the whole impression, and thus, perhaps,

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[\* This is a mistake. It was said by Mirabeau of the Duke of Orleans. See Dumont, p. 170. ed. Paris. It was equally true, however, of the infamous La Clos.]

saved his friend either from destruction or from public infamy. What was the Count's object in this compilation, Dumont is unable to conjecture, with any approach to certainty. He conceives it possible, however, that he might choose to have such a battery, in readiness to open on any great and critical occasion, — such, for instance, as the flight of the King: in which case he might discharge his grape-shot at the rear of fugitive royalty, — propose the Duke of Orleans for Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, — and become his prime minister. But all this is merely surmise: and Dumont intimates that Lafayette is one of the very few persons now living who are completely in possession of the secret of these occurrences. Indeed the whole conduct of the orator at this time is sufficiently inexplicable: or explicable only on the supposition that he was on the watch for some occasion that might minister to the honor and glory of Count Mirabeau: in a word, that he resembled the sea-gull that rides undisturbed on the boiling ocean,

“ And trims his feathers, and looks round for sprats ! ”

Most assuredly, there was no principle of high-minded and disinterested generosity at the bottom of his proceedings: for, in the stormy session of the Assembly which followed the *fête* given to the military at Versailles, Mirabeau threw himself into the midst of the tumult, and thundered out, that he was prepared to denounce by name the principal actors in those sacrilegious orgies, provided that a decree should first be passed, that the person of the *King alone* was sacred and inviolable. This single sentence appeared to point directly at the Queen. It made the *Côté Droite* tremble: nay, the very democrats themselves turned pale at it, fearing that it might hurry them into violent and perilous extremities.

On one great occasion, indeed, he gave his full support to the ministry, and this very occasion it was that elevated him to the summit of his renown, and established him as the greatest orator, or rather as the only orator, in France. Necker was at this time almost at his wits' end. To use the language of M. Dumont, he had to keep a vast and complicated machine in motion, with a mere thread of water, which was, every moment, on the point of drying up. He was, therefore, compelled to resort to a loan, as the only expedient to save the wheels of government from stoppage: and Mirabeau engaged to be the advocate of this project. The political *botchers* were for modifying the plan, in order to save the honor of the Assembly, whose dignity, they said, would be compromised by the unqualified adoption of any ministerial measure. No one knew better than Mirabeau that this august

body was always sure to spoil and mangle every thing on which it laid its hand. He, therefore, put forth all his powers, to persuade the Assembly to receive the project, just as it was, without one tittle of alteration. Nothing could be more splendid and magnificent than his success. He told them to their face, that the failure of the former loan was solely their work: that they had so mutilated and disfigured the plan as to render its success impossible. He described to them the national revenue as on the very point of exhaustion, and the public credit as tottering to its ruin. He then painted to them the endless calamities which must rush in through the breach of the public faith, and showed them the gulph of bankruptcy yawning before their feet. The picture he presented to them was executed with amazing power and sublimity. It was, indeed, as Dumont observes, what might be called one of the common-places of eloquence: but it was a common-place, which, in his hands, expanded itself into all the grandeur of the most original conception, as it might have done in those of Cicero or Bossuet. The audience fancied they saw the frightful abyss before them; and heard the groans of the victims it was devouring.

"The triumph," says Dumont, "was as complete as it was possible for it to be. Not a syllable—not a breath—was heard in reply. The Assembly was subjugated by that irresistible power which seizes on a multitude as if it were one man; and the ministerial project was received, untouched and unchanged, with the most entire confidence. From that moment Mirabeau stood alone; he had no rival; others were good speakers, he only was eloquent; and the effect was the more overpowering, because this speech was a sudden reply; it could not possibly have been prepared, it was the produce of the moment, and it proved that he was in possession of resources incomparably superior to any thing which had ever been supplied to him by his confidential auxiliaries."

A specimen of this celebrated burst of oratory is given us in a note. We will *endeavour* to convey some faint notion of it to the English reader.

"Our respect for the public faith, our horror for that word of infamy, a bankrupt nation,—is already guaranteed by solemn pledges and declarations. If it were not so, I then would drag to light, without shrinking, those secret motives (motives, alas! concealed, perhaps, even from ourselves), which now are tempting us madly to recoil from a great act of self-devotion,—an act, which, however, must be wholly worthless, unless it be executed without hesitation or reserve. There may be men among us, who are seduced by the fear of sacrifices, and the terror of imposts, into

familiarity with the notion of a breach of the public engagements. To such men I would say, — what, then, is national bankruptcy itself? Is it not of all imposts the most inhuman, the most iniquitous, the most disastrous? . . . . Listen, my friends, I implore you, to one word, — one single word. Two ages of robbery and pillage have dug out the gulph, in which the realm of France is now on the point of being swallowed. It is ours to fill up this frightful abyss. Well then, — look upon this list of the proprietors of France. Fix upon the most opulent of their number, and thus, mercifully reduce the multitude of sacrifices. Only make your choice: for surely, it needs must be, that some should suffer rather than the people should perish. Behold, — here are two thousand of our Notables: the possessions of these men are, alone, sufficient to fill the chasm which is yawning before your feet. Why, then, a moment's hesitation? Seize, this instant, on your victims: smite them down without mercy, and plunge them into the abyss. It is done, — and the gulph is about to close its jaws again. What! do ye start back with horror? Irresolute and faint-hearted men! do ye recoil and shudder at this needful and righteous immolation?"

This, it must be confessed, is a strain of awful and tremendous irony. Whether it would exactly do for the British parliament may, perhaps, be questioned. But we can imagine nothing better adapted to agitate and to command a Parisian Assembly.

It happened that Molé, the first actor of the Théâtre Français, was present at the delivery of this speech. He was deeply struck with the astonishing force of Mirabeau — with the sublimity of his voice — with his power of dramatic painting: and it occurred to him that the man who could make that speech, was even worthy to be the greatest of actors! He accordingly said to Mirabeau, in a pathetic accent, "Oh, Monsieur le Comte, what an incomparable discourse; and how admirable the tone in which it was pronounced. O heaven! how false have you been to your true vocation!" The man himself could not help smiling at the turn of this encomium. But Mirabeau was not only satisfied with it, — he was highly flattered. And what more intoxicating compliment could be paid by an idolater of his profession?

A few days after this, it was resolved that there should be an address from the Assembly to the French people, in order to forward the measures of the ministry; and the mighty orator was employed to draw it up. As usual he turned the matter over — not to the Marquis of Caseaux — but to the faithful and indefatigable Dumont, who completed it in three days. It was extremely well received; but its effect, he says, was very similar to that of a sermon, — it was applauded and forgotten.

The next measure in which the Count ranged himself on the

side of the crown, was the proposal for proclaiming *Martial Law*. The popular license was then becoming intolerable. A handful of mutineers was sufficient to make the governor of a citadel tremble. *Every act of personal defence was a capital crime; and the clamors of the populace were much more formidable than the battery of an enemy.* Mirabeau had long said that this dictatorship of the rabble ought to be sternly put down; and Dumont thinks that he was the very first to propose martial law. The suggestion, of course, was vehemently opposed. But it is a very remarkable, and almost an unaccountable thing, that his resistance to plebeian insolence on this occasion did not lose him a single shade of his popularity. It is scarcely possible to conceive a more signal proof of the ascendancy, which his great powers had established for him over the public mind. It is a curious circumstance, that two of our own countrymen were applied to for their advice in the preparation of this measure. During the discussions, the English model was often appealed to, and always with the most egregious misconception of it. There were, however, then two English advocates at Versailles, with whom Dumont was acquainted, and he was solicited to obtain from them a written exposition of martial law in England. These gentlemen very wisely declined the office; and the fact is mentioned by Dumont to illustrate the contrast between the national reserve and caution of the English character, and that eternal impatience to come forward and to meddle, which is so universally characteristic of the French. This is a subject on which he has expressed himself more largely in another place (c. viii.), where he sums up his judgment by affirming his belief, that if he were to stop any hundred persons at random in the streets of London, and as many in the streets of Paris, and were to propose to them to take upon themselves the government of the country, ninety-nine out of the Parisian hundred would accept it, and ninety-nine out of the English hundred would refuse it.

It is unquestionable that Mirabeau was now approximating more and more closely to the court. Our limits will not allow us space to mark out the exact trajectory in which he was then moving. It must be sufficient to say that he had a project, on which he sounded Dumont, for the removal of the king from his present virtual captivity, to Metz, or to some other position in which he could exert a perfect free agency, and perhaps overawe the democratic party in France. The scheme however was abandoned, principally in consequence of the sluggishness and irresolution of the King, who always sunk into apathy the moment the assaults of the Assembly were intermitted. The Count was likewise disposed to comparatively moderate views with respect to the clergy,



who now seemed to be placed almost beyond the pale of the French nation. He embraced the views of the Bishop of Autun,\* (his Excellency the French ambassador, now in England), that the clergy ought not to be turned out to utter destitution, but that their property should be sold for the redemption of the debt, and a fixed salary substituted in its place. On this subject Dumont had little communication with him, and therefore had no opportunity of inculcating his own views, which were always formed with reference to *England*, where, he observes, it is *one sacred principle of all reforms that they never should be made at the smallest expense to living persons*: for what sort of reformers, he exclaims, are those, who know no other expedient but that of immolating some in order to better the condition of the rest?

The connection of Mirabeau with the court was now pretty clearly indicated by the change in his mode of living. He migrated to the *Chaussée d'Antin*; he furnished his house in a style of fastidious luxury; he exhibited, in short, the suspicious spectacle of a "Tribune of the people emulating the splendor of *Lucullus*." The truth is, that he was receiving 20,000 francs a month from the Count d'Artois, under the pretence of assistance towards the liquidation of his debts. The debts, nevertheless, were left unpaid, — all, at least, except the most pressing ones, — and Mirabeau became the centre of a brilliant assemblage both of rank and talent. This pension was, however, soon discontinued: for the Count was a very untractable counsellor, and complained that they wanted to make him useless, by insisting on the sacrifice of his popularity, which was the grand instrument of his success. Still his costly establishment was kept up, and eventually enlarged; so that his connection with the wealthy and the powerful could not be doubtful. In the month of March following Dumont quitted Paris. His more intimate knowledge of the Count did not augment his esteem for him. He was satisfied, indeed, that Mirabeau was attached to the King, and willing to defend the monarchy against the jacobins. But there was too great a mixture in his motives to be endured by the simple integrity of the Genevan, who was disgusted with his ostentatious mode of life, and by the indelicate and unscrupulous means by which it was supported. Besides, the name of Dumont was beginning to be openly associated with that of Mirabeau, as one of his numerous under-laborers. There was a manifest disposition in many quarters to strip the gorgeous creature of his borrowed plumage; an operation which, of course, brought forward the

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[\* "Which," says Dumont, "were those of the *Côté Gauche*, and of all the popular party." p. 219.]

claims of the original owners: and Dumont did not choose to appear in the character of agent or compiler to a man whose personal character was so immeasurably below his public renown.

Before he quitted Paris,\* he saw his friend in a situation entirely new, that of President of the Assembly, and never was the chair so admirably filled. It called forth powers which no one ever dreamed of his possessing. He introduced an order and a precision into the proceedings, of which, till then, people had no conception. With a word he cleared the question of every thing unessential; with a word he appeased tumult and confusion. He showed the most judicious respect to the whole body, — he managed the parties in it with incomparable skill, — his answers to the various deputations which appeared at the bar, whether prepared or extemporaneous, were always remarkable for their gracefulness and dignity, and were satisfactory even when they conveyed a refusal; — in a word, his activity, his impartiality, his presence of mind were such, as wonderfully to exalt his reputation in a post which had been a fatal quicksand to most of his predecessors. He had the singular address to make himself appear the first man in the Assembly, although he could no longer ascend the tribune, and might therefore be thought to have lost his most brilliant prerogative. His enemies joined in the choice, in hopes of his extinction; instead of which, he blazed out with more splendor than ever.

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[\* Not before quitting Paris. Dumont left Paris for London in March, 1790. See p. 243. In the latter part of the year he went to pass six months at Geneva, and spent, on his way, three weeks at Paris. p. 253. It was during this residence that he saw Mirabeau as President of the Assembly. Of the same period he gives, likewise, the following reminiscence.

"I remember a scandalous anecdote of the Abbé Lamourette, who was afterwards Bishop of Lyons; he was at dinner; Garat, Volney, Cabanis, Palissot, and several others were there. Lamourette was the author of the discourse of Mirabeau upon the civil constitution of the clergy, and Mirabeau appeared to me not to entertain the same opinion, in private, which he had maintained in public, for he wished for a catholic clergy, though he would not have liked a dominant or exclusive clergy. Palissot was speaking of the Abbé Gregoire, who shewed great zeal for religion; and, with the usual intolerance of these gentlemen, accused him of being only a charlatan and a cheat. 'Not so,' said Lamourette, 'I have been his teacher in theology, and I can assure you that he believes in God a hundred times more than is necessary.' 'Take care,' said Mirabeau, 'there is a Genevan, whom you will offend, for he believes in God from the bottom of his heart.' 'And I too,' said Lamourette, 'I should be very sorry to be misunderstood.' After dinner, as I opened a new book upon the table, my attention was attracted by this title: '*Meditations of the Soul with its God*;' by the Abbé Lamourette, Professor of Theology," &c. pp. 262, 263.]

But the career of this extraordinary being was now drawing to a close. His health was sinking under the joint operation of various causes, — a life of incessant hurry and agitation, which left him no interval of repose from seven in the morning till 10 or 11 at night, — the fierce and burning corrosion of violent passions, — the more chronic fever of an impatient and irritable spirit; — and, lastly, the artificial heat supplied by frequent imprudences of a luxurious table. He said, that if he were a believer in slow poisons, he should fancy that some pernicious drug had been given him. At last, the inflammation of his system produced ophthalmia; and when he was President of the Assembly he was compelled to apply leeches to his neck in the intervals between the morning and the evening sittings. When Dumont took leave of him, his emotion was greater than he had ever seen him betray. He said, that probably they should never meet again; and then, he added, in a prophetic tone, (which savoured, nevertheless, of his usual egotism) —

“ ‘When I am gone my value will be perceived. The evils which I have labored to arrest, will then rush over the whole of France. That faction which trembled before me, will then be left without control. I have nothing before my eyes but visions of evil. Ah, my friend, how truly did we judge when we wished to hinder the commons from declaring themselves the National Assembly? Here is the origin of all the mischief. Ever since they succeeded in this, they have shown themselves unworthy of their victory. *They have chosen to govern the King, instead of governing by the King. But very soon it will be neither he nor they that will govern. A vile faction will tyrannize over all, and cover the whole kingdom with horrors.*’ ”

At the time when these terrible presentiments were uttered, Dumont believed that they were chiefly prompted by his hatred for certain individuals whose influence was then almost predominant. The honest man of Geneva could not imagine that the leaders of the jacobinical gang had wickedness enough to accomplish such dire vaticinations. But France and Europe soon felt that the dying man was indeed a prophet. In three months after delivering this dismal burden, Mirabeau was no more.

In the remainder of this work will be found many interesting traits of the character and private life of this individual. They are such as tempt us, most powerfully, to an extension of this article. We have done our best to resist the seduction; but we are not wholly proof against it, and are unable to forbear soliciting the patient attention of our readers to some further particulars. There never was, perhaps, a more curious compound of greatness

and littleness than was exhibited in the life of this strange mortal. He was gifted with powers to control the destinies of an empire, and yet he was capable of things which would disgrace a swindler or a fortune-hunter. He was master of expedients which might have excited the mortal envy of Ferdinand Count Fathom. For instance: he addressed a young lady with a view to matrimony. The parents of the damsel discouraged his attentions, and a rival appeared, dangerous enough to stimulate his vanity and to awaken his ingenuity. In this emergency, nothing could be more masterly than the result of his deliberations. One evening, a carriage was seen to convey the Count to a spot near to the door of the lady, and there it remained for several hours. This phenomenon, of course, raised the curiosity of the neighbourhood; and the spies of the rival reported that the Count Mirabeau had been seen to enter the house of his mistress, and that he had remained there all night. The success of this contrivance was quite as complete as any of the subsequent political triumphs of the orator. The lady, from that moment, was out of the market; the rival incontinently sounded a retreat; and the parents were but too happy to hush the matter up by a speedy marriage! But the fates are sometimes grievously blind to the most transcendent merit! In this instance they were not propitiated even by the powers displayed by Mirabeau. The match turned out miserably unpropitious. It was soon broken by mutual infidelities; and a final separation was the consequence.

His disposition to fatten upon literary pillage, displayed itself even at this period of his life. He would begin an address to the idol of his heart with the following words,—"Listen, my beloved friend: I am about to pour my whole soul into your's." And this *transfusion* of his soul turned out to be nothing more than the *transcription* of an article from the *Mercure de France*, or from the last new romance. Again,—before his public life commenced he had many an hour of weary solitude, in which "his imagination devoured itself." And what did he do to allay these unnatural cravings, but compose an amatory work (*un ouvrage érotique*) which was neither more or less than a compound of all that was impure, in all the authors of antiquity!

It was astonishing (says Dumont) to see a man like Mirabeau emerge from all this mire of obscenity. Astonishing, in truth, it was: so astonishing, that there is only one thing more wonderful; and that is, that having emerged into a region where his energies might have been the salvation of a kingdom, he should think, without loathing, upon the scenes of his original degradation; and still more, that he should endure to act them over again. But human nature is, in the beginning, the middle, and the end of it, an

enigma. We have only to think of poor old Sheridan, — and there, alas! is an end of all speculation on the matter. If the heart is corrupt and unclean, what are the most commanding powers of intellect or imagination but the whitening of the sepulchre? It must be allowed, however, that Mirabeau was deeply sensible that his loss of character was to him a tremendous and irreparable damage. Dumont has seen him weep burning tears of regret for it. "Most cruelly," he exclaimed, "do I expiate the errors of my youth." But these tears did not flow from the pure source of awakened moral sensibility, but from the bitter fountain of disappointed ambition. He felt conscious that if his reputation for virtue had been equal to his renown for talent, all France might have been at his feet. The wonder is, that when he became known, he made no magnanimous efforts for his own redemption. What can be said of a man who, while he was wielding "the fierce democratie" of France, could condescend to intrigue with the scolding and cheating wife of an obscure bookseller? \*

But let us turn away from his moral character to his merely mental faculties. With all his powers, we can scarcely conceive it probable that, such as he actually was, he could ever have made much deep or permanent impression in the British Parliament. Occasional bursts of powerful rhetoric do not answer there. They do nothing for a man but fix the eyes of the public upon him in expectation of greater and more useful things: and if he disappoints that expectation, there is an end of him. Now Mirabeau would, infallibly, have disappointed this expectation. It has been stated above that he was no debater. He was only a great political electrician. This did very well in France, where people are fond of electrical shocks. But Englishmen have no notion of being galvanised, and made to kick and sprawl to no purpose. They have no objection to occasional excitement, but they do not,

[\* "I am not fully acquainted with the private life of Mirabeau, and his domestic intercourse with his father, his mother, his wife. . . . The violence of his passions during youth may have justified the severity of his father, but the Marquis de Mirabeau, as passionate as his son, never knew the art of managing this unruly character. Instead of influencing his son by affection, to which he was susceptible, he wished to subdue him by force, against which he rebelled. He said himself, that his family was that of Atreus and Thyestes. The variance between the father and mother, by forming two hostile factions among their children, had early accustomed them to constraint and dissimulation; and the example of vice had but too powerful an empire over a temperament like that of Mirabeau, precocious in every respect, and corrupted by women long before his reason had attained maturity. Had he been willing to describe his education, we should have known the secret of that singular union of contradictory qualities, which was always observable in him." pp. 263, 270.]

like Frenchmen, live upon excitement. That Mirabeau had mental *talents*, which might have qualified him for a debater, may be very possible; but it is extremely questionable whether his temperament would ever have endured the necessary training. He had great *activity*, but very little *industry*. He could, whenever he chose it, *get up* the information necessary for a great occasion with surprising quickness; but he had nothing like sustained and habitual diligence. He never knew what it was to be constantly accumulating a *capital* of valuable intelligence and accomplishment. He was never in a condition to endure a *run* upon his mind; and without this substantial fund, a man is at any moment liable to stop payment, or at least to be reduced to the humiliating necessity of a reliance on the help and credit of his neighbours. Mirabeau was perpetually on the brink of this sort of insolvency; and, occasionally, he fell into it. In his own country this did not ruin him; but it would very soon have done for him here. With us, it very rarely happens that the fate of a great measure turns upon a fine speech. The gift of utterance is only one of many faculties by which the public man has to win his way to the confidence of his hearers. If Mirabeau had been, in England, only the same sort of person that he was in France, we should never have heard of him as the *unique* and only orator, the solitary example of supreme eloquence in his generation. His admirer, Dumont, confesses that he was decidedly inferior to the *athletes* of the Parliament of England. Nay, Mirabeau himself was aware of his own defect, for he said on one occasion, when he had failed to make an impression, "I perceive that, in order to speak extemporaneously on a subject with any effect, it is necessary to 'begin by knowing it.'" Obvious as this may appear to us, it is, we believe, a discovery yet to be made with our volatile neighbours.\*

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[\* "If we view him as an author, it must be allowed that all his works, without exception, are pieces of mosaic, of which, if each of his fellow-laborers should take back his own part, little would remain to him; but he had the merit of giving new brilliancy to whatever he touched; of throwing in, here and there, luminous passages, original expressions, apostrophes full of fire and of eloquence. It was no common power which he possessed, of discovering talents in their obscurity, of giving to each of his agents the kind of encouragement best suited to the individual, of animating them all with the zeal with which he was filled, and of making them unite earnestly in a labor of which he alone was to reap the glory.

"He felt himself wholly incapable of writing connectedly, if he were not supported and directed by the borrowed labor of another. His style, too full of effort, frequently degenerated into bombast, and he was disgusted with the emptiness and incoherence of his ideas; but when he had a plan marked out, and materials furnished, he understood well how to prune, bring together, add greater spirit and life, and stamp the whole with the impress



But though so thoroughly French himself, he had, nevertheless, a mighty contempt for some of the peculiarities of Frenchmen. He utterly disdained that "false heat" which he described as "the thunder and tempest of the opera." He never lost the senatorial gravity and composure. Even his dignity, however, had something about it which we should deem almost laughable; — the air of pretension, — the attitude of pompous grandeur, — the head thrown back, — the chest dilated, — the shoulders squared!

of his own eloquence. This is what he called giving the *point* [*trait*] to a work; this *point* consisted in a striking expression, an image, a sally, an epigram, a piece of irony, an allusion, something animated and bold, which he considered absolutely necessary for sustaining the attention of readers. It is easily seen, that this mania for *point* is very dangerous to good taste, and that it conducts rapidly to the affectation which marked the decline of literature.

"As a political orator, Mirabeau had, in certain respects, the most distinguished talents; ready observation, unfailing tact, a power of discovering immediately the real spirit of the Assembly, and of applying his whole force to the main point of resistance, without wasting it upon mere accessories. No one ever accomplished more by a single word; no one ever hit his mark with more precision, or oftener carried with him the general sentiment, sometimes by a happy insinuation, and sometimes by a sarcasm, which struck fear into his opponents. At the tribune, he was immovable; those who have seen him know that the waves rolled around him without disturbing him, and that he even remained master of his passions when assailed by every insult. I remember to have heard him deliver a report relative to the city of Marseilles; every word was interrupted by abuse from those of the right side; he heard the epithets, slanderer, liar, assassin, wretch, and all the eloquence of the fish-market sounding in his ears. He stopped for a moment, and addressing the most violent, in his softest tones, 'I wait, Gentlemen,' said he, 'till these civilities have ceased;' and he went quietly on as if he had been received in the most favorable manner. He never suffered himself to be so provoked as to forget the proprieties of a public speaker. But what he wanted, as a political orator, was the art of discussion, in subjects which required it. He had not power to grasp a series of reasonings and proofs; he could not refute methodically; and he was thus reduced to the necessity of abandoning important motions, after he had read his speech. Having made a brilliant entry into the field he disappeared from it, and left it to his adversaries. This fault was in part owing to his undertaking too much, and not reflecting enough. He came forward with a discourse which had been made for him, and on which he had bestowed little thought; he had not taken the trouble to anticipate objections, and to discuss details; and was thus very inferior, in this respect, to the combatants whom we see in the Parliament of England. The triumph of Fox, for instance, is in refutation. He goes over all the arguments on the opposite side, delights to place them in the strongest light, to give them new force, to station himself in the post of the greatest difficulty, and then, one after another, he reduces them to dust, and never shows greater power than when he has been thought in imminent danger of an overthrow. The only debaters of the National Assembly who had any of this talent were Maury, Clermont-Tonnerre, Barnave, and Thouret." pp. 275-279.]

—All this on the floor of St. Stephens would only make people stare; and, perhaps, inquire who was the honorable member's dancing master? On the other hand, he had some redeeming qualities which might have partly overpowered the bad effect of his ostentatious bearing. His self-possession was marvellous. We have already seen that it was sufficient to bear him up in the midst of the bewilderment in which he was entangled by the absurdities of the Marquis of Caseaux. It sometimes displayed itself in a manner still more extraordinary. In the very midst of his most animated harangues, he could receive and peruse a succession of scraps in pencil, handed to him by his friends; and whenever they were worth using, he could introduce their contents with surprising effect into his speech; so that Garat used to compare him to a mountebank, who could tear a piece of paper into twenty pieces, swallow the fragments, and then reproduce them whole.

Mirabeau died insolvent. He had been the pensionary of Monsieur and the King, and may possibly have received the wages of other employers. But the accounts of his venality were probably much exaggerated. "I know not how it is," he would say, "that I am such a beggar, having all the kings, and all their treasures, at my command." It does not appear that his mercenary habits brought with them any sense of degradation. "Pride," as Dumont observes, "was, to him, in the place of integrity." The price paid for him only elated his self-importance. "A man like me," said he, "may accept a hundred thousand crowns; but a hundred thousand crowns cannot *purchase* a man like me." He affected to consider the money he received purely as an instrument, without which he could not do his work: and it must be admitted that he never appears to have entertained the thought of raising a fortune out of his pay. The splendor and luxury of his style were, doubtless, very much to his taste; but it is also true that, in a certain measure, they were necessary for the establishment and extension of his influence. He considered himself, in short, not as the pensionary, but merely as the banker and agent of the King.

It is the opinion of Dumont that, if he had lived, he would have curbed, and even have crushed the Jacobins, and given to France a constitution fit for rational beings. To us this appears extremely doubtful. He might have accomplished this, if steadiness, high principle, and self-devotion, could, by miracle, have been infused into his nature. There would then have been "a combination and a form indeed — to give the world assurance of a statesman." But alas! this must, surely, have been as impossible as to erase the ravages of the small pox from his countenance.

His death, however, was, beyond all doubt, a deplorable loss to France. It was the extinction of all hope or chance of salvation. It was the signal which let slip the hell-hounds of massacre and confusion. His decease was as the breath of life to the Jacobinical faction. Robespierre, Petion, and a multitude of other obscene birds, who hid themselves from the lightnings of his eye, then took wing; and the whole land was covered with their hideous *ravin*.

His greatest quality, — in the judgment of Dumont, — was political sagacity. In this he appears to have left all immeasurably behind him. In 1782 he spoke of the assembling of the States General as a thing that must infallibly come to pass, and foretold that he himself should be a deputy, although, at that time, he was but a needy adventurer in literature. No one penetrated, as he did, into all the consequences of the *Séance Royale*, or saw through all the motions and designs of the popular party. On the breach between them and the Crown, he exclaimed, "You will now have nothing but massacre and butchery, — *you will not even have the execrable honor of a civil war.*" And when his death was approaching, he said to Talleyrand, "I carry with me the last shreds of the monarchy."

He was so incessantly tossed about by the waves of political life, — and brought into perpetual contact with such a multitude of various characters and interests, — that, in a comparatively short time, his experience became immense; and the effect was, that language failed him, in his attempt, to describe the many-colored results of his observation. He was obliged to coin a phraseology for himself, to exhibit the shades and gradations of talent and quality, vice and virtue, which were constantly present to his mental perception. Nothing like *pretension* could escape the search of his penetrating discernment: but he had also an eye for every thing that was truly great and good. "There was in him," — to use the exact words of Dumont, — "an enthusiasm for what was fair and noble, which his personal vices never could degrade. The mirror might be soiled and tarnished for a time, but it always resumed its lustre. If his actions and his words were at variance with each other, it was not from falsehood or hypocrisy, but from mere inconsistency (*inconséquence*). His reason enabled him to soar; his passions made his flight devious and unsteady." He was, in a word, a Colossus, made up of gold, and clay, and materials of every sort. "There was in him much good, much evil, much of every thing. It was impossible to know him, without being forcibly taken with him. He was a man whose energy qualified him to fill a vast sphere." It was greatly to be lamented that the elements with which "he

"filled his sphere" were of such a miscellaneous and conflicting nature; or that he was removed before he had an opportunity of establishing the final predominance of the salutary principles.

One chapter of this most interesting volume is devoted to anecdotes, bon mots, and traits of private character. We could transcribe them with delight; but this must not be.\* One of his

[\* We will here venture, however, to insert some of those notices of well-known individuals with which M. Dumont has enriched his work.

"Mirabeau introduced us to Dupont de Nemours and Champfort. Dupont, who had been the editor of the *Ephémérides du Citoyen*, (The Citizen's Journal), Dupont, the warm friend of Turgot, enjoyed the reputation of an honest man, and a wise economist; but he made himself a little ridiculous by his importance, when he modestly complained of the labor of corresponding with four or five kings. We found him, one morning, engaged in a work on *leather*, in which he showed that the administration had been constantly varying the regulations relative to this article: 'It will be pleasanter reading than a novel,' he said, and, as a specimen, he read us seven or eight chapters, mortally tiresome; but he made us amends by anecdotes respecting the Assembly of the Notables, of which he had been secretary. He repeated to us a very successful bon-mot, relating to the subject of tithes: '*The tithes*,' said the Archbishop of Aix, in a plaintive voice, '*the tithes, that voluntary offering of the piety of the faithful*.' . . . '*The tithes*,' rejoined the Duke of Rochefoucauld, in his simple and modest tone, which gave additional point to the sarcasm, '*the tithes, that voluntary offering of the piety of the faithful, about which there are now forty thousand law-suits pending in the kingdom*.'" — pp. 20, 21.

"I returned to London with the famous Paine and Lord Duer, a young Scotchman, infatuated with liberty and republicanism, an honest and virtuous enthusiast, who would have supposed he was doing the greatest service to his country, by engrafting in her bosom the principles of France. I had seen Paine five or six times, and was willing to pardon, in an American, his prejudices against England. But his incredible egotism and presumptuous self-sufficiency disgusted me with him. He was drunk with vanity. According to his own account, he had done every thing in America. He was a caricature of the vainest of Frenchmen. He believed that his book upon the *Rights of Man* might supply the place of all other books in the world, and he told us, in so many words, that if it were in his power to annihilate all libraries, he would do it without hesitation, that he might thus destroy all the errors which they contained, and commence a new chain of ideas and principles with his *Rights of Man*. He knew all his own writings by heart, and he knew nothing else. He even recited to us some love-letters, written in an extravagant style, which he had composed in his youth, and which were worthy of Mascarille. He was a man of talents, full of imagination, possessing a popular eloquence, and adroit in the use of ridicule. My curiosity respecting this celebrated writer was more than satisfied in this journey, and I never saw him again." — pp. 331, 332.

"M. de Talleyrand, a descendant of one of the most noble families of France (and even of sovereign counts), was the eldest of three brothers; but, being lame from his infancy, he was not thought worthy of figuring in the world, and was destined to the church, though possessed of none of those qualities which can render this situation tolerable in the Roman communion. I have frequently heard him say, that, being despised by his

sayings, however, we cannot forbear to record. He was of opinion that the world had, hitherto, been governed by illusions, but that these were now passed away. "Mankind" — he said, —

parents as a disfigured being, who was good for nothing, he had imbibed, in infancy, a serious and melancholy humor. He had never slept under the same roof with his father and mother; he was compelled to resign his right of primogeniture in favor of his second brother. When he was at the seminary at which he was educated, he confined himself to a very small number of companions, and his habitual gloom, which rendered him unsocial, gave him the reputation of pride. Condemned to the church, he no more adopted its sentiments and character than did the Cardinal de Retz and many others. He even trespassed the limits which are allowed to high birth and youth; his manners were any thing but clerical. But he could observe external proprieties, and whatever were his habits, no one knew better what was to be said, and what to be kept secret.

"I do not know whether he had not a little too much ambition of producing effect by an air of reserve and depth. Upon a first introduction, he was generally very cold; he spoke very little, but listened with great attention; his countenance, of which the features were a little swollen, seemed to announce effeminacy, and a strong and deep voice appeared to contrast with this physiognomy. He kept at a distance, and did not expose himself. The English, who have general prejudices in relation to the character of the French, found in him neither the vivacity, nor the familiarity, nor the extravagance, nor the gaiety, of the national character. A sententious manner, a cold politeness, an air of careful observation, these formed a rampart about him, in his diplomatic character.

"In intimate society, he was wholly different; he gave himself up to the pleasures of conversation with a relish peculiarly his own, and continued it far into the night. Familiar, endearing, attentive, full of little civilities, he made life easy to himself, by a sort of epicurism, and was willing to be amusing, in order to be amused. He never exerted himself to speak, but he was choice in his expressions, and said fine things, which were not well understood, except by those accustomed to listen to his conversation. It was by him that the speech, quoted by Champfort, was made, when Rulhiere said, 'I do not know why I have the reputation of being wicked; I never did but one wicked thing in my life.' The Bishop of Autun, who had as yet taken no part in the conversation, said to him with his sonorous voice, and with a tone full of meaning, '*When will that be finished?*' One evening, when playing at whist, the conversation turned upon a lady, sixty years old, who had just married a sort of valet de chambre. The Bishop of Autun, counting his game, said, '*At nine, we do not reckon honors.*' This kind of wit belonged to him. He had learnt it of Fontenelle, to whom he was strongly attached. He related to me an infamous action of his colleague, C., at which I was indignant, and said to him: 'The man who could do this is capable of assassinating.' 'No,' he replied coolly, 'not of assassinating; but of poisoning.' His manner of relating a story was full of grace. He was a model of good taste in conversation. Indolent, voluptuous, born to the possession of fortune, born to greatness, he was able, in his exile, to accustom himself to a simple mode of life, to submit to privations, and to share with his friends the only resource which he had saved from France, the wreck of a magnificent library, which was sold very cheap, because, even in London, party spirit prevented any considerable collection of purchasers." — pp. 359–363.

"had long been looking through a magic lanthorn; but now the glass is broken." The justness of this image we cannot stop to examine: but one would imagine that, whether right or wrong, these words of Mirabeau had become the oracle of our own time and country. We seem to be heartily tired of *our* toy! and Heaven only knows how long it may be, before its glittering fragments are at our feet. We are "putting away childish things." It remains to be seen whether the pursuits and achievements of our manhood are a whit more rational, or more useful, than those of our infancy.

Like Lord Byron, Mirabeau, with all his faults, had the power of strongly attaching all who were in his service. He had a valet by the name of Teutch, whose office, of course, it was, to assist at the decoration of his person. With Mirabeau, the mysteries of the toilet were often exceedingly solemn and protracted; and he occasionally relieved their tediousness by bestowing kicks and cuffs on his faithful lacquey. These little attentions, at last, became quite a necessary of life to Teutch: but it once happened that, for some considerable time, they were intermitted, in consequence of his master's absorption in public cares; and poor Teutch was in despair. Mirabeau observed his dejection, and enquired the cause. "Of late *Monsieur* has entirely neglected me," was the reply: and *Monsieur* was, positively, obliged to knock the man down, in order to satisfy him that he still retained his place in his master's confidence and good will. This renewal of kindness reconciled Teutch to life; and he lay sprawling on the floor in transports of delight and convulsions of laughter. The *real* despair of this poor fellow, when his master died, is not to be described!

The agonies endured by Mirabeau, in his last illness, were dreadful. The fatal malady was an inflammation in the bowels. To the last, he appears to have preserved a sense of his own high importance. His *exit* was that of a great actor on the national theatre. Talleyrand said that he *dramatized his death*. It is further most remarkable that one ruling peculiarity was strong in him to his latest hour. After a paroxysm of torment, he called for his papers, and selected from them one which contained a discourse on *Testaments*. This he put into the hands of Talleyrand, and said,—"There,—these are the last thoughts which the world will have of mine. I make you the depositary of them. You will read them when I am no more. This is my legacy to the Assembly." Will it be believed?—these last words and thoughts of *Mirabeau*, were,—to Dumont's certain knowledge,—no other than a treatise composed wholly by Mr. *Reybaz*, drawn up with the greatest care, but in a style and manner



to which that of Mirabeau had not the slightest resemblance. The pangs of dissolution could not extinguish the itch of literary appropriation, in one, whose affluence of personal renown exceeded the collective wealth of all the men whom he had ever laid under contribution !

To revert, for one moment only, to his political views and designs. It is stated confidently, by Dumont, that his connection with the court, in the last six months of his life, had no other object than his advancement to the administration. His success in this point was necessary to enable him to reverse the most pernicious decrees of the Assembly. Some have attributed to him, at this period, the project of a counter-revolution ; but Mr. Dumont professes his ignorance of any such design, though his hatred and contempt for the Assembly, indeed, render it probable enough.

"I am persuaded," — he adds, — "that he wished to establish the royal authority ; but, I am also persuaded, that he was anxious for a constitution similar to that of England ; and that he never would have entered into any plan, which had not a national representation for its basis. *A nobility, however, was, in his estimation, indispensable, because he regarded it as essential to the monarchy* : and he, assuredly, would have revoked the decree by which it had been abolished. His personal ambition was, to efface, by his administration, the glory of all former ministers. He felt himself strong enough to attract to himself men of the most distinguished capacity. It was his desire, as he said, to surround himself with a *glory of talents*, — (*une auréole de talens*) — the brightness of which should dazzle all Europe."

We cannot take leave of this most interesting volume without noticing one opinion entertained by Dumont, which, though it may not be altogether peculiar to himself, he has stated with greater confidence than, perhaps, any writer on these events ; — and that is, that, although some change might have been inevitable, the Revolution might have been averted or arrested by a monarch of a different character. People have debated, — he says, — interminably, on the causes of the Revolution ; whereas, in his apprehension of the matter, there was only *one* efficient and overruling cause, namely, *the character of the King*. Place a king of a character firm and decided in the situation of Louis XVI., and the Revolution would never have taken place. His whole reign did nothing but bring it on. In Dumont's opinion, there was not a period during the whole of the first Assembly in which, if he could but have changed his character, he might not have reestablished his authority, and formed a mixed constitution more firm than the parliamentary and aristocratic monarchy of

France. He ruined all by his weakness, his indecision, his half-measures, his half-counsels, and his want of foresight. All the subordinate causes did but assist in developing this grand and primary cause. When the prince is feeble, the courtiers become intriguers, the factious insolent, the people audacious, honest men timid; the most faithful servants are discouraged, men of capacity are then repelled, and the best designs have no result. A monarch distinguished by energy and dignity, would have drawn round him all those who were, actually, against him. The Lafayette, the Lameths, the Mirabeaus, the Sieyes, would never have dreamed of the game they played against the King: and, in working on a different plan, would have appeared to be different men. Again,—speaking of the dreadful 10th of August, 1792,—Dumont adverts to it as one of those emergencies, in which, if Louis could suddenly have been inspired with firmness and vigor, he might have reconquered his throne, and destroyed anarchy. The whole mass of the French people were then weary of the excesses of the Jacobins; and the attempt of the 10th of June had excited general indignation. If the King had acted with vigor,—if he had repulsed force by force,—if he had seized the first moment of certain victory, to treat the Jacobins and Girondists as enemies, who, having a hundred times violated the constitution, could never have appealed to the constitution in their defence,—if he had shut up the clubs of the Jacobins and the Cordeliers, dissolved the Assembly, and seized the factious,—that very day would have restored his authority. But this weak prince,—continues Dumont,—never reflected that the safety of his kingdom depended on his own safety; and he preferred exposing himself to certain death, to giving orders for his own defence!

We state this opinion to the reader simply as we find it. It will, of course, be received with the same qualification which must be applied to all human judgments on probabilities and contingencies. Its value, however, must be considerable, delivered as it is by a man who had such facilities for watching the progress of events, and for ascertaining the state of public feeling and opinion. At any rate, it is one additional and useful testimony to the soundness of the general maxim, that, on great and critical occasions, *every thing may be gained by energy and courage,—while every thing may be, and probably will be, lost by feebleness and vacillation.* But the worst of it is, that this, like many other inestimable truths, is too often laid up among the treasures of wisdom, to be approved,—admired,—and neglected!

In presenting to our readers the above selections from the work of Mr. Dumont, we must protest against the supposition that it has

been our design to offer them a substitute for the volume itself. We have been able to present to them, in this paper, but a *small portion* indeed of the instruction and entertainment afforded us by Mr. Dumont: and our object has been, not to extinguish, but to stimulate their curiosity, which nothing *ought* to satisfy but the possession of his work. It is of no small importance, in days like these, to be made acquainted with the sentiments of one who has long been known as the devoted and intelligent friend of the human race, the worshipper of rational freedom, and the strenuous champion of *truly* liberal institutions, but, at the same time, as the decided adversary to all destructive empiricism. Let it be remembered that this virtuous and able man was a close spectator of what he here describes: nay,—it may truly be said that he was more than a spectator: he was sometimes an actor; he wrought, with his own hand, in the midst of the fire. After an interval of many years, he sits down to record the mature result of his experience and his reflections; and, surely, the most *liberal* may receive, without suspicion, the testimony of one who was a decided admirer of the grand principles of the French Revolution, though he scorned its follies and detested its excesses. Without presuming to pledge ourselves for the exact value of every opinion or sentiment he has uttered, we may, at least, venture to pronounce thus much,—that none among us can rise from the perusal of this little work, without a more ardent attachment to the institutions which our forefathers have left us; none,—that is,—except those who are in the very gall of revolutionary bitterness, and the very bond of radical iniquity; none, except those who are madly bent upon destroying the noble work, or we might rather say, the sacred *growth* of centuries. The sound of the tempest causes the child to cling more closely to the bosom of its parent; and it is to be hoped that even a picture of its terrors may produce a similar effect on all Englishmen who yet preserve any remnant of a truly filial heart.

We have felt strongly impelled to extend this article by a selection of passages, from the work before us, which might almost be produced as predictions, or as commentaries, applicable to events which have recently passed, or are actually passing, before our eyes,—passages which, if they had been written by Dumont within these two years, might, in some quarters, be bitterly resented, as disguised censures of the hardihood of our experiments on the British Constitution. But we have been withheld by the recollection of our limited space, and by our unwillingness to tax unreasonably the patience of our readers. And, after all, it is perhaps quite as well that we should forbear. They who will consult the book for themselves will easily perceive that our aid would be

quite superfluous. It would be a downright insult upon their sagacity and common sense, to suppose that the assistance of a monitor or an expounder could be needful. The application of many parts of this work to the occurrences of the present day is quite obvious enough to force itself on the attention of all, who read with any higher view than merely to fill up the tedious vacancy of unoccupied hours. We, therefore, are disposed to content ourselves with, once more, urgently soliciting our readers to enrich their libraries with this volume. Abundant as it is in wisdom and information, its dimensions are extremely moderate. It does not number 350 pages. It consequently has nothing in it to overpower the patience, or to alarm the frugality, of those who may desire to possess it. And, if any further recommendation could be wanting, it will be found in the sketches which the work exhibits of various other distinguished actors in the terrible drama of the Revolution, in addition to its finished portrait of Mirabeau.

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[From "The Eclectic Review for July, 1832." A few introductory paragraphs of no particular interest are omitted.]

- ART. III. — 1. *On Political Economy, in Connexion with the Moral State and Moral Prospects of Society.* By THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh.\* 8vo. pp. viii. 566. Price 12s. Glasgow: 1832.
2. *Illustrations of Political Economy.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU. No. I. to V.† Price 1s. 6d. each. London: 1832.

DR. CHALMERS may well claim a respectful hearing upon any subject, even although it may be one that may seem out of his province, or which he does not perfectly understand. If not a very profound political economist, he is what is far better, — a sincere philanthropist; and if his theoretic principles are not always sound, his aims and motives are always guided by an enlightened benevolence. His practical measures for promoting the "Christian and Civil Economy" of large towns, are also admirable, and entitle him to national gratitude. The present volume contains much that is excellent in sentiment, ingenious in argument, and eloquent in discussion. Still, it has confirmed the impression produced by the author's former writings on subjects of

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\* Republished by Daniel Appleton, New York.]

† Republished by Leonard C. Bowles, Boston.]

political economy, that his talents and turn of mind do not remarkably qualify him for such inquiries. He is by far too bold a thinker, to be trusted in matters of historical accuracy or financial calculation; too sweeping a generalizer, to be correct in statements relating to complex subjects involving infinite details; too apt to suffer one great idea to fill up the whole field of his intellectual vision, to the exclusion of other objects which, by being taken in, would have corrected his false perspective. The volume abounds with the most startling paradoxes, — with some positions, indeed, which, if proceeding from a writer of less eminence and unimpeachable integrity, would lead one to lay down the book with feelings bordering upon contempt. Of this description are some of his remarks on the "scurvy economics" of the day; although we feel persuaded that nothing is further from his design, than to advocate a profligate expenditure of public money, even could he prove it to come wholly from the pockets of the landlords. But, as the Author has favored us with a synoptical view of his own economical principles, it will be but fair and proper to lay these before our readers in as compressed a form as may consist with their being made intelligible. The propositions — we cannot call them conclusions — are thirty-six in number, and as they occupy fourteen pages of the volume, we cannot of course give them entire.

Having divided the laboring population into three classes, "the agricultural, the secondary" (i. e. manufacturing), "and the disposable," the Author lays it down as his first axiom, that "the higher the standard of enjoyment is among the people at large, the greater will be the secondary, and the less will be the disposable class; or, corresponding to this, the greater will be the wages, and the less will be the rent; while at the same time the more limited will be the cultivation." And this is followed up by position the second; "that the great aim of every enlightened philanthropist and patriot, is, to raise the standard of enjoyment, even though it should somewhat lessen the rent, and somewhat lessen the cultivation." These not very intelligible initial principles rest upon the supposed "discovery" made almost simultaneously by Sir Edward West and Mr. Malthus, with respect to the laws that regulate rent. Rent our Author conceives, is *measured*, though not originated, "by the difference between the produce of a given quantity of labor on any soil, and the produce of the same labor on the soil that yields no rent" — wherever that soil may be found. Or, to state the doctrine in fewer words, the rent of good land is calculated on the rent of poor land. That the difference of quality in soils is the efficient *cause* of rent, Dr. Chalmers denies; and by rejecting

this part of the modern discovery, he reduces it to a very innocent proposition, but one which hardly supports the consequences that have been raised upon it. The Author's own propositions above cited appear to be grounded on some such process of reasoning as this. The higher the standard of enjoyment is among the people at large, the more the laborer will require in the shape of wages as the remuneration for his labor; and the higher the wages of labor, the greater the expense of cultivation, and the less surplus will remain for the landlord in the shape of rent. Now good land only will, under such circumstances, pay for cultivation, and less land therefore will be cultivated. And though this may be an evil in itself, it will be counterbalanced by the good resulting from the higher standard of social enjoyment, and the additional employment thereby furnished to the manufacturing class.

If this be what Dr. Chalmers means, we cordially agree with him in thinking, that the higher the wages of agricultural labor, the better for the country, provided it only lessens rent, and does not raise the price of domestic produce too high above that which would pay for importing it. But we question whether the raising of the standard of enjoyment will ensure the effect which Dr. Chalmers ascribes to it. Many other things must be presupposed, or taken for granted, which are not here expressed. The next proposition, indeed, partially explains the Author's meaning, and qualifies it. It is this: "That there is no other method by which wages can be kept permanently high, than by the operation of the moral preventive check among the working classes of society; and that this can only be secured by elevating their standard of enjoyment, through the means both of common and Christian education." After comforting the landlord under the "menacing aspect" of this policy, with the assurance, that there is no danger, thanks to the strength of the principle of population, but wages will be kept sufficiently *low* for *his* purpose, and cultivation be carried down, by means of improvements in husbandry, among the inferior soils sufficiently far; Dr. Chalmers affirms, in his fifth proposition, "that it remains in the collective power of laborers to sustain their wages at as high a level in the ultimate, as in the progressive stages of the wealth of a society; that the moral preventive check on population can achieve and perpetuate this result, but that nothing else will do it." In the next two paragraphs (6. and 7.), the Author vehemently deprecates the scheme of home colonization, as one which, "if persisted in, must have its final upshot in the most fearful and desolating anarchy!"



Now all this seems to us as loose and unsatisfactory as any statements pretending to scientific accuracy can be. What is meant by a high standard of enjoyment? Does it imply a high state of morals, or only a state in which the artificial wants are augmented by the progress of civilization, so that the laborer requires more things for his comfort than formerly? If the latter be intended, it is obvious that the standard of enjoyment among the lower classes of this country has been raised, not by means of education, but by means of those improvements in manufacturing industry, which have brought the comforts of life within their reach. If our peasants now require shoes and stockings, and our servant maids flaunt in silk gowns, it is not that education has raised the standard of enjoyment in these respects, but that silks are cheaper, and that shoes and stockings have ceased to be regarded as luxuries, and have come to be necessities, in consequence of the low price at which they can be supplied. The standard of education is generally supposed to be higher among the barefooted peasantry of Scotland, than among the English poor: but is the standard of enjoyment higher among the former? Just the reverse. The Scotchman would contrive to live, where the Englishman would starve. To raise the standard of enjoyment among a people, nothing more is requisite than to cheapen the means of enjoyment, either by a rise of wages, or by a cheapened production of the articles of comfort. But how far the raising of that standard shall turn to the happiness of the community, must depend upon the security which the laborer has, that he shall be able to maintain the same permanent command over the comforts of life.

Again, what is meant by high wages? Three very different things may be intended by the expression: high money wages; high in proportion to profits and rent; and high in relation to the means of subsistence or the commodities which the labor of the workman will command. In which of these three respects is it within "the collective power of laborers to sustain their wages at a high level?" They have certainly no control over the currency. Now, during the latter half of the last century, it has been calculated that wages, estimated in money, rose a hundred per cent., while, estimated in commodities, they *fell* thirty-three per cent. In the year 1751, husbandry wages were 6s. per week, which was equal at that time to ninety-six pints of wheat. In 1803, they were 11s. 6d. per week, but this sum was equal to only sixty-three pints of wheat. So that wages underwent a real depreciation of thirty-three per cent., during the very time that they seemed to be constantly rising. Dr. Chalmers maintains, that "there are only two ways in which to augment the

"price of labor; either by a diminution of the supply, or by an increase of the effective demand for it;" which demand, he moreover imagines, cannot be carried beyond a certain limit, and that limit is, the amount of agricultural produce by which labor is maintained. (p. 441.) Now facts are opposed to every part of this statement. If he means the money price of labor, this was raised by causes altogether different from the relation of demand to supply. If he means the real price, it is certain that, during the period above referred to, no such evil as a redundant population was either felt or dreamed of; the demand for labor being steady and effective, and increasing quite as fast as the supply; and yet, as we have seen, it was *not* in the collective power of the laborers to sustain their wages at the same level.

A rise of wages may be produced by a fall of commodities; and again, the real price of labor may be diminished by a fall in the value of money. So far as the rate of wages is regulated by the principle of demand and supply, (which is only one of the principles by which the rate is really governed,) the demand is created by the prospect of a profitable employment of that specific description of labor on the part of the capitalist. When agricultural profits are high, a greater portion of capital is drawn to the cultivation of the soil, which creates a new demand for agricultural labor, and enhances its value. When labor is in excess, it is not that there are too many hands to be employed, but because there is not capital to employ them; and the reason that there is not capital available for that purpose, is, that the production has ceased to yield an adequate profit to the capitalist.

To represent the population as excessive in relation to the productive powers of the territory, is one of the most stupid fallacies that ever obtained currency. Were this the fact, the first measures which the Legislature ought to adopt, would be, to enclose for cultivation all the arable soil now occupied by parks and pleasure-grounds, and to order a general destruction of all grain-consuming, unproductive animals. But how comes it to pass that Holland, one of the most barren regions of the globe, is at the same time one of the most populous? And how is it that the price of provisions there, has always been lower and steadier than in almost any other part of Europe? There can be no excess of population, where there is no want of employment; and there will be no want of employment so long as labor can be rendered adequately productive. The population of Massachusetts is at present about seventy-one to the square league: that of the Middle States of the Union averages thirty-

three to the square league. Yet, "the manufacturers of the interior of New England are able to obtain the grain of the Middle States at a less cost than that for which the cultivators in their neighbourhood raise their own upon the spot." \* So far is it from being true, that the supply of the means of subsistence at the disposal of a community, is limited to the produce of the soil they occupy. Yet, this is one of our Author's fundamental positions. And thus he argues.

"There is a necessary limit to agricultural produce, or, in other words, to the maintenance of labor, without which there can be no effective demand for it. Consequent to this, or, rather, almost identical with this, there is a limit to that employment for the produce of which there might be obtained in return the subsistence of the laborers. There is a limit to the extension of that capital, the accumulation of which has been regarded by many as the grand specific for the indefinite employment and maintenance of the laboring classes. There is a limit to the extension of foreign trade, which has been imagined to afford a field for the profitable industry of our workmen, as unbounded as are the resources and magnitude of the globe."

And what is this necessary limit? A limitation of produce!

"It is because the rate of advancing population may outstrip the rate of enlargement in any one of the resources now specified, or in all of them put together, that, in every stage of the progress of society, there might be felt a *continued pressure on the means of subsistence*. . . . It is this increase in the supply of labor, up to, and often beyond the increase in its demand; it is this rapid occupation, or rather overflow by the one, of every enlargement that is made by the other; it is this which sustains, under every possible advancement in the resources of the land, *the pressure of the population on the food*, and makes the problem of their secure and permanent comfort so very baffling, and as yet *so very hopeless*." — pp. 441, 2.

And it is this gloomy, repulsive, and, God be praised, most false view of the social constitution, which has converted the science of political economy into a problem of the same character as that of the North-west passage, — placing all who essay a solution of its difficulties in a region of icy horrors, without outlet, and whence they can bring home nothing but "a message of despair." Yes, we are "shut up", Dr. Chalmers tells us, — the Moral Governor of the world, He who said, "Increase and Multiply", has "shut us up" to this, as "our only refuge" from a deluge of our kind, — "a diminution of

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\* North American Review, No. LXXII. p. 5.

"the supply of labor", by counteracting this mischievous tendency to multiply. Emigration, home colonization, any extension of the demand for labor, are impotent or injurious expedients. The only plan is, "to prevent the formation of a "redundancy" by the encouragement of celibacy or late marriages.

"In the whole round of expedients, we are persuaded," says our Professor of Divinity, "that this is the only one, which, *however obnoxious to sentimentalists*, can avail for the solution of a problem otherwise irreducible. It has been the theme, sometimes of ridicule, and sometimes even of a virtuous, though, surely, a misplaced indignation; its distinctive excellence being, that it harmonizes the moral and economic interests of a community, and, indeed, can only take effect in proportion to the worth and wisdom of our people."—p. 443.

Or, it ought to have been added, in proportion to their calousness and profligacy; expedients quite as effectual for preventing the formation of a redundant population, as worth and wisdom, especially when aided by disease and infanticide. What wise and worthy people are the Ottomans, who have so completely succeeded in preventing the increase of population in the countries they occupy,—where, under the most genial climate, and on the most fertile soil, "the human race," as Burke expressed it, "itself melts away and perishes under the eye of the "observer!"

On this point, we are content to rank with *sentimentalists*, rather than with speculatists. For the whole is a baseless speculation,—a spectral hypothesis. Except in cases of accidental scarcity, population never is, never has been checked by a deficiency of the means of subsistence. The poor have been sometimes known to be on the point of starvation in countries that have largely exported wheat; but never has depopulation been the actual result of a pressure upon the means of subsistence as derivable from the soil. For such a case, if it really occurred, emigration would be the obvious and available remedy; and emigration is not an effectual remedy for the evil of a redundant population in this country, precisely because that redundancy has no relation whatever to the productive powers of the soil. If there is a "necessary limit to agricultural produce," it is a limit which exists only as an abstraction; a limit to which there may be an indefinite approximation without the possibility of reaching it while the world endures. There is no *actual* limit to agricultural produce; no other, at least, than the existence of agricultural producers. Scarcity is the result of depopulation, not its cause. In countries which were once the granaries of the sur-

rounding region, a scattered population now obtain a bare subsistence. Yet, the soil, in most cases, is as fertile as ever. The scarcity of produce there, results from the absence of population; while an increase of population is found to be every where followed by an increased abundance of the necessaries and comforts of life. With these incontestable facts before us, are we to suffer ourselves to be *shut up* in the most cheerless predicament that imagination can conceive, by a geometrical calculation which has obtruded itself into a science of practical induction, to which it bears much the same relation that the doctrine of metaphysical necessity does to the science of law? That a person of Dr. Chalmers's acuteness and philanthropy should have adopted, in all its naked hideousness, the fallacious theory of Malthus, we deeply regret; especially as this cardinal fallacy pervades and vitiates all his reasonings.

Suppose the case were as he puts it, the situation of the laborer would be indeed hopeless. For, granting the efficiency of the preventive moral check in certain circumstances, and to a certain degree, it obviously affords no remedy under an existing pressure, nor any prospect of relief to the existing generation. And how, then, are the laboring classes to be made heroically to deny themselves the immediate benefits and enjoyments of marriage, for the sake of a reversionary benefit to the next generation? Were the subject less grave, the terms in which the learned Professor speaks from the Divinity chair to the lower classes on this subject, would be very diverting.

"Let laborers on the one hand, make a stand for higher wages; and this they can only do effectively, *by refraining from over-population*. And let capitalists, on the other, make a stand for higher profit; and this they can only do effectively, by refraining from over-speculation. . . . And, just by the position which they might voluntarily unite in keeping up, may they both lower the rent of land, and somewhat limit its cultivation." — pp. 515, 16.

Refrain from over-population! The next thing we may expect to hear of, is the formation of a new sort of Temperance Society for the discouragement of over-population, — a Glasgow Celibacy Association for the purpose of raising wages. But what security will be possessed by the combining parties who should make this stand, that when they have seemingly succeeded in lessening their own population, the rise of wages shall not attract an influx of new hands from some foreign quarter? What will be the use of their "*refraining from over-population*," if other nations, not equally enlightened, go on in the way of natural increase? Besides, if the laborers come to understand that it rests with them-

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selves to make a stand for higher wages in this way, — a very slow method at all events, — is it not probable that they may conceive it right to combine for the same end in other measures? Nor do we feel sure that they would be wrong in so doing. If they can by any means withhold from the market a portion of that existing supply of labor which is said to be in excess, such a step must certainly be as legitimate and feasible a mode of raising wages, as “the refraining from over-population.”

But after all, we fear it would prove, under any circumstances, out of the collective power of laborers, to sustain their wages at a high level, for the reasons already hinted at, and which we will briefly recapitulate. First, because the money price of labor bears a very variable relation to the real value of labor as measured in commodities; and the situation of the laborer is liable to be materially affected by changes in the currency, or in the value of money, over which he has no control. In the attempt to accommodate the money price to an acknowledged change in the real value of labor, the weaker party in the bargain is always a sufferer. Secondly, the demand for every species of labor is subject to fluctuations, while the supply of labor is required to be adequate to the greatest demand at any season, and must therefore always be liable to become excessive at the ebbtide of the demand. Thirdly, the productiveness of labor in combination with capital, depends upon circumstances wholly beyond the calculation of the laborer; and as the capital which maintains the demand for labor, will continue to flow only in the channels of profitable production, the demand may undergo a sudden contraction, producing a fall of wages in that branch of productive industry, not the less ruinous to the laborer, because that capital may find other employment. The demand for agricultural labor is limited by the capital employed in its cultivation. The farmer would often employ more hands upon the same soil, as the manufacturer would set more hands in motion, if he had more capital; and capital would soon be drawn towards the land, as towards the manufacture, if a superior rate of profit were obtainable in that branch of employment. Now over the causes that determine the rate of profit, and ultimately regulate the demand for labor, the laborer has no control; and all that he could do by making a stand for higher wages, would be, to hasten the withdrawal of capital from unprofitable branches of productive industry. But his “refraining from over-population” would not enable him to make any stand whatever under circumstances against which no foresight could enable him to provide. The moral preventive check, when held out as a remedy, is a cruel mockery of his helplessness.

But we must proceed with our Author's synopsis, from which we have so long digressed. His eighth position is: "That no trade or manufacture contributes to the good of society, more than the use or enjoyment which is afforded by its own commodities;" nor bears "any creative part in augmenting the public revenue." 9. That the extinction of any given branch of trade or manufacture would not sensibly throw back the agriculture. 10. That "the destruction of a manufacture does not involve the destruction of the maintenance now expended on manufactures;" the whole mischief incurred by such an event being a change of employment. 11. "That they are chiefly the holders of the first necessities of life, or landed proprietors, who impress, by their taste and demand, any direction which seemeth unto them good, on the labors of the disposable population." 12. That capital, duly protected, has "as great an increasing and restorative power as population has," and "can no more increase beyond a certain limit than population can." 13. "That the diminution of capital occasioned by excessive expenditure, whether public or private, is not repaired so much by parsimony, as by the action of a diminished capital on profits; and that the extravagance of Government, or of individuals, which raises prices by the amount of that extravagance, produces only a rotation of property." 14. "That trade is liable to gluts, both general and partial." 15. "That the rate of profit is determined by the collective will of capitalists, by the command which they have, through their greater or less expenditure, over the amount of capital." 16. That when the agricultural produce of a country is equal to "the subsistence of its population, its foreign trade is as much directed by the taste, and upheld by the ability, of its landed proprietors, as the home trade is." 17. "That it is not desirable that the commerce of Britain should greatly overlap its agricultural basis; and that the excrescent population, subsisted on corn from abroad, yield a very insignificant fraction to the public revenue." 18, 19, 20. That nevertheless there should be a free corn trade, which would not be injurious to the British landlords, and, "probably, not burden the country with a large excrescent population." 21. "That Britain *has nothing to apprehend from the loss of her colonies and commerce*, but that a *change of employment to the disposable population, and of enjoyment to the maintainers, would form the whole result of it.*" 22, 23, 24. That, what is now regarded as one of the exploded errors of the French economists, is undeniable truth; to wit, that all taxes ultimately fall on land.

We pause here, to give the reader time to draw breath: not

assuredly to discuss any of the Author's paradoxes, which are too old to excite surprise, and too absurd to require refutation. The only cause for wonder is, that they should be revived by the Author at this time of day. Some five and twenty years ago, many of our readers may recollect, a Mr. Spence put forth an ingenious pamphlet under the title of "Britain independent of Commerce"; in which it was attempted to apply the reasonings of the French Economists to the circumstances of Great Britain at that crisis, when Napoleon was endeavouring to exclude our commerce from the Continent, and the tenure of our traffic with both hemispheres was deemed by some persons by no means secure.\* Mr. Spence was supported by Mr. Cobbett, and some other pamphleteers of the day, who zealously undertook to prove that Commerce is not a source of national wealth. Their arguments received an able refutation from the pen of Mr. Mill, the Author of the "History of India"; and we had supposed the question had been laid to rest. About the same time, there appeared a work entitled, "An Inquiry into the Extent and Stability of National Resources," by a Scottish clergyman whose name was at that time unknown to the Southern public. The object of the Writer was, to advocate an immediate extension of our military and naval establishments, and an augmentation of taxes to any needful extent, such taxation requiring nothing more than the sacrifice of luxuries. Dividing the community into three classes, the producers of food, the producers of "*second* necessities," and the producers and consumers of luxuries, the Writer contended, that the whole of the last class might be disposed of at will by the authority of the state, might be employed as soldiers and sailors in any proportion, and maintained out of the taxes with the greatest facility and advantage. The only difference would be, a sort of "rotation of property." The money formerly given to the manufacturers of luxuries, and distributed by them as the wages of labor, would just be given to Government, to be distributed in pay. All the difference would be, that the soldiers and sailors would work security for us, whereas the manufacturers wrought luxuries; and the population would be just as effectually maintained, only in a different manner. The loss of foreign trade, the Writer moreover endeavoured to show, would be a mischief of trifling amount. And the vehement eloquence with which these astounding doctrines were urged, was singularly characteristic. The following is a specimen.

"All that Government has to do, is, to meet the present emergencies of the country by the extension of our naval and military

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\* See Eclectic Review, 1st Series, vol. iii. p. 1052, vol. iv. p. 554.

establishments. This they can never do without an addition to our taxes. In the name of every thing dear to the country, tax us with an upspringing hand. It is to avert a greater calamity; and if any grumble, he is not a patriot; he deserves not that an ear should be turned to his remonstrances. . . . No, this is not the time to hesitate about trifles. Accommodate the distribution of your people to the existing necessity. Be prompt, be vigorous, be unfaltering; for I swear by the ambition of Bonaparte, that he will be soon among us at the head of his marauders, if he knows that, instead of meeting the population of the island in warlike and defensive array, he will find them laboring in their work-shops, writing in their counting-houses, balancing their ledgers, and persevering in the good old way of their forefathers."

These exhortations were not meant, as the reader might suspect, in irony. No, they were honest extravagance. And the Writer was Mr. Chalmers of Kilmany, now Dr. Chalmers. But why refer to a youthful production, which the Author may well be supposed anxious to consign to oblivion? So high and sincere is our respect for Dr. Chalmers, that we could not have brought ourselves to do him the unkindness of reminding him that he had ever committed himself by such a publication, had he not, strange to say, referred us again and again to this very work, "Extent and Stability of National Resources," in explanation and support of the strange propositions contained in his "Synopsis." Need we add any further explanation of them?

The twelve remaining propositions may be speedily disposed of. Nos. 25 and 26 relate to tithes, which, Dr. Chalmers thinks, ought to be, not abolished, but commuted. The next two, we cite as they stand, as they will show we have not misrepresented or exaggerated the wild extravagance of the Author's early notions, here deliberately reiterated.

"27. That the extreme limit of taxation is the landed rental of the kingdom; and that, were taxation carried to this limit, it would place the great bulk of the disposable population in the service of the State.

"28. That the capabilities of the nation for defensive war are greatly underrated, they being at least commensurate to the extent of the disposable population. ('Extent and Stability of National Resources.')

— p. 563.

How unjustly has Bonaparte been stigmatized with tyrannical cruelty and oppression for his *levy en masse*! Has not the State a right to do what it will with its own, — its disposable population? — But to proceed. In No. 29, we are told, that, "the superior influence of Britain over other nations in distant parts, "is due to her — EXPORTS"!! That "therefore, the balance

"of power is a topic of needless and misplaced anxiety on the part of British statesmen." Here we are at a loss which more to admire, the self-evident truth of the premise, or the logical strictness and obviousness of the consequence. The next four propositions refer to the national debt, which ought to have been obviated, the Author thinks, by taxes raised within the year. No. 34. "That the law of promogeniture is essentially linked with the political strength and other great public interests of the nation." The last two inveigh against the poor laws, which render, the Author conceives, every other device that philanthropy can suggest, or an enlightened political economy can sanction, futile and abortive.

"But for this disturbing force," he continues, "which so unsettles the providential habits of the people, and so undermines every principle, whether of nature or of Christianity, to the spontaneous operation of which the care of the poor ought always to have been confided, — society might undergo a very speedy amelioration. *Because* that a very small excess in the number of laborers effects a very large and disproportionate reduction in the price of labor; and therefore, by a reverse process, it might only require a very insignificant fraction of relief from the numbers of the people, to operate a very large relief on their circumstances and comforts. That emigration for the lessening of the number, and the various other economical expedients for the enlargement of the means, will be of but slight and temporary effect, so long as the law of pauperism shall maintain the population in a state of perpetual overflow. But that, if these were related to a scheme for the gradual abolition of the pauperism, they would smooth the transition from a system of compulsory, to one of natural and gratuitous relief; after which, it were in the power of common, and more especially of Christian education, indefinitely to raise the habits and tastes, and, along with these, to raise the economical condition of the people." — p. 566.

This paragraph supplies in part its own refutation; for, were it true, that so very small an excess in the number of laborers effects a large reduction of wages, and that a very insignificant fraction subtracted from their numbers would afford a large relief, common sense would dictate, that emigration presents the natural and sufficient remedy; and all that would then be necessary, would be, that emigration from England to the colonies should take place with the matter of course regularity with which, for ages, the population of Scotland have found their way to the south, and to all parts of the globe.

But if it be the law of pauperism that maintains the population in a state of perpetual overflow in England, what is it that raises that overflow to a wide spreading torrent in Ireland? There, no such disturbing force exists as a law of compulsory relief, to un-



settle the provident habits of the people; no such insuperable obstacle there retards the immediate melioration of society; there, as, Dr. Chalmers says, ought to be the case every where, the poor are *confided* to the spontaneous operation of the principles of nature and Christianity. For the result, we need only refer our readers to the facts elicited in the recent debate in the House of Commons, (June 19,) on Mr. Sadler's motion relating to the expediency of forming a provision for the poor of Ireland. We would particularly direct their attention to the speech of Mr. J. Smith, who confirmed, from personal knowledge, the statement of Mr. Ruthven, that an Irish landed proprietor in the county of Mayo, with a rent-roll of 12000*l.* a year, had refused to give a farthing for the relief of people on his own estate, during the famine which prevailed in Ireland a few years ago; and they were saved from starvation, only by subscriptions from England. "This was not a solitary case." He (Mr. Smith) "knew many others like it!" In this debate, Mr. O'Connell, who appears to have been taking lessons in Christian and Civic Economy from the Edinburgh Professor of Divinity, in the teeth of his own reiterated pledges and avowed opinions in favor of a legislative provision for the poor of Ireland, had the matchless effrontery to argue that such a provision would be hostile "to the most cherished principles of revealed religion." Poor laws, the report of the debate makes him say, "tended to contract the channel of that voluntary social charity which was the only beneficial source of poor relief, and which was the keystone of Christianity." But for the free comments which the conduct of this eccentric person drew forth, we should have felt assured that his whole speech was meant for biting sarcasm. Mr. Lambert remarked, in reply, that Dr. Doyle had so fully exposed the cant and hypocrisy of the objection to poor laws, founded on their alleged tendency to narrow the channel of voluntary charity, that he need only refer to that able divine's pages. "But why", he asked, "should not the rich landed proprietor, particularly the absentee, be compelled to contribute to the support of those persons to whose labor he is wholly indebted for his wealth and leisure? Was it not a notorious fact, that, in Ireland, the absentees and great proprietors wholly neglect their duty to the poor, and would continue to do so till compelled by a legislative enactment?" \*

Dr. Chalmers, we need not express our conviction, is a man incapable of hypocrisy; and if his political writings are not free from the cant of philosophy, his speculations, not his feelings and

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\* Times, June 20, 1832.

motives are to blame. But the weight of his character, the brilliancy of his reputation, and the fervor of his piety and benevolence, only render the more mischievous an extravagantly erroneous opinion which he has put forth upon subjects of political economy. Nine years ago, in reviewing his "*Economy of Large Towns*,"\* we exposed the ignorance of historic fact, the gross miscalculation, and the utter fallacy involved in his representations and reasonings on the subject of the Poor Laws and Pauperism. "Is it not astonishing," we then remarked, "that, with Ireland before him, Dr. Chalmers can charge the augmentation of want in this country on the English poor laws." What Ireland is, England, when the law of Elizabeth was first enacted, *was*; or, if any thing, was in a worse condition as regards pauperism and an unbridled mendicity. The annual executions of thieves in this country, limited as was the population, and defective the police, averaged about 400 in the reign of Elizabeth; and Henry VIII. is said to have hanged, in the course of his reign, "three-score and twelve thousand great thieves, petty thieves, and vagabonds." There were no poor laws, be it remembered, then. But Dr. Chalmers dwells not in the low region of facts, and he soars above all argument. His speculative opinions, therefore, once moulded, are fixed and unimpressible. Flaws, fallacies, and all, they harden together into a compact mass, specious, hollow, and brittle, ornamental but useless. Of course we speak of his political speculations only; and with these, as we have already intimated, much that is excellent and valuable could not fail to be blended. But the general tendency of his volume is bad, because it is adapted to mislead on some important and fundamental points, and to confirm some most mischievous delusions. We rejoice that the Author has here taken leave of political economy, and sincerely hope that upon this subject he will never write again, — unless it be (which is not very likely) to retract his opinions.

Before we dismiss the volume, we shall make one more brief citation, which will show that the fear of speaking what he deems to be truth, has no influence upon the Author's mind; and that extreme as are some of his opinions, his integrity is unimpeachable.

"We rejoice to think that a Church may be upheld in all its endowments, without being, in any right sense of the word, an incubus upon the nation; while it serves to mitigate the hardship which has been imputed to the law of primogeniture. We are aware that this is not the precise and proper argument for a religious establishment; yet, convinced, upon other grounds, of the vast utility of such an institution, we cannot but regard it as one beneficent consequence of the law in question, that it enlists on the

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\* Eclectic Review, 2nd Series, Vol. XX. p. 117.

side of a church, the warmest affections of nature, the sympathies and feelings of domestic tenderness. *We are aware of the reckless and unprincipled patronage to which this has given rise; and that a provision for younger sons has been viewed as the great, if not the only good of a church, by many who hold the dispensation of its offices.* It is this which has alienated from the Establishment so large a portion of the community; and, if the abuse of an institute were a sufficient argument for its destruction, perhaps the Church of England will be found to have sealed its own doom, and to have brought upon itself the sentence of its own overthrow. But we still hope, the impetuous spirit of the times may be tempered with discrimination, and that it will be judged better to direct the machinery, than to destroy it. An apparatus, in its own nature beneficial, may have been perverted to evil; yet, the way is, not to demolish or cast it aside, but to regulate its movements." — pp. 376, 377.

And now, perhaps, our readers may be beginning to feel tired of the vexatious subject of political economy, and the signal failure of such a writer as Dr. Chalmers may seem to justify the skepticism so prevalent in regard to the utility, or, at least, the attainableness of the science.\* All such doubters, we invite to turn

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[\* In the 58th number of the *Edinburgh Review* (for February 1819), the first article, *On the Causes and Cure of Pauperism*, has been ascribed to Dr. Chalmers. To this review there is another supplementary at the end of the number, evidently by the author of the first. The latter article contains a most extraordinary oversight, which we do not recollect to have seen noticed; but which really forms a curious anecdote in literary history.

The writer quotes (p. 500.) from the report of a select committee of the House of Commons, appointed to consider the poor laws. From this report it appears, as he states, "that the number of persons relieved permanently, both in and out of any workhouse, on the average of the three last years is 516,963; ditto, occasionally, being parishioners, 423,663; total, 940,626; exclusive of any children of those permanently relieved out of the house." Now the population of England and Wales in 1811 was 10,150,116. Thus, concludes the writer, "the number of persons relieved from the poor's rates appears to have been  $9\frac{1}{4}$  in each 10 of the population."

The numbers are given in cyphers, and every reader would of course conclude that 10 was a mere error of the press for a 100. But this astounding statement is repeated at full length on the next page. "Such is the extraordinary picture, exhibited on the highest authority, of the richest, the most industrious, and most moral population, that probably ever existed. More than nine tenths of its whole amount occasionally subsisting on public charity—the nation taxed for their support in an annual sum, larger than its whole revenue in the days of its greatest power and glory,—and in spite of all these exertions, the evil uniformly and rapidly progressive."

It seems, then, that this writer actually conceived that of every 10 individuals in England and Wales,  $9\frac{1}{4}$  were wholly or partially supported by the other  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an individual. Nor is this all; for in the  $9\frac{1}{4}$ , are not included "the children of those permanently relieved out of a workhouse;" so that from the poor  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a man that are left, a child or more, or at least some fraction of a child, is still to be deducted. Nay, worse than this, the evil

from the dull paradoxes of Dr. Chalmers, to the delightful Political Economy made easy of Professor Harriet Martineau, — the most accomplished and engaging lecturer on abstruse subjects of science, that has taken the chair since the fair Novella d'Andrea, who lectured for her father, in the University of Bologna, behind a curtain,

“drawn before her,  
Lest, if her charms were seen, the students  
Should let their young eyes wander o'er her,  
And quite forget their jurisprudence.”

Whether our fair *Dottoressa* be charming or homely, old or young, matron or spinster, we know not ; but this we must say, that she has employed to most admirable purpose very extraordinary talents ; extraordinary, not because these Tales of hers are in themselves beautifully simple, yet extremely touching, full of character, and at once dramatic and graphic, — for we have many female tale-writers in the present day, who have discovered similar knowledge of human nature and fertility of imagination ; nor yet, because her notions indicate a clearness and comprehension of thought in relation to abstruse subjects of inquiry, a masculine faculty of abstraction, with a feminine power of illustration, rarely united ; but because the combination of these qualifications for her difficult task is a phenomenon. Without pledging ourselves to an entire accordance with every one of the axioms laid down in these publications, we cannot too warmly applaud the design, spirit, and execution of the Parts which have appeared, and rejoice to know that they are already obtaining a wide circulation.

We must allow Miss Martineau to state her own design in undertaking the series.

“The works already written on Political Economy almost all bear a reference to books which have preceded, or consist in part of discussions of disputed points. Such references and such discussions are very interesting to those whom they concern ; but offer a poor introduction to those to whom the subject is new. There are a few, a very few, which teach the science systematically as far as it is yet understood. These too are very valuable, but they do not give what we want, — the science in a familiar, practical form. They give us its history ; they give us its philosophy ; but we want its *picture*. They give us truths, and leave us to look

was “rapidly progressive” ; so that it must have been an anxious question to this calculator, what modicum of a tax-payer would soon be left among every 10 inhabitants of a country, raising such an enormous revenue.

It is clear that no great value can belong to the speculations of a writer on political economy, whose mind is liable to be seized upon by such imaginations. EDD.]

about us, and go hither and thither in search of illustrations of those truths. Some, who have a wide range in society and plenty of leisure, find this all-sufficient; but there are many more, who have neither time nor opportunity for such an application of what they learn. We cannot see why the truth and its application should not go together, — why an explanation of the principles which regulate society should not be made more clear and interesting at the same time, by pictures of what those principles are actually doing in communities.

“For instance: if we want to teach that security of property is necessary to the prosperity of a people, and to show how and in what proportion wealth increases where there is that security, and dwindles away where there is not, we may make the fact and the reasons very well understood by stating them in a dry, plain way: but the same thing will be quite as evident, and far more interesting, and better remembered, if we confirm our doctrine by accounts of the hardships suffered by individuals, and the injuries by society, in such a country as Turkey, which remains in a state of barbarism chiefly through the insecurity of property. The story of a merchant in Turkey, in contrast with one of an English merchant, will convey as much truth as any set of propositions on the subject, and will impress the memory and engage the interest in a much greater degree. This method of teaching Political Economy has never yet been tried, except in the instances of a short story or separate passage here and there.

“This is the method in which we propose to convey the leading truths of Political Economy, as soundly, as systematically, as clearly, and faithfully, as the utmost pains-taking and the strongest attachment to the subject will enable us to do. We trust we shall not be supposed to countenance the practice of making use of narrative as a trap to catch idle readers, and make them learn something they are afraid of. We detest the practice, and feel ourselves insulted whenever a book of the *trap* kind is put into our hands. It is many years since we grew sick of works that pretend to be stories, and turn out to be catechisms of some kind of knowledge, which we had much rather become acquainted with in its genuine form. The reason why we choose the form of narrative is, that we really think it the best in which Political Economy can be taught, as we should say of nearly every kind of moral science. Once more we must apply the old proverb, “Example is better than precept.” We take this proverb as the motto of our design. We declare frankly, that our object is to teach Political Economy, and that we have chosen this method, not only because it is new, not only because it is entertaining, but because we think it the most faithful and the most complete. There is no doubt that all that is true and important about any virtue, — integrity, for instance, — may be said in the form of a lecture, or written in a chapter of moral philosophy; but the faithful history of an upright man, his sayings and doings, his trials, his sorrows, his triumphs and re-

wards, teaches the same truths in a more effectual as well as more popular form. In like manner, the great principle of Freedom of Trade may be perfectly established by a very dry argument; but a tale of the troubles, and difficulties, and changes of good and evil fortune in a manufacturer and his operatives, or in the body of a manufacturing population, will display the same principle, and may be made very interesting besides; to say nothing of getting rid of the excuse that these subjects cannot be understood."

Political Economy is described as treating of the Production, Distribution, and Consumption of Wealth; understanding by the latter term, "whatever material objects contribute to the support and enjoyment of life." As the necessities and comforts of life must be produced before they can be distributed, and distributed before they can be consumed, the order of subjects seems determined by their nature; and accordingly, it is first proposed to show, in the Tale called "Life in the Wilds," what labor can effect, and how it is to be encouraged, economized, and rewarded. In the second Tale, "The Hill and the Valley," the nature and operation of Capital are illustrated, the proportions of its increase, and the union of the two mighty agents of Production. The same general principles are exemplified by further illustrations in "Brooke and Brooke Farm." In No. IV., "Demerara," the respective values of different kinds of labor, brute and human, free and slave labor, are treated of, together with the conditions upon which property is held. Having, in these four parts, illustrated the leading principles which regulate the *production* of wealth, the Author proceeds, in No. V., "Ella of Garveloch," to consider the laws of its distribution; and first, to illustrate the nature of Rent. Wages and Profits will form the subject of illustration in the succeeding parts; and finally, the principles which relate to the Consumption of Wealth, will be treated of in the same ingenious style of familiar exemplification.

We have very few observations to offer upon the Author's doctrines. Political economy may be generally described as treating of the sources and distribution of wealth; although this does not, and is probably not intended to *define* the range of inquiry which the science embraces. These "Illustrations" sufficiently prove that, with purely economical inquiries, collateral questions of a strictly moral or political nature are indissolubly connected and interwoven. The moment we speak of labor, or at least of the laborer, man, we have got out of pure "catallactics," and have entered upon a mixed subject, which may be said to belong to political ethics; and "national wealth" can no longer be the proper definition of the object of inquiry, unless we understand the term as implying national welfare. In proof of this, we need only transcribe part of the "Summary" of principles affixed to No. IV.



"Free and slave labor are equally owned by the capitalist.

"Where the laborer is not held as capital, the capitalist pays for labor only.

"Where the laborer is held as capital, the capitalist not only pays a much higher price for an equal quantity of labor, but also for waste, negligence, and theft, on the part of the laborer.

"Capital is thus sunk, which ought to be reproduced.

"As the supply of slave-labor does not rise and fall with the wants of the capitalist, like that of free labor, he employs his occasional surplus on works which could be better done by brute labor or machinery.

"By rejecting brute labor, he refuses facilities for convertible husbandry, and for improving the labor of his slaves by giving them animal food.

"By rejecting machinery, he declines the most direct and complete method of saving labor.

"Thus, again, capital is sunk which ought to be reproduced.

"In order to make up for this loss of capital to slave owners, bounties and prohibitions are granted in their behalf by government; the waste committed by certain capitalists abroad, being thus paid for out of the earnings of those at home.

"Sugar being the production especially protected, every thing is sacrificed by planters to the growth of sugar. The land is exhausted by perpetual cropping, the least possible portion of it is tilled for food, the slaves are worn out by overwork, and their numbers decrease in proportion to the scantiness of their food, and the oppressiveness of their toil.

"When the soil is so far exhausted as to place its owner out of reach of the sugar-bounties, more food is raised, less toil is inflicted, and the slave population increases.

"Legislative protection, therefore, not only taxes the people at home, but promotes ruin, misery, and death, in the protected colonies.

"A free trade in sugar would banish slavery altogether, since competition must induce an economy of labor and capital; *i. e.* a substitution of free for slave labor.

"Let us see, then, what is the responsibility of the legislature in this matter.

"The slave system inflicts an incalculable amount of human suffering, for the sake of making a wholesale waste of labor and capital.

"Since the slave system is only supported by legislative protection, the legislature is responsible for the misery caused by direct infliction, and for the injury indirectly occasioned by the waste of labor and capital." Part IV., pp. 142, 143.

All this is clearly and admirably stated, nor can we have any possible objection against thus extending the range of inquiry to the principles of government and the responsibilities of legislators:

we protest only against the affectation of those who would represent political economy as a mere technical inquiry into the principles of commercial exchange. In the first Part, we meet with this axiom in the summary of principles: "All labor, for which there is a fair demand, is equally respectable." Now can this be called an axiom of political economy? It has clearly, whether correct or not, no right to a place in the summary: although, in the tale, the lesson meant to be conveyed is instructively exemplified. The respectability of labor cannot depend, however, upon the "fair demand" for it; nor is it absolutely true, that every description of labor that is demanded, is equally respectable.

The next sentence to this would also require qualification, to be entirely just: "Labor being a beneficial power, all Economy of that labor must be beneficial." This is true as a general rule, but it is not universally true. Economy of labor is beneficial—to whom? To the laborer himself? To the employer of labor? Or to the community? The rule does not say. If it be meant, that it is always beneficial to all parties, the principle is positively erroneous. If the laborer can economize his own labor, he is of course the gainer, unless the whole advantage be taken from him by his employer. But, if it is one benefit of an economizing of labor, that it "sets a man at liberty for other work," it is required to realize this benefit, that the man can be set to other work. Whenever the supply of labor is inadequate to the demand, the economizing of labor must be a source of wealth, by giving an augmented power of production. But, when the supply of labor is in excess, the economizing which tends to increase that excess, may be beneficial to the individual capitalist, but must add to the burdens of the community. Should this consequence be temporary and partial, it will not weigh much against the ultimate benefit of increasing the productive power of labor; yet, it is a circumstance not to be overlooked in the statement of principles.

The fact is, that, as labor cannot set itself to work beneficially, but requires the coöperation of capital, the economy of labor is beneficial only when it sets at liberty—not the labor that is superseded, but—the capital which employed it, and which is sure to afford employment for other labor. The benefit consists, not in the employment of less labor, but in the accomplishment of more by the same labor. If, by an economy of labor, five men can be enabled to produce what formerly required the toil of fifty, the benefit to society will be so far absolute, that the species of production will be cheapened, as costing less labor. And this will be the whole benefit, unless, by the increased consumption of the commodity, the whole fifty laborers are still employed, in pro-

ducing ten times the quantity that the same labor would formerly realize. This has been the general result of all improvements in machinery, with the exception of agricultural machinery. And the reason of this exception is, that the quantity of agricultural produce cannot be so increased by an economy of labor, as to afford employment for all the labor that is economized. Society may gain by the cheapening of the commodity, consequent upon the saving of labor; but if the unemployed labor is thrown back as a dead weight upon society, the loss will outweigh the gain: just as if eighteen laborers were, by extra exertion, to do the work of twenty, while the other two, being disabled, had to be supported at the employer's expense. And if the commodity is not cheapened, and if less labor is beneficially employed, in proportion as the beneficial power of labor is increased,—the whole advantage of the boasted economy is frustrated, and the gain of the community is something less than nothing.

We cannot help strongly wishing that Miss Martineau would *exemplify* all this; for we are quite sure that her good sense will enable her to perceive the accordancy of our principles with facts; facts too generally overlooked by the framers of axioms and the lovers of abstract principles. And there is another point upon which we would recommend her to exercise a strong distrust of the dogmas of political economy; that of the superior benefit of large capitals. We give her great credit for the saving clause, "capitals may be too large"; and also for the qualification of the principle, that "large capitals produce in a larger proportion," implied in the expressive proviso, "when well managed." Capitals are too large, it is remarked, "when they become disproportioned to the managing power." They are too large also, when they confer the power of monopoly. By enabling the capitalist to content himself with small profits, they tend to produce a fall of profits, which ultimately diminishes the fund for the employment of labor. This has especially proved to be the case with large agricultural capitals, which have had the effect of at once depressing profits and depreciating labor. Nor is this the worst consequence of over large capitals. Instead of uniformly calling into employment new powers of production, "as in the cultivation of wastes," they have sometimes led to the abandonment of cultivation for less productive modes of employing the soil, and have converted corn-fields into parks and pastoral wastes. What have great capitals done for Lombardy, for Tuscany, for Ireland? Under the fatal patronage of the Medicæan princes, the agriculture of Tuscany revived at the expense of commerce, and all the great capitalists became transformed into territorial proprietors. But, remarks the enlightened Histo-

rian of the Italian Republics, it is not agriculture that has ever enriched Italy. "Agriculture can augment capital, and become "a source of national wealth, only when the peasantry are accumulating property; and this can take place only when they "are at once cultivators and proprietors." \*

How strikingly has this been verified in the history of Ireland! When the trade in grain was first laid open between the two British islands, the effect was immediate and surprising, in promoting an extension of tillage, by which the incomes of the landlords and of the clergy were doubled or trebled; but what was the result with regard to the population? "Tillage," it has been justly remarked, "does not bring wealth into a country, "unless the corn grown in it, be consumed there also. The "increase of tillage in Ireland, had the effect of sending wealth "out of the country. The increase of rents which was derived "from the increase of tillage and population, enabled great numbers of the smaller gentry to quit the country. And their "removal from Ireland had the effect of impoverishing the country, both by the withdrawal of their expenditure, and by "leading to the exaction of high rents. As rents rose in Ireland, as tillage extended, as population increased, the country "became poorer and poorer; and every day added to the number of absentees." † Will it be said, that great properties, rather than great capitals, have contributed to the ruin of Ireland; and that the subletting system proves that capital has been alienated from the land? We reply, that while this has been working destruction in some districts, in others, capital has been exerting its productive energies. For the five years ending in 1816, there were exported from the port of Dublin alone, 1,144,181 barrels of grain and flour; 272,431 casks of beef, pork, and butter; 180,235 head of oxen, sheep, and swine; and 40,335 packs and boxes of linen. ‡ And the laborers who raised all these provisions, never taste of animal food, never consume a morsel of wheaten bread, but live chiefly on potatoes and water; and the artizans who wove all this linen, are often unacquainted with the comfort of a shirt! And what is the condition of what Dr. Chalmers would call the *disposable* class? It will not endure description. Thus, in unhappy Ireland, doomed, to suffer at

\* Sismondi. *Tableau de l'Agric. Tosc.* p. 297.

† Eclect. Rev. Vol. XXVIII. p. 101. There can be no impropriety in now disclosing, that for the valuable article on Ireland from which we cite this statement, the readers of our Journal were indebted to the able pen of a sincere patriot, the late John O'Driscoll, Esq.

‡ Eclectic Review, Vol. XXIX. p. 19. During the same period, not more than 2553 packs of linen were used at home!

once from the most opposite evils, and to exhibit all sorts of contradictions, the absence of capital, and the influx of capital, would seem to be alike a source of depression and misery.

When Miss Martineau comes to illustrate the *consumption* of wealth, we hope that she will take us over to Ireland. And we could also wish that, after reading Sismondi's *Picture of Tuscan Agriculture*, and his "*Nouveaux Principes*," she would favor us with an Italian Tale, the scene of which might be laid in the territory of *Lucca l'Industriosa*, and the title be, "The Noble "and the Merchant." In connexion with the subject of Rent, the system of *métayers* claims to be illustrated. We had intended to offer a few remarks upon the Author's principles relating to Rent, but must forbear. We will only suggest, that the cause of rent, and the measure of rent, are very different things, though often confounded; — that the situation of lands, and not merely their fertility, is often the reason of their being first appropriated, and enters into their value; — that rent, when it is more than a simple tribute to the territorial lord, is, in fact, the profits of fixed capital owned by the land-holder and lent to the tenant; — enclosures, the soil itself, buildings, and all tenements being, in a sense, fixed capital produced by previous labor. Accordingly, we speak of the rent of a house, as well as of the rent of a field; and again, land is considered as yielding rent, although the cultivator be at the same time the owner, and therefore pays no rent. The distinction between what our Author calls "real rent" and actual rent, we think inaccurate. *All* rent is paid for capital laid-out by the land-owner either in the purchase or in the improvement of the estate, and consists of the profits of capital. As regards, therefore, the distribution of wealth, we should class rent, (or the profits of fixed property,) interest of money, and the profits of working capital in trade or husbandry, as subdivisions under one general head, Profits; Wages describing the other class. At the same time, the three-fold division of land-owner, farmer, and laborer, is of course proper in itself, because it is real and not merely technical.

But it is more than time that we should draw this article to a close; and waving all further discussion, we shall simply lay before our readers, as they may reasonably expect, a specimen or two of the happy style of illustration by which Miss Martineau has succeeded in making her principles talk and act, and in exhibiting abstract truths in the tangible shape of living experiments. The following conversation takes place between the Laird of Garveloch and his steward.

"Then for what, Callum, would you have her be grateful and ready to obey? I never did her any service that I am aware of

(though I hope to do some yet), and I know of no title to her obedience that either you or I can urge. Can you tell me of any ?

"Callum stared, while he asked, if one party was not landlord, and the other tenant.

"'You are full of our Scotch prejudices, I see, Callum, as I was once. Only go into England, and you will see that landlord and tenant are not master and slave, as we in the Highlands have ever been apt to think. In my opinion, their connexion stands thus — and I tell it you, that you may take care not to exact an obedience which I am far from wishing to claim from my tenants : — the owner and occupier of a farm, or other estate, both wish to make gain, and for this purpose unite their resources. He who possesses land, wishes to profit by it without the trouble of cultivating it himself; he who would occupy has money, but no land to lay it out upon, so he pays money for the use of the land, and more money for the labor which is to till it (unless he supplies the labor himself) His tillage should restore him his money with gain. Now why should the notion of obedience enter into a contract like this ?'

"'I only know,' replied Callum, 'that in my young days, if the laird held up a finger, any one of his people who had offended him would have been thrown into the sea.'

"'Such tyranny, Callum, had nothing to do with their connexion as landlord and tenant, but only with their relation as chieftain and follower. You have been at Glasgow, I think ?'

"'Yes; a cousin of mine is a master in the shawl-manufacture there.'

"'Well; he has laborers in his employment there, and they are not his slaves, are they ?'

"'Not they; for they sometimes throw up their work when he wants them most.'

"'And does he hold his warehouse by lease, or purchase ?'

"'He rents it of Bailie Billie, as they call him, who is so fierce on the other side in politics.'

"'If your cousin does not obey his landlord in political matters (for I know how he has spoken at public meetings), why should you expect my tenants to obey me, or rather you — for I never ask their obedience? The Glasgow operative, and the Glasgow capitalist, make a contract for their mutual advantage; and if they want further help, they call in another capitalist to afford them the use of a ware-house which he lets for his own advantage. Such a mutual compact I wish to establish with my people here. Each man of them is usually a capitalist and laborer in one, and in order to make their resources productive, I, a landholder, step in as a third party to the production required; and if we each fulfil our contract, we are all on equal terms. I wish you would make my people understand this; and I require of you, Callum, to act upon it yourself.'

"The steward made no reply, but stood thinking how much



better notions of dignity the old laird had, and how much power he possessed over the lives and properties of his tenants.

"Did this croft pay any rent before it was let out of cultivation?" inquired the laird.

"No, your honor; it only just answered to the tenant to till it, and left nothing over for rent; but we had our advantage in it too; for thou yon barley field paid a little rent; but since this has been let down, that field has never done more than pay the tillage. But we shall have rent from it again when the lease is renewed, if Ella makes what I expect she will make of this croft."

"Is there any kelp prepared hereabouts, Callum?"

"Not any; and indeed there is no situation so fit for it as this that Ronald is to have. There is nothing doing in Garveloch that pays us any thing, except at the farm."

"Well then, Ella can, of course, pay nothing at first but for the use of the cottage, and the benefit of the fences, &c. Is there any other capital laid out here?"

"Let us see. She has a boat of her own, and the boys will bring their utensils with them. I believe, sir, the house and fence will be all."

"Very well: then calculate exactly what they are worth, and what more must be laid out to put them in good condition, and tell me: the interest of that much capital is all that Ella must pay, till we see what the bay and the little field will produce."

—No. V. pp. 14–17.

Our next extract must be a scene from "Life in the Wilds,"—the return of the messenger despatched to Cape Town from the ruined settlement.

"One fine evening, about the beginning of February,—that is, near the end of summer at the Cape,—a very extraordinary sight was seen by our settlers. The boys who were climbing trees for fruit perceived it first, and made such haste down from their perches, and shouted the news so loudly in their way home, that in a few minutes every one was out at the door, and all formed in a body to go and meet the new arrival. This arrival was no other than a loaded wagon, drawn by eight oxen; a scanty team at the Cape, where they sometimes harness twelve or sixteen.

"There was a momentary anxiety about what this wagon might be, and to whom it might belong; for it did now and then happen that a new band of settlers, or a travelling party from Cape Town, passed through the village, and requested such hospitality as it would, in the present case, have been inconvenient or impossible to grant. The young eyes of the party, however, presently discovered that the driver of the team was their friend Richard the laborer, their messenger to Cape Town, of whom they spoke every day, but whom they little expected to see back again so soon. It was Richard assuredly. They could tell the crack of his

whip from that of any other driver. The captain waved his cap above his head and cheered; every man and boy in the settlement cheered; the mothers held up their babies in the air, and the little ones struggled and crowed for joy. The oxen quickened their pace at the noise, and Richard stood up in front of the wagon, and shaded his eyes with his cap from the setting sun, that he might see who was who in the little crowd, and whether his old mother had come out to meet him. He saw her presently, leaning on the captain's arm, and then he returned the cheer with might and main. A load of anxiety was removed from his mind at that moment. He had left his companions in a destitute state, without shelter, or arms, or provision beyond the present day. He had not received any tidings of them; it was impossible he should; and a hundred times during his journey home, he had pictured to himself the settlement as he might find it. Sometimes he fancied it deserted by all who had strength to betake themselves to the distant villages: sometimes he imagined it wasted by famine, and desolated by wild beasts or more savage men. At such times, he thought how little probable it was that one so infirm as his mother should survive the least of the hardships that all were liable to; and though he confided in the captain's parting promise to take care of her, he scarcely expected to meet her again. Now, he had seen her with his own eyes; and he saw also, that the general appearance of the throng before him was healthful and glad-some, and his heart overflowed with joy.

"'God bless you, God bless you all;'" he cried, as he pushed his way through the crowd which had outstripped his mother and the captain.

"'Let him go; do not stop him,'" exclaimed several who saw his eagerness to be at his mother's side: and they turned away and patted the oxen, and admired the wagon, till the embrace was received, and the blessing given, and Richard at liberty to greet each friend in turn.

"'Tell me first,'" said he in a low voice to Mr. Stone, 'are all safe? Have all lived through such a time as you must have had of it?'

"'All but one. We have lost George Prest. We could ill spare him; but it was God's will.'

"Richard looked for George's father, who appeared to be making acquaintance with the oxen, but had only turned away to hide the tears which he could not check. Richard wrung his hand in silence, and was not disposed for some time to go on with his tale or his questions.

"The first thing he wanted to know was, where and how his friends were living.

"'You shall see presently,'" said the captain. And as they turned round the foot of the hill, he did see a scene which astonished him. Part of the slope before him, rich with summer verdure, was inclosed with a rude fence, within which two full-grown and three

young antelopes were grazing. In another paddock were the grey mare and her foal. Across the sparkling stream at the bottom of the slope lay the trunk of a tree which served as a foot-bridge. On the other side, at some little distance, was the wood, in its richest beauty. Golden oranges shone among the dark green leaves, and vines were trained from one stem to another. On the outskirts of the wood were the dwellings, overshadowed by the oaks and chest-nuts which formed their corner posts. Plastered with clay, and rudely thatched, they might have been taken for the huts of savages, but for their superior size, and for certain appearances round them which are not usual among uncivilized people. A handmill, made of stones, was placed under cover beside one of the dwellings; a sort of work-bench was set up under one of the trees, where lay the implements of various employments, which had been going on when the arrival of the wagon had called every one from his work. The materials for straw-plaiting were scattered in the porch, and fishing-nets lay on the bank of the stream to dry. The whole was canopied over with the bluest of summer skies. Dark mountains rose behind.

"We are just in time to show you our village before sunset," said the captain, observing how the last level rays were glittering on the stream.

"And is this our home?" said Richard, in quiet astonishment. "Is this the bare, ruined place I left five months ago? Who has helped you? Your own hands can never have done all this."

"Nature, — or He who made nature, — has given us the means," replied the captain: "and our hands have done the rest. Well-directed labor is all we have had to depend on."

"Wonderful!" cried Richard. "The fields are tilled —"

"By simple, individual labor. There can be little combination in tillage on a small scale, where different kinds of work must succeed each other, instead of being carried on at the same time."

"These houses and so many utensils —"

"Are the produce of a division of labor as extensive as our resources would allow."

"There must have been wise direction as well as industrious toil."

"Yes," said Mr. Stone, smiling, "we have been as fortunate in our unproductive as in our productive laborers." — No. I. pp. 99 – 103.

We must make room for a short extract from "Demerara": it will require no comment.

"I have always wondered," said Mary, "why there was no sugar grown in Africa, or in any part of South America but the little angle we inhabit. So it might be anywhere within that line."

"Anywhere (as far as the climate is concerned) within thirty degrees of the equator. There are duties which prohibit the Eng-

lish from purchasing sugar from China, New Holland, the Indian Archipelago, Arabia, Mexico, and all South America, but our little corner here; and from Africa none is to be had either. The slave-trade has been like a plague in Africa.'

" 'Well, but you have passed over Hindostan.'

" 'The trade is not absolutely prohibited there; but it is restricted and limited by high duties.'

" 'What remains then?'

" 'Only our corner of the world, and a tiny territory it is, to be protected at the expense of such vast tracts — only the West India Islands, and a slip of the continent.'

" 'But surely it is a hardship on the inhabitants of these other countries, to be prevented supplying the British with sugars.'

" 'It is a hardship to all parties in turn: — to the British, that the price is artificially raised, and the quantity limited; to the inhabitants of these vast tracts, they are kept out of the market; to the West India planters; but most of all, to the slaves.'

" 'To the planters? Why, I thought it was for their sakes that the monopoly was ordered.'

" 'So it is; but they suffer far more than they gain by it. The cultivation of sugar is at present a forced cultivation, attended with expense and hazard, and only to be maintained by a monopoly price, both high and permanent.'

" 'Look at Mitchelson's plantation, and see whether its aspect is that of a thriving property! A miserable hoe, used by men and women with the whip at their backs, the only instrument used in turning up the soil, while there are such things in the world as drill ploughs and cattle! A soil exhausted more and more every year! A population decreasing every year, in a land and climate most favorable to increase! Are these signs of prosperity? Yet all these are the consequence of a monopoly which tempts to the production of sugar at all hazards, and at every cost.'

" 'I see how all these evils would disappear, brother, if the trade were free; but could the proprietors stand the shock? Could they go through the transition?'

" 'O yes; if they chose to set about it properly; living on their own estates, and making use of modern improvements in the management of the land. If the soil were improved to the extent it might be, the West Indies might compete with any country in the world. The planter would estimate his property by the condition of his land, and not by the number of his slaves. He would command a certain average return from the effective labor he would then employ, instead of the capricious and fluctuating profits he now derives from a species of labor which it is as impolitic as guilty to employ; and, as the demand for sugar would continually increase, after the effects of free competition had once been felt, there would be no fear of a decline of trade. A soil and climate like this are sufficient warrants that the West Indies may trade in sugar to the end of the world, if a fair chance is given by an open trade.'

" 'Then if economy became necessary, there would be no slaves; for it is pretty clear that slave labor is dear.'

" 'Slavery can only exist where men are scarce in proportion to land; and as the population would by this time have increased, and be increasing, slavery would have died out. At present, land is abundant, fertile, and cheap in Demerara, and labor decreases every year; so that slaves are valuable, and their prospect of emancipation but distant. But in my estate, as I have told you, the land is by far less fertile, labor more abundant, and slavery wearing out. My exertions will be directed towards improving my land, and increasing the supply of labor; by which I shall gain the double advantage of procuring labor cheap, and hastening the work of emancipation. I hope no new monopoly will be proposed, which should tempt me to change my plan, and aid and abet slavery.' " — No. IV. pp. 96 - 99.

Assuredly, when political economy comes to be better understood, there will be no such thing under a civilized Government, as slavery. We cordially thank the Author for her illustration of this truth.

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[The original of the following dissertation appears in Férussac's "Bulletin Universel." It is introduced with these remarks. "This letter is a good critical dissertation upon one of the most interesting points in the literature of the "South of Europe during the Middle Ages. It is prefixed to a volume, entitled, "*Li Roman de Berte aus grans piés*, published for the first time by M. Paris. (Techener. 12mo. 1832.) As only a small number (220) copies of this work "have been struck off, we hasten to lay before our readers the interesting letter which forms its Preface. It will show that M. Paris holds a high rank "among those who employ themselves with taste and discernment in the study "of our ancient literature." EDD.]

ART. IV. — *A Letter to M. de Monmerqué upon the Romances of the Twelve Peers of France*; by M. PAULIN PARIS.

[Translated from the French, with notes, by Professor LONGFELLOW.]

SIR,

In dedicating to you the Romance of *Berte aus grans piés* ("Bertha of the great feet"), permit me to hope that you will accept the proffered dedication. A work of this kind should be revived at the present day under the auspices of the most enlightened and ingenious critic of the productions of the Middle Ages.

This ancient monument of our language has struck me as worthy of attention; and your example, more than any thing else, has encouraged me to undertake its publication. How much, indeed, are the lovers of our ancient literature indebted to you, for devot-

ing to their gratification and improvement, every moment of leisure, which you can spare from the severer duties of the magistracy! In this solicitude for the cause of literature, you have shown yourself far different from those pretended antiquaries, whose hearts are touched by no recollections of their country, and who seek in the brightest pages of national history only an opportunity for scandalous invectives. Truly these violators of the tombs of the great and good are to be pitied; for the best way to interest the living is to show a pious regard for the ashes of the dead.

The very name of Queen Bertha carries us back to the remotest period of the merry days of old. Many an old romance records the praises of her unspotted virtue; and, if we may rely upon the testimony of a ballad-monger of the nineteenth [?] century, it was she who founded the monastery of Sainte-Avelle, dedicated to Our Lady of the Woods. I know not whether you have ever observed among the statues that look down upon us from the portals of our Gothic churches, the figure known throughout France by the name of *la reine Pédauque* ("Queen Goose-foot.") She is the heroine of our romance; and, be it said with all the veracity of an historian, for this opprobrious surname she must thank her own feet, whose vast dimensions are revealed to us by the indiscretion of the statuary. During her life-time she was surnamed Bertha *of the great feet*; after her death, she was neither more nor less than Bertha *of the goose-feet*. So true is it that the origin of the custom of flattering the great while living, and reviling them when dead, is lost in the night of ages. The story of Queen Pédauque reminds me of poor Midas; perhaps the ears of the Phrygian monarch, who fell a victim to the malevolence of his barber, were in truth only *rather lengthy*.

This statue of Queen Pédauque has long exercised the imagination of the antiquaries. They have successively imagined it to be Clotilde, wife of Clovis, Brunehault, and Frédégonde.\* The Abbé Lebœuf, however, supposes it to be the queen of Sheba; though it is no easy matter to devise, why the Abbé Lebœuf, generally so very considerate, should thus have felt himself obliged to call in question the beauty of the Oriental princess, and the practised taste of Solomon, the wisest of men. He remarks in his learned dissertation, that the Masorites,† who were great admirers of the hands of the queen of Sheba, have maintained the most scrupulous silence in regard to her feet: — there is, however, a vast difference between the silence of biblical commentators, and the conjecture he has adopted.

[\* Brunehault, or Brunichilde, daughter of Athanagilde, one of the Visigoth kings, and wife of Sigébert, the son of Clovis, — and Frédégonde, wife of Chilpéric, Sigébert's brother, are renowned both in song and history for their beauty and their crimes. M. Gaillard, in his *Mémoire sur Frédégonde et sur Brunehault*, observes; "Leurs noms, trop fameux, semblaient également dévoués à l'exécration éternelle de la postérité." — *Mém. de l'Acad. T. XXX. p. 633. TR.*]

[† Apparently, the Abbé Lebœuf or M. Paris should have written, the Talmudists.]



Now both the historians and the poets, who make mention of Queen Bertha, affirm that she had large feet; and this is the first point of analogy between her and the celebrated statue. Moreover, the inhabitants of Toulouse, according to the author of the *Contes d'Eutrapel*, are in the habit of swearing by the distaff of Queen Pédaque (*par la quenouille de la reine Pédaque*); while we speak proverbially of the time when Bertha spun (*du temps que Berthe filait*): and the Italians say in nearly the same signification, "The days when Bertha spun have gone by," (*Non è più il tempo che Berta filava.*) After all this, and especially after the direct testimony of the poem which I now present you, how can any one doubt the perfect identity of *Berthe aux grands pieds*, and the queen *aux pieds d'oie*. I entertain a high respect for the Abbé Lebœuf, but a higher for the truth: and I cannot refrain from expressing my opinion, that he would have done better to look to the court of Pepin-le-Bref for the model of the statue which he saw at the church of Saint-Bénigne in Dijon, at the cathedral of Nevers, at the priory of Saint-Pourçain, and at the abbey of Nesle.

Bertha, the wife of Pepin, has been often named by the most respectable historians. She died in 783, and until the revolution of 1793 her tomb was still to be seen in the vaults of Saint-Denis. It bore this beautiful inscription;

*Berta mater Caroli Magni.*

Eginhart speaks of the respectful deference which the hero of the West generally paid to the virtues of his mother. All historians coincide in regard to the time of her coronation and her death; but in regard to the name of her father, some difference of opinion prevails. According to the "Annals of Metz," she was the daughter of Caribert, Count of Laon; but unfortunately for this hypothesis, the city of Laon was not at that time governed by a Count.\* Some trace her origin to the court of Constantinople; and others to the kingdom of Germany. You will perceive that our poet has embraced this last opinion. In the romance, Flores, king of Hungary, is father of Berthe-aux-grands-pieds. This Flores himself and his wife Blanche-fleurs are the hero and heroine of another celebrated poem of the Middle Ages,† and their adventures, badly enough

\* This remark of the annalist of Metz is probably an inadvertence. He must have confounded Bertha, the wife of Pepin, with another Bertha canonized after her death, who was the daughter of Caribert, king of Paris, and was married to Ethelbert, king of Kent, towards the commencement of the seventh century.

† The old romance of Flores and Blanche-fleurs was originally written in Spanish verse, and afterward translated into French prose by Jacques Vincent. The analysis spoken of above was by the Comte de Tressan, and may be found in his *Œuvres Choiesies*, T. VII. p. 207 et seq.

There is also preserved a fragment of a very curious old English metrical romance upon the adventures of Flores and Blanche-fleurs. It is published in the "Ancient Metrical Tales; edited by the Rev. Charles Henry Hartshorne," and

analysed in one of the numbers of the *Bibliothèque des Romans*, seem to have been put into rhyme before those of Queen Bertha their daughter.

Thus, it appears that Bertha can boast her statuary as well as her poets; but whilst the former have given to her countenance a marked and striking character, the latter, by recording her touching misfortunes, have only followed the beaten path, and added another delicate flower to that poetic wreath, which was woven in the heroic ages of our history. The poem of Bertha is one of the series of "Romances of the Twelve Peers" (*Romans des douze Pairs*.) It belongs to the number of those great epic compositions, whose origin is incontestably linked to the cradle of the modern languages, and whose subjects are always borrowed from our old national traditions.

Until the present day, both critics and antiquaries have neglected to examine these singular creations of the human mind. Even those who have been wise enough to avail themselves of them in the composition of their learned works, have gone no farther than to make such extracts as would throw light upon the subjects of heraldry or philology, hardly bestowing a passing glance upon those questions of manners and literature, which they might suggest, enlighten, and perhaps resolve. It is strange that the press should have been so busy in giving to the world the *Fabliaux*, which lay buried

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is there entitled "Florice and Blanchefleur." The following short extract will exhibit the style of this fragment, and convey a general outline of the tale.

'Thanne spak the louerd (*land'ord*) of that inne,  
'Thous sat, this other dai, her inne (*herein*),  
That fare maide Blaanchesflour,  
Bothe in halle and eke in bour.  
Ouere zhe (*ever she*) made mourning chere,  
And bimette (*bemoaned*) Florice here leue (*love*) sere (*sore*);  
Joie ne bliss ne hadde zhe none,  
And on Florice was al here mone.  
Florice het (*had*) a coupe of silver whizt (*white*),  
And a mantel of scarlet,  
Ipaned (*lined*) al wiz meniver (*with fur*),  
And zaf (*gave*) his hostesse ther.  
'Have this,' zhe saide, 'to thine honour;  
And thou hit mytze (*for it must*) thonke Blaanchesflour  
Stolen zhe was out mine countreie,  
Her ich (*I*) here seche (*seek*) by the waie.  
He mizte (*might*) make mi herte glad,  
Than couthe (*who could*) me telle whider zhe was lad.'  
'Child, to babeloyne (*Babylon*) zhe his ibrouzt (*is brought*);  
And ameral (*Emir*) hir had ibouzt (*bought*).  
He zaue (*gave*) for hire, as zhe stod uprizt,  
Seven scheshere (*shekels*) gold of wixt (*weight*);  
For hire faired (*beauty*) and for hire schere (*face*),  
The ameral hire bowzte (*bought*) so dere.  
For he thinkz, wizouten wene (*without doubt*),  
That fair mai (*maid*) to honen (*dishonor*) to quene (*paramour*).  
Among other maidnes in his tour,  
He hath hire ido (*kept*) wiz mochel h  r (*much honor*).'"

in our vast libraries, and yet should never have preserved from the most unmerited oblivion a single one of these ancient epics! If by a catastrophe, improbable, yet not impossible, the Royal Cabinet of Manuscripts should be destroyed, nothing of our old heroic poetry would remain but a few shreds scattered here and there through the "Glossary" of Ducange and the "History of Lorraine" by Dom Calmet. Such a loss would indeed be immense and irreparable to those, who wish, even at this distant period, to study the manners and customs of our ancestors.

Perhaps, then, I may justly claim some right to the thanks of the friends of letters for this attempt to preserve and perpetuate the "Romances of the Twelve Peers of France." I now commence the series of these publications with *Berte aux grans piés*. In selecting this poem of the minstrel-king Adenès, I have been guided by the consideration, that in order to gain readers for our ancient poets, it would be necessary to commence, not with the most beautiful, but with the shortest, and the least encumbered with philological difficulties. And again, the romance of Bertha, however inferior it may be to some of the longer romances of the twelfth century, as, for example, *Ramul de Cambrai*, *Guillaume au court nez*, or *Garin de Loherain*, nevertheless possesses the most lively interest for readers of the present age. Besides, as its subject is drawn from the close of the reign of Pepin-le-Bref, it has the advantage of commencing that series of historic paintings, of which the eighth and ninth centuries may be said to form the frame.

And now, Sir, I will venture a few reflections upon the structure of all these great works, which I would willingly call our French Epopees, had it not been decided since the days of Ronsard, Chapelain, and Voltaire, that the French have no genius for epic poetry, and had not the word *Epopee*, which always recalls the Iliad of Homer, been of late so much abused. But in thus submitting my opinions to your judgment, I feel myself bound to advance nothing either incorrect or imaginary. Besides, I am well aware, that at length we have become quite weary of those long and admirable theories, to which nothing is wanting but proof. All mine will be found in the works, concerning which I now write to you, and which I intend to publish in succession, if leisure and the favor of the public permit.

Independently of sacred subjects, the early French poets or *Trouvères* of the Middle Ages possessed three distinct sources of inspiration; the traditions of classic antiquity, of the Britons, and of the French. All the chief compositions in the vulgar tongue, down to the thirteenth century, may be traced back to one of these three sources.

To the first belong the numerous poems of Alexander the Great, Philip of Macedon, Æneas, the valiant Hector, Jason, and Theseus. But this class of traditions has lost all its value, through our better acquaintance with the facts of ancient history. In proportion as we have been further removed from antiquity, we have

become better acquainted with it. The writers of the Middle Ages were all more or less the dupes of the simplicity of their own times; they could never comprehend the distinction between the fictions of the poets of the historic ages, and the narratives of prose writers. And hence, blending the most marvellous tales with the more authentic events of history, they have made of the records of antiquity a confused picture, totally destitute of every kind of perspective. We can derive no possible advantage, then, from their indiscriminating copies of ancient writers; and their simple credulity, exercised alike towards Ovid and Cornelius Nepos, soon becomes insupportable.

The traditions of the Britons, however, are full of lively interest. The romances of the Round Table, which have sprung from these traditions, refer us back to a glorious epoch in the history of Albion; an epoch, of which, by some strange fatality, no distinct account has been transmitted to us. All that we can be said to know is, that in the fifth century, whilst Clovis was laying the foundation of the French empire, the Britons, more successful than the Gauls, repulsed the hordes of Picts, Angles, and Saxons, who menaced them on all sides. Arthur was then their king. A century later, having fallen a prey to those fierce barbarians, the Britons cherished the memory of a hero, whose name represented all that a noble-minded people esteems most dear on earth, — religion and liberty. Songs of departed glory are the privilege of a conquered people, and prophetic hopes are a consolation seldom wanting to the oppressed. Thus sprang up and multiplied those marvellous tales, which recorded the glory of Arthur, and in which the recollection of former victories was joined to the promise of victories yet to come. Not far from the twelfth century, a priest collected various traditions, and wrought them up into those religious forms, in which his zeal prompted him to embody them. This collection, originally written in Latin, was afterwards translated into the vulgar tongue in prose during the reign of Henry the Second, father of Richard Cœur de Lion. Ere long it reappeared in a poetic dress in all the modern languages of Europe. Even at the present day the old prose translation would be a work “full of “pleasant mirth and delight.”

Still we cannot hope to trace the footsteps of history in these romances of the Round Table; for the primitive story is lost amid the multitude of episodes and embellishments. Excepting the name of the hero, whose deeds they celebrate, there is nothing — I do not say *Celtic*, for that would be too indefinite — nothing *Armoric* about them. The heroic valor of king Arthur is displayed throughout; — but it is directed against giants, wild beasts, or the adversaries of persecuted beauty, and not against the oppressors of his country. His steed is barded with iron, and we recognise the gallant warrior's shield by its golden crowns in a field of blue; — but his good sword *Excalibur* seems rather the handiwork of a skilful Norman artisan, than of an ancient *forgeron* of Armorica.

Let us not, then, seek in these old romances the history of ages anterior to the Roman, Saxon, or even Norman conquest; — it would be a loss of time and labor. But if we desire only piquant adventures of love and gallantry, fierce sabre-blows, and terrible *mêlées* of Pagans and Christians, we shall find enough to repay the study of this ancient lore; — particularly if we take care to peruse the oldest prose translations.

We now come to the old romances, which have their source in our national traditions. These are the true standard of our ancient poetry; for surely you would not pretend, that it could claim a very elevated rank in the history of the human mind, if it could boast no other *chefs-d'œuvre* than such epics as the *Alexandride*\* or *Perceval*;† such dramas as the *Mystère de saint Christophe*, or even the curious and simple pastoral of *Robin et Marion*, for whose publication we are indebted to you; — and, in fine, such satires as our coarse and vulgar *Fabliaux*, which (as one of our most profound and erudite scholars has remarked) are generally full *d'un merveilleux si insipide*. Not having sufficiently compared the various productions of the Middle Ages, we have hitherto been in the habit of passing judgment upon them, if I may use the phrase, in the lump, and with a sweeping expression of unlimited praise or censure. Those who have been disheartened by the “Romance of the Rose,”‡ or the “Tales of Barba-

[\* The *Roman d'Alexandre* is one of the ancient French monorhyme romances, and was written in the latter half of the twelfth century, by Lambert-li-cors (*the short*) and Alexandre de Paris. It is given out as a translation from the Latin, as the following passage shows :

“La vérité de l'histoire si com li roys la fist,  
Un clerc de Chasdiandun, Lambert li cors l'escrit  
Qui du latin la trest et en romant la mist . . . .  
Alixandre nous dit que de Bernay fu nez  
Et de Paris refu ses sournoms appellez,  
Qui ot les siens vers o les Lambert mellez.”

The life and death of Alexander the Great are the subject of the poem. It is analyzed in the *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, T. XV. p. 163; et seq. and more briefly by M. La Ravallière in his essay on the *Révolutions de la Langue Française*, prefixed to *Les Poésies du Roy de Navarre*, T. I. p. 158 et seq. Tr.]

[† *Perceval le Gallois*, a metrical romance by Chrestien de Troyes, one of the most voluminous and famous poets of the twelfth century. A short analysis of this romance may be found in the *Hist. Litt. de la France*, T. XV. p. 246 et seq. and another in Dunlop's *History of Fiction*, Vol. I. p. 233. It is one of the *Romans de la Table Ronde*. Tr.]

[‡ “Ce est li Rommanz de la Roze  
Ou l'art d'amors est tote enclose.”

The “Romance of the Rose” is an allegorical poem of no inconsiderable fame. It was commenced about the middle of the thirteenth century by Guillaume de Lorris, and completed nearly a half century later by Jean de Meun. The bitter sarcasms against the corruption and hypocrisy of the priesthood contained in this Romaunt, drew upon it and its authors the anathemas of the clergy. A certain Gerson, then chancellor of Paris, writes thus of Meun and his book: “There is one called Johannes Meldinensis, who wrote a book called ‘The Romaunt of the Rose’; which book, if I only had, and that there were ‘no more in the world, if I might have five hundred pound for the same, I would ‘rather burn it than take the money.’” About the middle of the fourteenth century the “Romance of the Rose” was translated into English by Chaucer,

zan,"\* can discover nothing in our ancient literature but a confused mass of coarse and tedious fictions. To others, whom a more superficial study of the classics has rendered more indulgent in their opinions, these same productions appear in a far different light, possessing a grace, a charm, a *naïveté*, that no language can describe; — nay, the very sight of a manuscript blotted with ink of the fourteenth century is enough to excite their enthusiasm. Midway between these two contending parties, and on the field which you, Sir, have trodden before them, all judicious critics will hereafter pitch their tents. True, it is painful thus to annoy the doughty champions of the ancient muse of France; — but the love of the Middle Ages bears an enchanter's wand, and leads its votaries blindfold; and I fear, that if, like them, we should proclaim the merit of so many productions, composed by ignorant mountebanks to amuse the populace, we should give occasion for the belief, that we are incapable of appreciating the full value of those great poems, which were destined to charm the most brilliant assemblies, and grace the most magnificent festivals.

The same remark is true of the Middle Ages, as of our own, and of every age. If the state of society is shadowed forth in its literature, then this literature must necessarily represent two distinct and strongly marked characters; one, of the castle and the court, — another, of the middle classes and the populace; the former, elegant, harmonious, and delicate, — the latter, rude, grotesque, and vulgar. Each of these classes has its own peculiar merits; but our manuscripts by presenting them to us united, sometimes in the same volume, and always upon the same shelves of our libraries, have led us insensibly into the habit of confounding the manners of the court with those of the city. Hence great prejudices have arisen against the purity of some of our most estimable writers, and against the refinement of society in those ages, in which they were admired. Hence, too, all the difficulties which later historians have encountered, when, before classifying their authorities, they have sought to examine anew the manners and customs of an age.

But the desire of proving, that even in the twelfth century there was a refined and polished class in society, would lead me too far from my original design, and I will therefore resist the temptation. I would only ask those, whom the love of a native land they *do* know, has too strongly prejudiced against that *other* and earlier native land they *do not* know, — to cast their eyes for a moment upon some noble monument of Gothic architecture; for example, upon the cathedral of Reims. When they have contemplated this *Pantheon of our glory*, as a writer of our own day has appropriately called it, let them ask themselves, whether those ages, which

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under the title of "The Roimaunt of the Rose; or the Art of Love; wherein is showed the helpes and furtherances, and also the lets and impediments that lovers have in their suits." Tr.]

[\* Fabliaux et Contes des Poètes François des XI, XII, XIII, XIV et XV Siècles, tirés des Meilleurs Auteurs; publiés par Barbazan. 4 vols. 8vo. Tr.]



conceived the design and completed the construction of that noble edifice, ignorant as they were of Homer, Cicero, and Quinctilian, must not have possessed a native literature worthy, in some degree, of such a stupendous style of architecture? What! Villehardoin, Joinville, Philip Augustus, and Saint Louis, ignorant of all other poetry but the burlesque proverbs of Marcon, the superstitious reveries of Gautier de Coinsy,\* and the indecent profanities of such writers as Rutebeuf,† and Jean de Condé.‡ Were it true it would not be probable, and, in such a case, we must say that the Gothic architecture is an effect without a cause, — *prolem sine matre creatam*.

But it is not true. We possessed in former times great epic poems, which, for four centuries, constituted the principal study of our fathers. And during that period all Europe, — Germany, England, Spain, and Italy, having nothing of the kind to boast of, either in their historic recollections or in their historic records, disputed with each other the secondary glory of translating and imitating them.

Even amid the darkness of the ninth and tenth centuries, the French still preserved the recollection of an epoch of great national glory. Under Charlemagne, they had spread their conquests from the Oder to the Ebro, from the Baltic to the Sicilian sea. Musulmans and Pagans, Saxons, Lombards, Bavarians, and Batavians, — all had submitted to the yoke of France, all had trembled at the power of Charles the Great. Emperor of the West, King of France and Germany, restorer of the arts and sciences, wise lawgiver, great converter of infidels, — how many titles to the recollection and gratitude of posterity! Add to this, that long before his day the Franks were in the habit of treasuring up in their memory the exploits of their ancestors; that Charlemagne himself, during his reign, caused all the heroic ballads, which celebrated the glory of the nation, to be collected together, and, in fine, that the weakness of his successors, the misfortunes of the times, and the invasions of the Normans must have increased the national respect and veneration for the illustrious dead, — and you will be forced to confess

[\* Gautier de Coinsy was a Trouvère of the thirteenth century. He was born in Amiens in the year 1177. In 1233 he was made prior of the monastery of Saint Médard in Soissons, where he died in the year 1236. He was the author of a Fabliau entitled *Sainte Léocadie*, a monkish legend of nearly two thousand five hundred lines. It may be found in Barbazan's *Fabliaux et Contes*, T. I. p. 270. His principal work, however, is entitled, *Miracles de la Vierge*. One of these miracles is given in the *Bibliothèque Choisie de Poètes Français*. Tr.]

[† A Trouvère of the thirteenth century, and the author of a great number of Fabliaux, among which may be mentioned *Li Testament de l'Asne*, and *Ci du Vilain Mire*, from which Molière took his *Médecin malgré lui*. Tr.]

[‡ A Trouvère of the thirteenth century, and author of *Les Chanoinesses et les Bernadines*, which has been translated into English verse by Mr. Way: "Fabliaux, or Tales abridged from French Manuscripts of the 13th and 14th Centuries, by M. Le Grand; selected and translated into English Verse." Vol. I. p. 73. Tr.]

that if no poetic monuments of the ninth century remained, we ought rather to conjecture, that they had been lost, than that they had never existed.

As to the contemporaneous history of those times, it offers us, if I may so speak, only the outline of this imposing colossus. Read the Annals of the Abbey of Fulde and those of Metz, Paul the Deacon, the continuator of Frédégaire, and even Eginhart himself, and you will there find registered, in the rapid style of an itinerary, the multiplied conquests of the French. The Bavarians, the Lombards, the Gascons revolt; — Charles goes forth to subdue the Bavarians, the Lombards, and the Gascons. Witikind rebels ten times, and ten times Charles passes the Rhine and routs the insurgent army; and there the history ends. Nevertheless, the Emperor had his generals, his companions in glory, his rivals in genius; — but in all history we find not a whisper of their services; — hardly are their names mentioned. It has been left to the popular ballads, barren as they are of all historic authority, to transmit to posterity the proofs of their ancient renown.

But although these ancient *chansons de geste*, or historic ballads, fill up the chasms of true history, and clothe with flesh the meagre skeleton of old contemporaneous chroniclers, yet, Sir, you must not thence conclude that I am prepared to maintain the truth of their narratives. Far from it. Truth does not reign supreme on earth; and these romances, after all, are only the expression of public opinion, separated by an interval of many generations from that whose memory they transmit to us. But to supply the want of historians, each great epoch in national history inspires the song of bards; and when the learned and the wise neglect to prepare the history of events which they themselves have witnessed, the people prepare their national songs; their sonorous voice, prompted by childish credulity and a free and unlimited admiration, echoes alone through succeeding ages, and kindles the imagination, the feelings, the enthusiasm of the children, by proclaiming the glory of the fathers. Thus Homer sang two centuries after the Trojan war; and thus arose, two or three centuries after the death of Charlemagne, all those great poems called the "Romances of the Twelve Peers."

And now let us suppose for a moment, that, after the lapse of two centuries, the mirror of history should reflect nothing of the reign of Napoleon, but the majestic figure of the conqueror himself, and a chronological list of his victories and defeats. Then the exploits of his marshals and the deeds of his high dignitaries would excite the suspicion and the skepticism of the historian; but then, too, would songs and popular ballads proclaim loudly, not the final treason of Murat, but his chivalrous gallantry; they would repeat the pretended death of Cambronne, and the odious crimes with which the people so blindly charge M. de Raguse. Nor would a Roland and a Ganelon suffice; around the new Charlemagne would be grouped another warlike Almoner, another prudent Duke

Naimes. Such, were history silent, would be outlines of the poetic tale; and our children would easily supply the coloring.

To return to the "Romances of the Twelve Peers." They recommend themselves equally to the admiration of the poet, and to the attention of the antiquary. Whilst the former will be astonish at the unity of the plots, the connexion of the episodes, the interest of the stories, and the originality of the descriptions they contain, — the latter will find new light thrown by them upon the ancient topography of France, upon the date of many venerable structures, and upon the history of an infinite number of cities, fiefs, châteaux, and signiories. When these singular productions shall appear in the broad day-light of the press, then shall we see France enveloped in a bright poetic glory, new and unexpected. And, on the other hand, what an ample field will then be laid open for new doubts concerning our ancient jurisprudence, our ancient political constitution, and the nature of the feudal system, so complicated in modern theory, but so natural in its origin, and so simple in its form! In the writings of our old romancers, the feudal system is embodied; it moves, acts, speaks, battles; now with the monarch at its head, it is present at the tilts and tournaments, and now it discusses the affairs of state; now it suffers penalties, and now cries aloud for vengeance. I assert, then, without fear of contradiction, that in order to become thoroughly acquainted with the history of the Middle Ages, — I do not mean the bare history of facts, but of the manners and customs which render those facts probable, — we must study it in the pages of old romance; and this is the reason, why the history of France is yet unwritten.

Hitherto the fate of these great works has been a singular one. I have already remarked, that for the space of four hundred years, that is from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, they constituted almost the only literature of our ancestors. Immediately afterward foreign nations took possession of them; first the Germans, and next the Italians; and it would seem, that in thus relinquishing them to our neighbours, we have had some scruples as to the propriety of retaining even so much as the memory of them. Thus by slow degrees they have quite disappeared from our literature. The renown, however, of the enchanting fictions of Pulci and Ariosto gave birth to a few lifeless and paltry imitations; only one point was forgotten, and that was to have recourse to the old Gallic originals. But, alas! what was ancient France, her history, her manners, and her literature to a class of writers, who only dreamed of reviving once more the ages of Rome and Athens, and who, in their strange hallucination, hoped to persuade the people to suppress all rhyme in their songs, and to supply its place by dactyles and anapests.

This exclusive love of classic antiquity acquired new force during the whole of the seventeenth century: so that no one thought of contradicting Boileau, when he so carelessly called Villon

"The first, who in those rude unpolished times,  
Cleared the dark mystery of our ancient rhymes."\*

In the eighteenth century a kind of conservative instinct seemed to bring our men of letters back to the productions of the Middle Ages; but by their anxiety to remove all philological difficulties from the old romances, they have retarded the time when these poems shall be as universally read among us, as the *Romanceros* are in Spain, and Dante and Boccaccio in Italy. The imitations of Tressan and Caylus had their day; but as these productions were tricked out to suit the fashion of the age, they disappeared with the fashion which gave them birth.

But the moment seems at length to have arrived when these ancient poems shall be raised from the dead. A desire to know more of the earliest monuments of modern literature is at length manifesting itself among us; and before the expiration of ten years, it is probable that the most important of these works will have emerged, so to speak, into the perpetual light of the press.

One word concerning the metre of these poems. They were written to be sung; and this is one point of resemblance observable between the old Greek *rhapsodies* and the *heroic ballads* of France. Doubtless the music of these poems was solemn and monotonous, like that of our devotional chants, or those village songs, whose final notes mark the recommencement of the tune. The ancient ballad of *Count Orri* is a piece of this kind; and so also is the burlesque description of the death of Malbrook, if you suppress the *syllables de refrain*.† This kind of music strikes the ear agreeably, though its cadence is monotonous; in proof of which I appeal to all our recollections of childhood.

In these old romances, as in the song to which I have just alluded, the verse is *monorhyme*, and the metre either pentameter or Alexandrine. As these poems were written to be sung, it is evident, that the pause or rest would naturally come after the fourth syllable in pentameter lines, and after the sixth in Alexandrines.‡ Nor is this all. This necessary rest in the middle of the line gave the poet an opportunity of introducing at the close of the hemistich a *syllable de suspension*, as at the end of the *feminine rhymes* of the present day.

\* "Villon fut le premier qui, dans ces temps grossiers,  
Débrouilla l'art confus de nos vieux romanciers."

† Though this song is certainly well enough known, yet it may be necessary to quote a few lines in proof of my assertion. It will be seen that the measure is *Alexandrine*, and the verse *monorhyme*.

"Madame à sa tour monte, — si haut qu'el peut monter,  
Elle aperçoit son page — de noir tout habillé.

'Beau page, mon beau page, — quel' nouvelle a ortés?'

'La nouvell' que j'apporte, — vos beaux yeux vont pleurer;

Monsieur Malbrough est mort, — est mort et enterré," etc.

‡ To this rest, which was absolutely essential to the musical accompaniment, we can trace back the use of the hemistich, which is still preserved by the French, though all other modern nations have abandoned it.

After an attentive examination of our ancient literature, it is impossible to doubt for a moment, that the old monorhyme romances were set to music, and accompanied by a viol, harp, or guitar; and yet this seems hitherto to have escaped observation. In the olden time no one was esteemed a good minstrel, whose memory was not stored with a great number of historic ballads, like those of *Roncesvalles*, *Garin de Loherain* and *Gerars de Roussillon*. It is not to be supposed that any one of these poems was ever recited entire; but as the greater part of them contained various descriptions of battles, hunting adventures, and marriages, — scenes of the court, the council, and the castle, the audience chose those stanzas and episodes which best suited their taste. And this is the reason why each stanza contains in itself a distinct and complete narrative, and also why the closing lines of each stanza are in substance repeated at the commencement of that which immediately succeeds.

In the poem of *Gerars de Nevers* I find the following curious passage. Gerars, betrayed by his mistress and stripped of his earldom of Nevers by the Duke of Metz, determines to revisit his ancient domains. To avoid detection and arrest, he is obliged to assume the guise of a minstrel.

“Then Girars donned a garment old,  
And round his neck a viol hung,  
For cunningly he played and sung . . . .  
Steed he had none; so he was fain  
To trudge on foot o’er hill and plain,  
Till Nevers’ gate he stood before.  
There merry burghers full a score,  
Staring, exclaimed in pleasant mood;  
‘This minstrel cometh for little good;  
I wene, if he singeth all day long,  
No one will listen to his song.’”\*

In spite of these unfavorable prognostics, Girars presents himself before the castle of the Duke of Metz.

“Whilst at the door he thus did wait,  
A knight came through the courtyard gate,  
Who bade the minstrel enter straight,  
And led him to the crowded hall,  
That he might play before them all.

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\* “Lors vesti un viex garnement  
Et pend à son col une vielle;  
Car Girars bel et bien vièle . . . .  
Il aloit à pié, sans cheval.  
Tant a marchié plain-et val  
Qu’à la cité de Nevers vint.  
Borjois l’esgardent plus de vint  
Qui disoient tout en riant:  
‘Cist jongleres vient por noiant,  
Quar toute jor porroit chanter  
Que nus ne l’alast escouter.’”

The minstrel then full soon began,  
 In gesture like an aged man,  
 But with clear voice and music gay,  
 The song of *Guillaume au cornez*.  
 Great was the court in the hall of Loön,  
 The tables were full of fowl and venison,  
 On flesh and fish they feasted everyone;  
 But Guillaume of these viands tasted none,  
 Brown crusts ate he, and water drank alone.  
 When had feasted every noble baron,  
 The cloths were removed by squire and scullion.  
 Count Guillaume then with the king did thus reason;  
 — 'What thinketh now,' quoth he, 'the gallant Charlon? \*  
 Will he aid me against the prowes of Mahon?'  
 Quoth Loéis, 'We will take counsel thereon,  
 To morrow in the morning shalt thou conne,  
 If aught by us in this matter can be done.'  
 Guillaume heard this, — black was he as carbon,  
 He louted low, and seized a baton,  
 And said to the king, 'Of your fief will I none,  
 I will not keep so much as a spur's iron;  
 Your friend and vassal I cease to be anon;  
 But come you shall, whether you will or non.'  
 Thus full four verses sang the knight,  
 For their great solace and delight."†

Observe the expression *full four verses (vers dusqu'à quatre)*;  
 which very evidently means four stanzas or couplets.

[\* Charlemagne.]

† "A la porte tant atendi  
 Qu'uns chevalier ens l'apela  
 Qui, par la cour traiant, alla.  
 En la salle l'emmene à mont  
 Et de vieler le semont . . . .  
 Lors comence, si com moi semble  
 Com cil qui mout iert senés  
 Ces vers de Guillaume au cornés  
 A clere vois et à dous son.  
 'Grant fu la cort en la sale à Loon  
 Moult ot as tables oiseax et venoison.  
 Qui que manjast la char et le poisson,  
 Oneques Guillaume n'en passe le menton  
 Ains menja tourte, et but aigue à foison.  
 Quant mengier orent li chevalier baron,  
 Les napes otent escuier et garçon.  
 Li quens Guillaume mist le roi à raison:  
 — 'Qu'as en pensé, dit-il, li fiés Charlon?  
 Secores-moi vers la geste Mahon.'  
 Dist Loéis: 'Nous en consillerons,  
 Et le matin savoir le vous ferons  
 Ma volenté, se je irai o ncn.'  
 Guillaume l'ot, si taint come charbon;  
 Il s'abaissa, si a pris un baston,  
 Puis dit au roi: 'Vostre fiez vos rendon,  
 N'en tenrai mès vaillant une esperon,  
 Ne vostre ami ne serai ne vostre hom,  
 Et si venrez, o vous voillez o non.' —  
 Ensi lor dit vers dusqu'à quatre  
 Pour aus solacier et esbatre," etc.



Thus, then, we may consider the fact as well established, that the old romances were sung; and that hence there was a good reason for dividing them into monorhyme stanzas.

And thus, too we discover the reason why these romances were called *chansons*, or songs, and why they generally commenced with some such expressions as the following;

- “ Good song, my lords, will it please you to hear? ” . . . .
- “ Listen, Lordlings, to a merry *song* ” . . . .
- “ Historic *song*, and of marvellous renown ” . . . . \*

We shall no longer look for the famous *chanson de Roland* or *de Roncevaux* in some forgotten page of our ancient manuscripts; nor shall we longer insist upon its having the brevity, the form, and even the accustomed *refrain* of the modern ballad. We shall now be content with a reference to the Manuscripts entitled, *li Romans*, or *la Cançons (?) de Roncevals*, which can be easily found in the Royal Library; — and after having read them, we shall no longer believe that this precious monument of our national traditions and literature has for ever perished.

It is because we have not already done this, that we have always interpreted so incorrectly the passage in the romance of the *Brut*,† where the author, after enumerating the army of William the Conqueror, adds;

“ Taillefer who sung full well, I wot,  
Mounted on steed that was swift of foot,  
Went forth before the armed train  
*Singing of Roland and Charlemain,*

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\* — “ Bone *chanson*, seigneur, plaist-vos oir? ” . . . .

— “ Seigneur oëz une bele *chanson* ” . . . .

— “ *Chanson* de geste, et de merveilleus pris ” . . . . etc.

[† The original of this romance was an ancient chronicle entitled *Bruty Brenkined*, or Brutus of Brittany, written in the old Armoric dialect, and first brought into England at the commencement of the twelfth century by Walter or Gualter, archdeacon of Oxford. It was given by him to Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Benedictine monk, who translated it into Latin prose. Afterwards, by the order of Henry II. of England, it was translated into French verse by Robert Wace, under the title of *Le Brut d'Engleterre*. From this romance originated the Romances of King Arthur and the Round Table. The following quaint notice of this old chronicle is from the pen of an English writer of the sixteenth century:

“ Among our owne ancient chronicles, John of Wethamsted, Abbot of S. Alban, holdeth the whole narration of *Brute* to be rather poetically, than historically, which me thinkes, is agreeable to reason . . . . The first that ever broached it was *Geffry of Monmoth* aboute foure hundred yeares agoe, during the raigne of Henry the Second, who, publishing the Brittainish story in Latine, pretended to have taken it out of ancient monuments written in the Brittainish tongue: but this booke as soone as it peeped forth into the light, was sharply censured both by Giraldus Cambrensis, and William of Newberry who lived at the same time, the former tearming it no better than *Fabulosam historiam*, a fabulous history, and the latter, *Ridicula figmenta*, ridiculous fictions, and it now stands branded with a blacke cole among the bookes prohibited by the Church of Rome.” — *An Apologie of the Power and Providence of God in the Government of the World*, p. 8. Tr.]

*Of Oliver and the brave vassals,  
Who died at the pass of Roncesvals.\**

We formerly thought with the Duke de La Vallière, that some short ballad was here spoken of; and M. de Châteaubriand was the first to suspect the truth, when he said; "This ballad must still exist *somewhere* in the romance of *Oliver*, which was formerly preserved in the Royal Library." The whole truth is that the *Chanson de Roncevaux* exists nowhere but in the *Chanson de Roncevaux*.

Hitherto, by way of excuse for not reading these old romances, it has been fashionable to load them with all kinds of censure. It may not be amiss to examine some of the charges brought against them.

It has been said that they contain nothing but ridiculous and incredible adventures; that these adventures are *all* founded upon a pretended journey of Charlemagne to Jerusalem; and that they are a copy or a paraphrase of that absurd and insipid history of Charlemagne, attributed to the Archbishop Turpin. Consequently their date is fixed no earlier than the close of the twelfth or the commencement of the thirteenth century. — But these opinions will not bear a very rigid scrutiny.

Those who urge the improbability of the adventures contained in these writings, confound together two classes of works, which have no kind of connexion, — that is to say, the old traditions of Brittany, and the ancient heroic ballads of France. The former, indeed, founded upon the marvels of the *Saint Graal*,† contain nothing but strange and miraculous adventures; but the "Romances of the Twelve Peers" contain a continued narrative, the more probable in its detail, inasmuch as these romances belong to a period of greater antiquity. The impossible forms no part of their plan, and Lucan is not more sparing of the marvellous than the first poets who sang the praises of *Roland* and *Guillaume au cornez*. Nay, if any one should compare the details of the lives of our ancient kings, as they are described in the Chronicle of Saint-Denis, and in our oldest romances, he would soon be persuaded that the latter have incontestably the advantage in point of probability.

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\* "Tallefer qui moult bien cantoit,  
Sur un cheval qui tost aloit  
Devant as s'en aloit cantant  
De Carlemane et de Rolant  
Et d'Olivier et des vassaus  
Qui moururent à Rainscevaus."

[† The *Saint Graal* was the dish from which the Saviour ate the paschal lamb of the last supper, and in which Joseph of Arimathea is said to have caught the blood which flowed from the Saviour's wounds, when he embalmed the body. According to the traditions of old romance, he afterwards carried it to Great Britain, where he made use of it in converting the inhabitants to Christianity, — or, as it is expressed in the Romance of Tristan de Leonis, "*pour la terre susdite peupler de bonne gent*." — It figures in all the romances of the Round Table. *Ta.*]

The second charge is equally ill-founded. I am well aware, that the antiquarians of the last century discovered a legend describing the journey of Charlemagne to the Holy Land; I am equally well aware that in addition to this there exists a very ancient romance, whose subject is the conquest of a part of the Grecian empire by Charlemagne, and his pilgrimage to Jerusalem. But it is very unfair to conclude from this, that all the romances of the Twelve Peers have the same chimerical foundation; for the only one which treats of the war in the East, was first discovered by the Abbé de la Rue, not in France, but in the British Museum. With regard to the other monorhyme romances, far from being founded on the same event, the greater part of them do not even belong to the age of Charlemagne. Thus, *Gerars de Roussillon*, of which nothing now remains but an imitation of a later date, records the wars of Charles Martel; *Garin le Loherain*, *Girbert*, and *Berte aus grans piés* embrace the reign of Pépin-le-Bref; *Raoul de Cambray*, *Guillaume au cornez*, *Gerars de Nevers* transport us to the days of Louis-le-Débonnaire; and others refer back to the age of Charles-le-Chauve. Of the poems which embrace the age of Charlemagne, the most ancient and authentic are the following: *Agolant*, or the expulsion of the Saracens from Italy; — *Jean de Lanson*, or the Lombard war; — *Guiteclin de Sassoigne*, or the wars of Saxony against Witiking; — *Les Quatre Fils Aymon* and *Girard de Vienna*, or the wars of Auvergne and Dauphiny; and *Ogier le Danois* and *Roncevaux*, or the expedition to Spain. In all these there is not one word about Jerusalem, — not even so much as an allusion to that chimerical pilgrimage. We must not, then, condemn these romances, because “they are all founded on the pretended journey of Charlemagne to Jerusalem.”

I now come to the last charge. And are the “Romances of the Twelve Peers” a paraphrase of the chronicle of Turpin, and consequently of a later date than this chronicle?

All your friends, Sir, are well aware that you have been long engaged in preparing a valuable edition of the work of the Archbishop of Reims. You have consulted the various manuscripts, and the numerous translations of this work; you have compared the most correct texts and the most ancient readings. It is then for you to decide, whether our ancient poems, being only an imitation of this chronicle, are to be dated no farther back than the thirteenth, or at farthest, than the twelfth century. And if I venture to offer you, in anticipation of your judgment, my own imperfect views upon this subject, I am urged to this step by the conviction, that my researches, though far less enlightened than your own, will notwithstanding coincide with them.

The author of this chronicle, whoever he may be, is very far from having made good the title of his work; *De Vitâ et Gestis Caroli Magni*. With the exception of a few sentences which are bestowed upon the first exploits and upon the death of Charlemagne, the whole work is taken up in describing the crusade

against the Saracens of Spain, and the defeat of the French rear-guard near Roncesvalles. According to the chronicler, the true motive of this expedition was a dream, in which Saint James commanded the Emperor to go and rescue his precious relics from the hands of the Saracens. In return for this, the Saint promised him victory on earth and paradise in heaven. The first care of Charlemagne was, therefore, to build churches to Saint James, and to honor his relics. Notwithstanding all this, his rear-guard, as every body knows, was cut to pieces; but this, according to the same chronicler, was the fault of the French themselves, who were enticed from their duty by the allurements of the Moorish maidens. At all events, he declares, that Charlemagne would have been damned after death, had it not been for the great number of churches which he built or endowed.\*

This brief analysis of the famous chronicle affords us a glimpse of its design. The author was, without doubt, a monk; and Geoffrey, prior of Saint-André-de-Vienne, who first brought it from Spain, was living in the year 1092. Until that time, the very existence of that legend was unknown in France; and there can be little doubt, that even the protection of the monk of Dauphny would not have rescued it from the obscurity into which all the pious frauds of the same kind have so justly fallen, had it not been for the infallible recommendation, which Pope Calixtus II., formerly Archbishop of Vienne, let fall upon it from the height of his pontifical throne. But after all, the Holy Father never declared, that this chronicle gave birth to the old French romances; and we may, therefore, with all due respect to his decision, maintain that the greater part of these romances are anterior in date to the chronicle.

Indeed, who does not perceive, that if free scope had been given to the pious chronicler, — if he had not been restrained by the necessity of adapting his work to the exigency of traditions generally adopted, — he would have omitted the defeat at Roncesvalles, which so unfortunately deranges the promises made to Charlemagne by *Monseigneur Saint Jacques*?

But there are other proofs even more incontestable than these. In the epistle, which the prior of Vienne wrote to the clergy of Limoges, when he sent them the chronicle of Turpin, he observes that he had been the more anxious to procure the work from Spain, because that, previous to that time, the expedition of Charlemagne was known in France by the songs of the troubadours only.† It would seem, then, that these troubadours, or

\* The ancient chronicle thus closes: "In hoc exemplo datur intelligi quod qui ecclesiam edificat, regiam Dei sibi præparat; a dæmonibus, ut Carolus, eripitur, et in cælesti regiâ, subsidiis sanctorum quorum ædificat basilicas, collocatur. — Explicit."

† "Egregios invicti Caroli triumphos, ac præcelsi comitis Rotolandi agones in Hispaniâ gestos, nuper ad nos ex Hesperia delatos, ingenti studio exscribere feci, maxime quod apud nos, ista latuerant hactenus, nisi quæ joculariores in suis præferebant cantilenis."

*jongleurs*, did not wait for the inspiration of the Spanish legend in order to enable them to celebrate the exploits of Roland, and to sing the sad but glorious day of Roncesvalles.

In the course of this miserable monkish chronicle, the fictitious Turpin happens to name the principal leaders of the army of Charlemagne. In doing this he confounds, with the most singular ignorance, the poetic heroes of different generations; as, for example, *Garin le Loherain* and *Oliver*, the former of whom lived at the commencement of the reign of Pépin, and the latter in the last years of the reign of Charlemagne. On the same occasion he speaks of the valiant *Ogier le Danois*, who, says he, did such marvels that his praise is sung in ballads even down to the present day.\* The *Chansons* of Roland and of Ogier, which are still preserved, are not, then, mere imitations of the legend of Turpin.

I feel, that all further proof would be superfluous: — still, I cannot refrain from mentioning the fact, that this Turpin, whom the forger of these writings has transformed into an historian, far from being cited in the *Chanson de Roland* as the guarantee of the circumstances accompanying the death of this Paladin, expires covered with wounds some time before the death of Roland. But in the chronicle, which was made *for* and *by* the monks, and with the simple design of exciting the zeal of the pilgrims to the shrine of Saint James, Turpin appears only in order to confess the dying, and afterwards to carry to Charlemagne the story of the disastrous defeat. Surely if the poets had followed this chronicle, and had taken it, as has been pretended, for the foundation of their poems, they would have represented the good Archbishop in the same manner in which he has represented himself. And if his testimony had been of any importance in their opinion, as it was in that of all the annalists of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, they surely would not have begun by entirely overthrowing the authority of this testimony.

The following is the description given in the famous *Chanson de Roland* of the death of Turpin. I have praised these ancient poems so highly, that I might be accused of prejudice in their favor, if I brought forward no quotations to sustain my opinion.

“The Archbishop, whom God loved in high degree,  
Beheld his wounds all bleeding fresh and free;  
And then his cheek more ghastly grew and wan,  
And a faint shudder through his members ran.  
Upon the battle-field his knee was bent;  
Brave Roland saw, and to his succour went,  
Straightway his helmet from his brow unlaced,  
And tore the shining haubert from his breast.  
Then raising in his arms the man of God,  
Gently he laid him on the verdant sod.

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\* “Ogerius, dux Danie; de hoc canitur in cantilena, usque in hodiernum diem, quia innumerabilia fecit prodigia.” (Cap. XII.)

'Rest, Sire,' he cried, — 'for rest thy suffering needs.'  
 The priest replied, 'Think but of warlike deeds!  
 The field is ours; well may we boast this strife!  
 But death steals on, — there is no hope of life;  
 In paradise, where the Almoners live again,  
 There are our couches spread, — there shall we rest from pain.'  
 Sore Roland grieved; nor marvel I, alas!  
 That thrice he swooned upon the thick green grass.  
 When he revived, with a loud voice cried he,  
 'O Heavenly Father! Holy Saint Marie!  
 Why lingers death to lay me in my grave!  
 Beloved France! how have the good and brave  
 Been torn from thee, and left thee weak and poor!'  
 Then thoughts of Aude, his lady-love, came o'er  
 His spirit, and he whispered soft and slow,  
 'My gentle friend! — what parting full of woe!  
 Never so true a liegeman shalt thou see; —  
 Whate'er my fate, Christ's benizon on thee!  
 Christ, who did save from realms of woe beneath,  
 The Hebrew Prophets from the second death.'  
 Then to the Paladins, whom well he knew,  
 He went, and one by one unaided drew  
 To Turpin's side, well skilled in ghostly lore; —  
 No heart had he to smile, — but weeping sore  
 He blessed them in God's name, with faith that he  
 Would soon vouchsafe to them a glad eternity.

The Archbishop, then, on whom God's benizon rest,  
 Exhausted, bowed his head upon his breast; —  
 His mouth was full of dust and clotted gore,  
 And many a wound his swollen visage bore.  
 Slow beats his heart, — his panting bosom heaves, —  
 Death comes apace, — no hope of cure relieves.  
 Towards heaven he raised his dying hands and prayed  
 That God, who for our sins was mortal made,  
 Born of the Virgin, — scorned and crucified, —  
 In paradise would place him by his side.

Then Turpin died in service of Charlon,  
 In battle great and eke great orison; —  
 'Gainst Pagan host alway strong champion; —  
 God grant to him his holy benizon.\*

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\* "A l'arcevesque que Diex avoit tant chier  
 Totes les plaies comencent à saignier.  
 Lors li comence la color à muer  
 Et tuit li membre li prirent à froissier :  
 Emmi le camp s'alla agenoïller.  
 Rolans le vit; sel corut aaidier.  
 Son elme à or li prist à deslacier,  
 Puis li a trait le blanc auber legier.  
 Parmi les flans le corut embracier,  
 Sor l'erbe vert le fait soëf cochier.  
 'Sire,' fait-il, 'gisez, por refroidier.'  
 Dist l'arcevesques : 'Pensés à l'exploitier,  
 Li champs est nostres! bien nos devons prisier.  
 La mort m'aproce, n'i a nul recovrer.



One question more remains to be touched upon. To what century do these historic songs, or "Romances of the Twelve Peers," belong? Some have been so skeptical in regard to their antiquity as to fix their date as late as the thirteenth century:—let us not fall into the opposite extreme, by referring them back to so early a period as that in which occurred the events they celebrate. But this discussion would demand a more profound erudition, and a more experienced judgment, than I can bring to the task;—and above all a more extended view of the whole ground of controversy, than my present limits allow. Nor shall I ever undertake this task, unless more skilful critics should be backward in maintaining the good cause; a supposition which is by no means

En paradis où sont li aumonier  
Sunt li lit fait ò nos devons cochier.  
Rolans ot duel, or ne m'en merveil mie:  
Trois fois se pasme de sor l'erbe florie.  
Quant il revint, à haute vois escrie:  
' Dame-Dieu pere !<sup>1</sup> Dame sainte Marie !  
Où est la mort, quand ne me tolt la vie ?  
O douce France ! tant estes déguerpie,  
Des bons vassaus vuidée et apauvrie !'  
Lors li remembre d'Aude qui fut sa mie,  
Si la regrete o parole serie:  
' Ahi ! ma douce, com dure departie !  
Mès ne serez de tel home servie.  
Que que je face Jhesus vos benéie  
Qui en enfer ala por Jeremie,  
Fors en gita le prophete Isaie !'  
Lors vint as Contes, si nes meschoisi<sup>2</sup> mie,  
Tos, un à un, les porta, sans aie  
Devant Turpin, qui moult sot de clergie.  
Turpins en plore, lors n'a talent qu'il rie,  
De Deu les seigne en qui il molt se fie,  
Que lor otroie la pardurable vie !  
  
Puis l'Arcevesque cui Diex doint beneïçon  
Batit sa colpe, par voire entencion.  
La boche ot pleine de sanc et de limon,  
Si ot enflé le vis et le menton.  
Li cuers li bat, le foie et le poumon;  
Près est de mort, n'en ara garison.  
Contre le ciel tint ses mains à bandon,  
Puis proïe Deu qui par anoncion  
Vint en la Virge, si soffri passion,  
Qu'en paradis le mete en sa maison.  
Mors est Turpins au servise Charlon,  
En grant bataille et en grant orison.  
Contre Paiens fu tous tens champion;  
Dex li otroie sainte benéïçon !"

[It will be perceived that the stanzas of this extract, like those of the extract from *Gerard of Nevers*, are monorhyme. This peculiarity it was not thought necessary to preserve in the translation, as the preceding extract will serve as an example of that kind of verse. Tr.]

<sup>1</sup> *Dame Dieu* (Dominus Deus).

<sup>2</sup> *Meschoisi*, *Méconnut*. (Ital. male colso.) *Contes*, that is, the peers of France, who lay dead on the field of battle.

probable: for on all sides a taste, nay a passion, for these earliest monuments of modern literature is springing up. Even before a professorship has been endowed in the *Collège de France*, for the purpose of thoroughly investigating the early stages of the French language, the public welcomes with avidity whatever is thus dug up from the fruitful soil of our ancient country. The mine is hardly open; — and yet every day we hear of the publication of some old manuscript before unknown. Immediately subsequent to the publication of *le Roman de Renard*,\* appeared under your own auspices our earliest comic opera, *le Jeu de Robin et Marion*,† and our earliest drama, *le Jeu d'Adam le Bossu d'Arras*.‡ M. de Roquefort has presented, as his offering, the poems of *Morie de France*; § and M. Crapelet, the agreeable romance of *le Châtelain de Coucy*.¶ M. F. Michel, not satisfied with having published the romance of *le Comte de Poitiers*, is about bringing forward, with the assistance of an able orientalist, a poem entitled *Mahomet*, which will show us in what light the religion and the person of the Arab lawgiver were regarded in the East during the thirteenth century. M. Bourdillon, who has long felt all the historic and literary importance of the *Chanson de Roncevaux*, is now occupied in preparing an edition for the press; and M. Robert, already favorably known by his work upon *La Fontaine*, will soon publish an edition of the fine old romance of *Partenopex de Blois*.|| Meanwhile the celebrated M. Raynouard is about completing his *Glossaire des Langues Vulgaires*; and the Abbé de la Rue is superintending the publication of a large work on *les Bardes, les Jongleurs, et les Trouvères*. Thus the knowledge of our ancient literature develops itself more and more daily; and thus will arise, if indeed it has not already arisen, a sober and enlightened judgment concerning the productions of the human mind, during that long peri-

[\* A very celebrated romance of the thirteenth century, by Perrot de Saint-Cloot. From its great popularity during the thirteenth century, the poets of that age were constantly making additions to it, under the title of *branches*; till at length it increased to twenty-six thousand lines. *Isangrin* and his wife are the persons of the romance. Tr.]

[† By Jehan Bodel d'Arras, a poet of the thirteenth century, according to M. De Roquefort (*De l'État de la Poésie Française dans les XII et XIII Siècles*, p. 261) but attributed by M. Méon to Adan de la Hale, surnamed the *Bocu d'Arras*. See *Fabliaux et Contes*, etc., par Parbazan. Edition of Méon. T. I. p. xiii. Tr.]

[‡ Adan de la Hale, a poet of the close of the thirteenth century, surnamed the *Bocu d'Arras*. Tr.]

[§ A poetess of the thirteenth century and one of the most beautiful writers of her age. Among other writings may be mentioned the exquisite poem entitled "*Le Lai de Graëlent*," which may be found in the collection of Parbazan. T. IV. p. 57. — An English version of the same is given in Mr. Way's "*Fabliaux and Tales*" translated from the collection of M. Le Grand d'Aussi. Vol. II. p. 73. Tr.]

[¶ This writer flourished in the latter half of the twelfth century. The romance spoken of above is entitled *Romans du Châtelain de Coucy et de la Dame de Fayel*. Tr.]

[|| The romance of *Partenopex de Blois* belongs to the commencement of the thirteenth century. The name of the author is unknown. Tr.]

od, bounded on one side by antiquity and on the other by the sixteenth century, the epoch of the revival of the arts and sciences. The author of the romance of *Berte aus grans piès* flourished about the close of the thirteenth. His name was *Adans* or *Adenès*, according to the general custom of designating an individual indifferently by his patronymic name or by its diminutive. The greater part of the manuscripts give him the surname of *Roi*, or King; and M. Roquefort thinks that it was bestowed upon him because one of his poems bore off the palm at a *puy d'amour*;\* whilst the learned authors of the *Histoire Littéraire de la France* suppose that *Adenès* was indebted for this title to the justice of his contemporaries and to the superiority of his poetic talent. I shall hazard an opinion of my own, which does not conform to either of these. We are acquainted with several *trouvères*, whose works obtained prizes in the *Puys* of Valenciennes or Cambray: — they all took the surname of *couronné*, and not that of *roi*.

But in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there was a King of the Minstrels (*Roi des Ménestrels*.) This pacific sovereign had the direction of the *jongleurs* or troubadours of the court, and I am inclined to think, that his duties bore no inconsiderable resemblance to those of a modern leader of an orchestra. To him people addressed themselves, when they wanted a good singer, a good lute-player, or a good harper; and the King of the Minstrels, as the most skilful of all, directed and animated the concert by voice and gesture. Such were probably the prerogatives and functions of *le Roi Adenès*.†

However this may be, and although no one can doubt, on running over the names of his numerous and illustrious protectors, that *Adenès* enjoyed a high reputation as *Trouvère* and minstrel, — yet I do not find that any contemporary writer makes mention of him. It is true, that in one of the copies of the fables of Marie de France, this poetess designates *le Roi Adam* as the author of the first English translation of the fables of *Esop*;

“Esop call we this book;  
King Adanès did highly rate it,  
And into English did translate it.”‡

But this copy deceived the learned author of the catalogue of the La Vallière manuscripts. All other copies of Marie de France read

[\* The *puys d'amour* were assemblies in which questions of love and gallantry were discussed in poetry. The name of *puy* comes from the low *le'in podium*, “balcony” or “stage,” as the poets on those occasions recited their verses from an elevated place. For an account of these *Puys* or *Cours d'Amour*, see Roquefort, *De la Poésie Française*, p. 93. — Raynouard, *Choix de Poésies des Troubadours*, T. II. p. 79. et seq. Tr.]

[† By other writers he is spoken of as the *Roi d'armes*, the King-at-arms, of Henry, Duke of Brabant. Tr.]

‡ “Ysopet apelons cest livre:  
Li rois Adans qui moult l'ama  
En engleis puis translaté l'a” ..... etc.

*li rois Henrys*, instead of *li rois Adans*. At all events, as many of the manuscripts of Marie de France belong to the commencement of the thirteenth century, it is evident that they can make no mention of the works of Adenès, who did not flourish till near its close.

It is, then, to the writings of Adenès and particularly to his romance of *Cléomadès*\* that we must look for information respecting the time in which he flourished, and for some circumstances of his life.

Adenès was born in the duchy of Brabant about 1240. He doubtless exhibited, at an early age, a remarkable talent for poetry; for Henry III., then Duke of Brabant, the warm friend of poets and yet a poet himself, had him educated with care, and afterward chose him for his minstrel. It is very possible that the pretty songs of Henry III., which are still preserved in the Royal Library, were submitted to the correction of the young Adenès, before they were sung in public. Nearly all the princes of the thirteenth century give proofs of great talent, and sometimes of true poetic genius. But perhaps their highest, their most indisputable merit was mainly owing to the choice of their minstrels:—thus, Blondel was distinguished by the patronage of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and Gaces Brulés by the king of Navarre; Charles d'Anjou, king of Naples, was accompanied by the Bossu d'Arras, and we have seen that Adenès had merited the good graces of the Duke of Brabant.

“Minstrel was I to the good Duke Henry;  
He it was, that brought me up and nourished me,  
And made me learn the art of minstrelsy.”†

Henry died in 1260, regretted by his subjects, and above all by the poets, whose labors he liberally rewarded. Adenès, who, after the death of his benefactor, took every opportunity of praising his virtues, soon gained the affection of the Duke's children. Jean and Guyon preserved the poet from the ills of penury, and when Marie de Brabant became queen of France, she took him with her to Paris. There, in his double capacity of poet and courtier, he was honored with the most marked distinction. In those days, poets were permitted to eulogize the great, and to celebrate their numerous virtues. In doing this Adenès had no peer; but whilst he rendered due homage to those, whom fortune surrounded with all the splendor of power, he listened also to the natural promptings of his heart, and both respected and cherished all self-acquired renown. He somewhere says in *Buevon de Comarchis*;

“If it please God and his saints, through all my earthly days,  
Of good men and of valiant, I will gladly speak in praise;

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[\* An analysis or paraphrase of this romance is given by the Counte de Tresan; *Œuvres Choiesies*. VT. II. p. 271. Tr.]

† “Menestrés au bon duc Henri  
Fui, cil m'aleva et norri  
Et me fist mon mestier aprendre.”

What good I hear of them, I will record it in my lays,  
If aught I hear that 's ill, I will hold my peace always."\*

The precise date of the death of Adenès is unknown. The last poem to which he has prefixed his name is *Cléomadès*, whose story transports us back to the reign of Diocletian. This is the longest of the author's poems, and contains no less than nineteen thousand octosyllabic lines. The principal narrative is often interrupted by agreeable episodes, such as the history of the miraculous deeds of the poet Virgil, *the greatest enchanter of Rome*. Among other marvels, which unfortunately time hath put into his wallet as "alms for oblivion," Adenès mentions the baths of Pozzuoli. On each of these Virgil had inscribed the name of that disease, which was instantly cured by the virtue of its waters.

"But the Physicians every one,  
Who much ill and much good have done,  
All of these writings did derry;—  
For nothing could they gain thereby.  
And if those baths existed now,  
They 'd like them little enough, I trow."†

A great number of copies of *Cléomadès* are still extant, — some of them under the title of *Cheval de fust*. This *cheval de fust*, or wooden horse, takes a very active part in the romance. He traversed the air, you know, with inconceivable rapidity, and was guided in his course by turning a peg, which is sufficient to prove, that this famous courser is the type of the horse on which Pierre de Provence carried away the fair Maguelonne, and which, at a later period, under the name of *Clavileño*, bore the divine Sancho so high in air as to make him confound the earth with a grain of mustard-seed, and its inhabitants with filberts.

*Cléomadès* was written at the joint request of Marie de Brabant and Blanche de France, who was married in 1269 to the Infante of Castille. The names of these two princesses determine very nearly the date of its composition. Marie de Brabant was married in 1274 to Philippe-le-Hardi; and Blanche, on the death of her husband, returned to France in 1275. *Cléomadès* must, therefore, have been written between 1275 and 1283, the year in which Philippe-le-Hardi died.

I have one word more to say of this romance. It thus commences;

\* "Se Diex plaist et ses sains, tant com je viverai  
Des bons et des pseudoms volentiers parlerai;  
Se d'aus sais aucun bien je le recorderai;  
Se de nului sai mal, trestout quoi m'en tairai."

† "Mais sachiez que Phisicien,  
Qui ont fait maint mal et maint bien  
Depecierent tous les escris;  
Car ce n'estoit pas leur pourfis.  
Et si tex bains encore estoient,  
Croi-je que pou les ameroient."

"He who did write *Ogier the Dane*,  
And *She of the wood*, yeleft *Bertain*,  
And *Buevon of Comarchis* did make,  
Another book doth undertake"\*

These three romances are still preserved in the Royal Library, all of them complete, except *Buevon de Comarchis*, of which the first part only remains. *Buevon de Comarchis* is a kind of appendage to the old romances which immortalize the family of *Guillaume au cornés*; in the same manner, that the *Enfances Ogier* are the sequel of the romances of *Ogier*. It has been often supposed, that Adenès was the author of all the poems of *Guillaume au cornés*, and also of *Ogier le Danois*; but this is an error; for the origin of the greater part of these romances can be traced back to the very cradle of French poetry, — to a period far beyond the thirteenth century.

Adenès, on the contrary, is one of the last poets, who sang, in monorhyme verse, the traditions of our fabulous and heroic ages. His versification is pure and correct; but it may be said, that the subject of his narratives is the less poetic in proportion as his style is the more so.

But this letter is already a thousand times too long; and I therefore close these desultory remarks upon Adenès and his works, leaving it to the romance of *Berte au grans piés* to plead its own cause, and to justify the importance which I attach to its publication.

Adieu, Sir, and believe me with much respect, etc. etc.

Paris, 20 December, 1831.

PAULIN PARIS.

I subjoin a brief notice of the method I have followed in examining and comparing these different manuscripts. In this, I have taken the illustrious M. Raynouard as my guide. His grammar is exceedingly simple. Its principal rules are these:

1. In the singular, an *s* at the end of a word denotes the subject or *nominative*: — the absence of this letter denotes the regimen direct or indirect, or what the old grammarians call the *genitive*, *dative*, and *accusative*.

2. In the plural it is directly the reverse; the absence of the *s* denotes the *nominative*; its presence, the oblique cases.

This rule is never violated in the old poems, except when the rhyme or measure requires it. Thus, too, in modern poetry we suppress at pleasure the final *e* in the words *encore*, *zéphire*, and some others.

3. In a great many substantives, and in the greater part of the pronouns, the termination of the oblique cases varies from that of the

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\* "Cil qui fit d'*Ogier le Danois*  
Et de *Bertain qui fu au bois*,  
Et de *Buevon de Comarchis*,  
Ai un autre livre entrepris."



nominative. This is one of the beauties of the olden tongue, which in modern times has fallen into disuse. Thus, in old French we have

Nom. <i>Diez</i> (Deus)	Acc. <i>Dieu</i> (Deum)
" <i>viez</i>	" <i>vieux</i>
" <i>apprentif, antif, vif</i>	" <i>apprenti, anti, vi</i>
" sing. and plur. <i>li</i>	" sing. and plur. <i>le, les</i> .

In illustration take the following examples :

" A l'issue d'avril *uns temps dous* et joli \*  
 Que *erbelete* † poignent et *pré* sont raverdi . . . .  
 Qu'à Saint-Denis iroie por prier *Dieu* ‡ merci —  
 Que *le* livre as *ystoires* § me montra . . . .  
*Apprentif* ‖ *jugleur* et *escrivain* ‖ —  
 Que *li* ¶ mes entendant en seront elaubi —  
 Adonc tenoient Franc *les* \*\* Tyois por amis. —  
*Li* †† rois Pepins a fait moult grant gent assembler. —  
 Là trovèrent *le* †† roi qui moult fist à loër,  
 Que puis que *Diez* §§ *laissa* son cor crucifier."

It is important, before beginning to read the romance of *Berte*, to have these rules well fixed in the mind. In the preparation of this work for the press I have constantly followed them; except in some rare cases, in which no one of the six copies preserved in the Royal Library authorized me so to do. In all such cases, I have preferred rather to leave an evident error uncorrected, than to add a single letter not found in any of the old copies.

Before closing, I would inform my readers, — as peradventure some of them may observe the great care that has been taken to render this publication worthy of their attention, — that for this they are mainly indebted to M. Leroux de Lincy, one of the most promising pupils of the new school of Chartes. The work has been printed from a copy he was kind enough to make from MS. No. 7188 of the Royal Library; and every one knows how many difficulties must be surmounted, and how much learning employed, in producing a faithful copy of our old romance-writers. M. de Lincy must, then, be regarded as chief editor of the romance of *Berte*; — and had he not declined the honor, his name would have shared with mine the poor advantage of figuring upon the title-page of this volume. In this, I must confess, he has given

\* *Dous*, nominative singular. *Joli* for *jolis*, on account of the rhyme.

† *Erbelete*, nominative plural.

‡ *Dieu*, accusative singular.

§ *Ystoires*, accusative plural.

‖ Nominatives plural.

¶ *Li*, pronoun; nominative plural.

\*\* *Les*, pronoun; accusative plural.

†† *Li*, nominative singular.

‡‡ *Le*, accusative singular.

§§ *Diez*, nominative singular.

evidence of his discretion ; for when, in an age of marvels like the one we live in, a person affixes his name to works of this kind, he surely deserves the apostrophe of the great Florentine poet, the contemporary of our own Aden's ;

“ La vostra *nominanza* è color d'erba  
Che viene e va, e quei la discolora  
Per cui ell' esce della terra acerba.”  
(Purgatorio. Canto XI.)

[From “Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, No. 199.”]

THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

A SCENE OF THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

——— Thy face  
Is all at once spread over with a calm  
More beautiful than sleep, or mirth, or joy !  
I am no more disconsolate.

WILSON.

SCENE IN A PRISON.

EDITH *alone.*

EDITH. Morn once again ! Morn in the lone, dim cell,  
The cavern of the prisoner's fever-dream,  
And morn on all the green rejoicing hills,  
And the bright waters round the prisoner's home,  
Far, far away ! Now wakes the early bird  
That in the lime's transparent foliage sings,  
Close to my cottage-lattice ; — he awakes,  
To stir the young leaves with his gushing soul,  
And to call forth rich answer of delight  
From voices buried in a thousand trees,  
Through the dim starry hours. Now doth the Lake  
Darken and flash in rapid interchange  
Unto the matin breeze ; and the blue mist  
Rolls, like a furling banner, from the brows  
Of the forth-gleaming hills, and woods, that rise  
As if new-born. Bright world ! and I am here !  
And thou, oh ! thou, th' awakening thought of whom  
Was more than dayspring, dearer than the sun,

Herbert! the very glance of whose clear eye  
 Made my soul melt away to one pure fount  
 Of living, bounding gladness! — where art *thou*?  
 My friend! my only, and my blessed Love!  
 Herbert, my soul's companion!

[GOMEZ, a Spanish Priest, enters.

GOMEZ.

Daughter, hail!

I bring thee tidings.

EDITH.

Heaven will aid my soul

Calmly to meet whate'er thy lips announce.

GOMEZ. Nay, lift a song of thanksgiving to Heaven,  
 And bow thy knee down for deliverance won!  
 Hast thou not pray'd for life? And wouldst thou not  
 Once more be free?

EDITH.

Have I not pray'd for life?

I, that am so beloved! that love again

With such a heart of tendrils? Heaven! *thou* know'st

The gushings of my prayer! And would I not

Once more be free? I, that have been a child

Of breezy hills, a playmate of the faun

In ancient woodlands from mine infancy!

A watcher of the clouds and of the stars,

Beneath the adoring silence of the night;

And a glad wanderer with the happy streams,

Whose laughter fills the mountains! Oh! to hear

Their blessed sounds again!

GOMEZ.

Rejoice, rejoice!

Our Queen hath pity, maiden, on thy youth;

She wills not thou shouldst perish. — I am come

To loose thy bonds.

EDITH.

And shall I see *his* face,

And shall I listen to *his* voice again?

And lay my head upon his faithful breast,

Weeping there in my gladness? *Will* this be?

— Blessings upon thee, father! my quick heart

Hath deem'd thee stern — say, wilt thou not forgive?

The wayward child, too long in sunshine rear'd,

Too long unused to chastening? Wilt thou not? —

— But, Herbert, Herbert! Oh, my soul hath rush'd

On a swift gust of sudden joy away,

Forgetting all beside! Speak, father, speak!

Herbert — is he too free?

GOMEZ.

His freedom lies

In his own choice — a boon like thine.

EDITH.

Thy words

Fall changed and cold upon my boding heart.

Leave not this dim suspense o'ershadowing me.

Let all be told!

GOMEZ.

The monarchs of the earth

Shower not their mighty gifts without a claim  
Unto some token of true vassalage,  
Some mark of homage.

EDITH.

Oh! unlike to *Him*,

Who freely pours the joy of sunshine forth,  
And the bright quickening rain, on those who serve,  
And those who heed him not?

GOMEZ (*laying a paper before her*). Is it so much  
That thine own hand should set the crowning seal  
To thy deliverance? Look, thy task is here!  
Sign but these words for liberty and life.

EDITH (*examining and then throwing it from her*).

Sign but these words! and wherefore saidst thou not,  
"Be but a traitor to God's light within!"

— Cruel, oh, cruel! thy dark sport hath been  
With a young bosom's hope! Farewell, glad life!  
Bright opening path to love and home, farewell!  
And thou — now leave me with my God alone!

GOMEZ. Dost thou reject Heaven's mercy?

EDITH.

Heaven's! doth *Heaven*

Woo the free spirit for dishonor'd breath  
To sell its birthright? doth *Heaven* set a price  
On the clear jewel of unsullied Faith,  
And the bright calm of Conscience? Priest, away!  
God hath been with me 'midst the holiness  
Of England's mountains; — not in sport alone  
I trod their heath-flowers, — but high thoughts rose up  
From the broad shadow of the enduring rocks,  
And wander'd with me into solemn glens,  
Where my soul felt the beauty of His word.  
I have heard voices of immortal truth,  
Blent with the everlasting torrent-sounds  
That make the deep hills tremble. — Shall I quail?  
Shall England's daughter sink? — No! He who there  
Spoke to my heart in silence and in storm,  
Will not forsake his child!

GOMEZ (*turning from her*). Then perish! lost  
In thine own blindness!

EDITH (*suddenly throwing herself at his feet*).

Father! hear me yet!

Oh! if the kindly touch of human love  
Hath ever warmed thy breast.

GOMEZ.

Away — away!

I know not love.

EDITH.

Yet hear! if thou hast known

The tender sweetness of a mother's voice,  
If the true vigil of affection's eye  
Hath watch'd thy childhood, if fond tears have e'er  
Been shower'd upon thy head, if parting words

E'er pierced thy spirit with their tenderness —  
 Let me but look upon *his* face once more,  
 Let me but say — "Farewell, my soul's beloved!"  
 And I will bless thee still!

GOMEZ (*aside*). Her soul may yield,  
 Beholding him in fetters; woman's faith  
 Will bend to woman's love. —

— Thy prayer is heard;  
 Follow, and I will guide thee to his cell.

EDITH. Oh! stormy hour of agony and joy!  
 But I shall see him, — I shall hear his voice!

(*They go out.*)

## SCENE II.

*Another Part of the Prison.*

HERBERT — EDITH.

EDITH. Herbert, my Herbert! — is it thus we meet?

HERBERT. The voice of my own Edith! Can such joy  
 Light up this place of death? And do I feel  
 Thy breath of love once more upon my cheek,  
 And the soft floating of thy gleamy hair?  
 My blessed Edith? Oh! so pale! so changed!  
 My flower, my blighted flower! thou that wert made  
 For the kind fostering of sweet summer airs,  
 How hath the storm been with thee! — Lay thy head  
 On this true breast again, my gentle one!  
 And tell me all.

EDITH. Yes, take me to thy heart,  
 For I am weary, weary! oh! that heart!  
 The kind, the brave, the tender! — how my soul  
 Hath sicken'd in vain yearnings for the balm  
 Of rest on that warm heart! — full, deep repose!  
 One draught of dewy stillness after storm!  
 And God hath pitied me, and I am here —  
 Yet once before I die!

HERBERT. They cannot slay  
 One, young and meek, and beautiful as thou!  
 My broken lily! Surely the long days  
 Of the dark cell have been enough for thee!  
 Oh! thou shalt live, and raise thy gracious head  
 Yet, in calm sunshine.

EDITH. Herbert! I have cast  
 The snare of proffer'd mercy from my soul,  
 This very hour. God to the weak hath given  
 Victory o'er Life and Death! — The tempter's price  
 Hath been rejected — Herbert, I must die.

HERBERT. Oh, Edith! Edith! I, that led thee first

From the old path wherein thy fathers trode,  
I, that received it as an angel's task,  
To pour the fresh light on thine ardent soul,  
Which drank it as a sun-flower — *I* have been  
Thy guide to death !

EDITH. To Heaven ! my guide to Heaven,  
My noble, and my blessed ! Oh ! look up,  
Be strong, rejoice, my Herbert ! But for *thee*,  
How could my spirit have sprung up to God,  
Through the dark cloud which o'er its vision hung,  
The night of fear and error ? thy dear hand  
First raised that veil, and show'd the glorious world  
My heritage beyond — Friend ! Love and Friend !  
— It was as if thou gavest me mine own soul  
In those bright days ! Yes ! a new earth and heaven,  
And a new sense for all their splendors born,  
These were thy gifts ! and shall I not rejoice  
To die, upholding their immortal worth,  
Ev'n for *thy* sake ? Yes, fill'd with nobler life  
By thy pure love, made holy to the truth,  
Lay me upon the altar of thy God,  
The first fruits of thy ministry below ;  
*Thy* work, thine own !

HERBERT. My love, my sainted love !  
Oh ! I *can* almost yield thee unto heaven ;  
Earth would but sully thee ! Thou must depart,  
With the rich crown of thy celestial gifts  
Untainted by a breath ! And yet, alas !  
Edith ! what dreams of holy happiness,  
Even for *this* world, were ours ! the low, sweet home,  
— The pastoral dwelling, with its ivy'd porch,  
And lattice gleaming through the leaves — and thou,  
My life's companion ! — Thou, beside my hearth,  
Sitting with thy meek eyes, or greeting me  
Back from brief absence with thy bounding step,  
In the green meadow-path, or by my side  
Kneeling, — thy calm uplifted face to mine,  
In the sweet hush of prayer ! and now — oh ! now —  
— How have we loved — how fervently, how long !  
And *this* to be the close !

EDITH. Oh ! bear me up  
Against the unutterable tenderness  
Of earthly love, my God ! in the sick hour  
Of dying human hope, forsake me not !  
Herbert, my Herbert ! even from that sweet home  
Where it had been too much of Paradise  
To dwell with thee — even thence th' oppressor's hand  
Might soon have torn us : — or the touch of death  
Might one day there have left a widow'd heart,



Pining alone. We will go hence, Beloved !  
 To the bright country, where the wicked cease  
 From troubling, where the spoiler hath no sway ;  
 Where no harsh voice of worldliness disturbs  
 The Sabbath-peace of love. We will go hence,  
 Together with our wedded souls, to heaven :  
 No solitary lingering, no cold void,  
 No dying of the heart ! Our lives have been  
 Lovely through faithful love, and in our deaths  
 We will not be divided.

HERBERT. Oh ! the peace  
 Of God is lying far within thine eyes,  
 Far underneath the mist of human tears,  
 Lighting those blue still depths, and sinking thence  
 On my worn heart. Now am I girt with strength,  
 Now I can bless thee, my true bride for Heaven !

EDITH. And let me bless *thee*, Herbert ! in this hour  
 Let my soul bless thee with prevailing might !  
 Oh ! thou hast loved me nobly ! thou didst take  
 An orphan to thy heart, a thing unprized,  
 And desolate ; and thou didst guard her there,  
 That lone and lowly creature, as a pearl  
 Of richest price ; and thou didst fill her soul  
 With the high gifts of an immortal wealth.  
 I bless, I bless thee ! Never did thine eye  
 Look on me but in glistening tenderness,  
 My gentle Herbert ! Never did thy voice  
 But in affection's deepest music speak  
 To thy poor Edith ! Never was thy heart  
 Aught but the kindest sheltering home to mine,  
 My faithful, generous Herbert ! Woman's peace  
 Ne'er on a breast so tender and so true  
 Reposed before. — Alas ! thy showering tears  
 Fall fast upon my cheek — forgive, forgive !  
 I should not melt thy noble strength away  
 In such an hour.

HERBERT. Sweet Edith, no ! my heart  
 Will fail no more ; God bears me up through thee,  
 And by thy words, and by the heavenly light  
 Shining around thee, through thy very tears,  
 Will yet sustain me ! Let us call on Him !  
 Let us kneel down, as we have knelt so oft,  
 Thy pure cheek touching mine, and call on Him,  
 Th' all pitying One, to aid.

(*They kneel.*)

Oh ! look on us,  
 Father above ! in tender mercy look  
 On us, thy children ! through th' o'ershadowing cloud

Of sorrow and mortality, send aid,  
 Save, or we perish! we would pour our lives  
 Forth as a joyous offering to Thy truth,  
 But we are weak ; — we, the bruised reeds of earth,  
 Are sway'd by every gust. Forgive, O God!  
 The blindness of our passionate desires,  
 The fainting of our hearts, the lingering thoughts,  
 Which cleave to this frail world. Forgive, accept  
 The sacrifice, though dim with mortal tears,  
 Wrung forth from mortal pangs! And if our souls,  
 In all the fervent dreams, the fond excess,  
 Of their long-clasping love, have wander'd not,  
 Holiest! from thee; oh! take them to Thyself,  
 After the fiery trial, take them home,  
 To dwell, in that imperishable bond  
 Before Thee linked, for ever. Hear, through Him  
 Who meekly drank the cup of agony,  
 Who pass'd through death to victory, hear and save!  
 Pity us, Father! we are girt with snares;  
 Father in Heaven! we have no help but Thee.  
*(They rise.)*

Is thy love strengthened, my beloved one?  
 O, Edith! couldst thou lift up thy sweet voice,  
 And sing me that old solemn-breathing hymn  
 We loved in happier days? — the strain which tells  
 Of the dread conflict in the olive-shade?

*(She sings.)*

He knelt, the Saviour knelt and pray'd,  
 When but his Father's eye  
 Look'd through the lonely garden's shade  
 On that dread agony;  
 The Lord of All above, beneath,  
 Was bow'd with sorrow unto death!

The sun set in a fearful hour,  
 The stars might well grow dim,  
 When this mortality had power  
 So to o'ershadow Him!  
 That He who gave man's breath, might know  
 The very depths of human woe.

He proved them all! the doubt, the strife,  
 The faint perplexing dread,  
 The mists that hang o'er parting life,  
 All gather'd round his head;  
 And the Deliverer knelt to pray —  
 Yet pass'd it not, that cup, away!

It pass'd not — though to Him the grave  
 Had yielded up its dead.  
 It pass'd not — though the stormy wave  
 Had sunk beneath His tread ;  
 But there was sent Him, from on high,  
 A gift of strength for man to die.

And was the Sinless thus beset  
 With anguish and dismay ?  
 How may *we* meet our conflict yet,  
 In the dark, narrow way ?  
 Through Him — through Him, that path who trode —  
 Save, or we perish, Son of God !

Hark, hark ! the parting signal.

[*Prison attendants enter.*

Fare-thee-well !

O, thou unutterably loved, farewell !

Let our hearts bow to God !

HERBERT.

One last embrace —

On earth the last ! — We have eternity

For love's communion yet ! — Farewell — farewell ! —

[*She is led out.*

'T is o'er — the bitterness of death is past !

[From "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, No. 197."]

# LET HER DEPART !

BY MRS. HEMANS.

HER home is far, oh ! far away !  
 The clear light in her eyes  
 Hath nought to do with earthly day,  
 'T is kindled from the skies.  
 Let her depart !

She looks upon the things of earth,  
 Ev'n as some gentle star  
 Seems gazing down on Grief or Mirth,  
 How softly, yet how far !  
 Let her depart !

Her spirit's hope — her bosom's love —  
 Oh! could they mount and fly!  
 She never sees a wandering dove,  
 But for its wings to sigh.  
 Let her depart!

She never hears a soft wind bear  
 Low music on its way,  
 But deems it sent from heavenly air,  
 For her who cannot stay.  
 Let her depart!

Wrapt in a cloud of glorious dreams,  
 She breathes and moves alone,  
 Pining for those bright bowers and streams,  
 Where her beloved is gone.  
 Let her depart!

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[From "The Bengal Annual, for 1831."]

IMITATION OF THE PERSIAN.

BY SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

I.

WHEN love, sincere, the bosom knows,  
 Vain would the tongue the thought impart;  
 The ready speech no longer flows,  
 Check'd is the current by the heart.

II.

That breast pure passion never knew,  
 Whose secrets language could unfold;  
 Nor was that heart to love e'er true,  
 Which left not half its tale untold.

III.

Love is a spark of heavenly fire,  
 From love we taste of heavenly bliss;  
 How then can human words aspire  
 Of love the feelings to express?

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